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Whicker, John Wesley, 1863-
Historical sketches of the
Wabash Valley



J. WESLEY WHICKER.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE WABASH VALLEY

BY J. WESLEY WHICKER
ATTICA, INDIANA
1916

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FOREWORD

LOCAL history is seldom appreciated at its full value by the contemporary generation and the local historian usually has a thankless job. Familiarity tends to breed contempt and so it comes that we often fail to appreciate the historical value of what is going on about us all the time. When the years have passed and we finally realize how valuable it would have been had some accurate record been kept of events as they transpired it is usually too late to right the oversight.

Occasionally a man arises who has the historical instinct and takes a personal delight in unearthing and preserving the history, folk lore and legends of preceding generations. Such a man is J. Wesley Whicker, the author of the sketches that are printed in this volume.

The year 1916 being the centennial of Indiana's statehood, brought forth more than usual interest in Indiana state history, and knowing of Mr. Whicker's interest in and study of the history of the Wabash Valley, it was suggested that he write a series of articles for publication in The Attica Ledger. He readily acquiesced and as soon as they began to appear they attracted wide attention, being very extensively reprinted by other papers in western Indiana and eastern Illinois. The intention had been at first to make them only local in scope, but many of the incidents narrated were interwoven with larger incidents and almost before he was aware they had extended until they covered the greater part of the central Wabash Valley. As appreciation of his work grew there arose a demand that the sketches be put into permanent form and it is to meet that demand that this volume is printed. The issue is limited to two hundred copies, many of which will find a resting place in local libraries thruout the state.

The sketches appear just as they did in the columns of The Ledger, and were often prepared hurriedly amid the press of other business, so that the literary critic may find in them much to criticize. However, since they reflect the intimate life of the people that developed one of the finest sections of the United States the critic will also find in them much of literary value in addition to their worth from the historical standpoint.

The author, Mr. Whicker (sometimes spelled Whickcar), is a well known lawyer of Attica, Indiana. He was born and reared a few miles east of this city, not far from the old town of Maysville, the first town of consequence in Fountain county, but now only a memory. He is a typical Hoosier, born in a log cabin during the great Civil war (1863). After more than the average vicissitudes of the youth of his day he educated himself for the law, located in Attica and has built up a wide and successful practice. An omnivorous reader from his youth and possessed of a phenomenal memory he accumulated a remarkable store of facts concerning the things in which he was especially interested. He took keen delight in tracing the developement of the Wabash Valley and thus has been collecting all his life the material which is here preserved to posterity. Mr. Whicker has traveled extensively, having visited every state of the union, and is a keen observer so that his comments and comparisons are of real value. Many of the stories told in these pages are of things in which he or his friends were participants while much of the other material was gathered from the lips of men who themselves had a hand in shaping the course of events. As a youth he spent much time in the company of these graybeards, plying them with questions and delving into veins of rich material of which the present generation is almost wholly ignorant.

The volume is put forth without hope of monetary reward for the labor expended, the author desiring only to preserve for future years the history of some of the more important features in the developement of the rich and beautiful Wabash Valley, particularly that portion centering about Attica.

HARRY F. ROSS, Editor of The Attica Ledger.

Ouiatenon

Y.
C.
C.

The first white settlement in the State of Indiana was made at Ouiatenon on the Wabash in Tippecanoe county, near Granville, about fourteen miles up the river from Attica. This Indian town was visited by the French as early as 1688. The first detailed notice of this settlement is given in certain memoranda, found in the French archives at Paris, France, written in 1718.

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In 1754 it was announced to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania that the French were settling among the Miami Indians on the Ouabashe, Ouiatenon, being mentioned as one of the points.

Colonel Crogham was in charge of the Indian department for the British and visited Ouiatenon in 1765. He found about fourteen French families living there in a fort. This, at that time, was the largest Indiana town in the United States, and is said by good authority to have been the home of 15,000 Indians.

A letter to Thomas Jefferson, dated August, 1785, gives an account of a Council of War held there by many of the Algonquin tribes. The fact is that the representatives of the English government were the cause of this meeting and at the time the English had offered a reward of ten dollars, to the Indians for the scalps of white women and children, along the borders of the United States. This reward was paid by the English government until

1816, and it was the English, and not the Indians, that had called this council of war.

With this reward before them these Indians begun their depredations upon the white settlers along the Wabash, and continued them until the United States government was forced to take action to exterminate the Indians if they continued the westward march of immigration.

In 1790 General Knox then secretary of war, ordered Brigadier General Scott of Kentucky to send an expedition of mounted men, not exceeding seven hundred fifty, against the Indians in the Wabash valley; this order was issued on the 9th day of March, 1791. Immediately upon receiving the order Gen. Scott marched toward Ouiatenon from Kentucky. There is a story to the effect that while on this expedition Scott or some of his men encountered the Indians on

Kickapoo creek near the Milligan place, opposite the city of Attica, and there, on Warren county soil, fought the Battle of Kickapoo. There is really but little doubt that some of the Indian graves on the Milligan place contain the bones of warriors who went to their death in this first historic struggle. Altho there are few persons in this vicinity that know anything of this battle it was not always so. O. A. Clark has in his possession a letter written by an aunt of his, telling of having visited the battlefield

of Kickapoo, while on her honeymoon in the early '30s of the last century.

In June of 1791 Scott reached the Wea town of Ouiatenon, found about fifteen thousand Indians living there and fought a battle with them, very near the site of Granville. He defeated them and destroyed their city. The Miamis, Pottawatomies, Ouiate-nons and Kickapoos took part in the defense of Ouiatenon.

Scott returned to Kentucky and immediately following Brigadier General Wilkinson started on the first day of August, 1791 with an expedition against the Indians in the Wabash valley. He first captured the Indian town of Ke-ne-pa-com-a-quā on the Eel river, and destroyed the town; then took up his march toward Ouiatenon on the 7th day of August, 1791. He had a few skirmishes with the remaining Kickapoos and Pottawattomies and reached Ouiatenon on the 11th day of August, 1791, but found that General Scott had destroyed the town in June.

After the destruction of Ouiatenon the remaining warriors, old men, women and children had returned to the site of the city and had put out between 400 and 500 acres of corn on the Wea Plains, and Wilkinson found it in a high state of cultivation, with splendid gardens, and vegetables growing. The corn was in the roasting-ear, and was being gathered for food the coming winter. Gen Wilkinson wantonly destroyed their fields of corn, their gardens, and their tents, and left them without food, without homes and without clothing, and returned to Ft. Washington.

The following year, 1792, General Hamtramck led an expedition of Indiana volunteers and militiamen from

Vincennes to attack the non-aggressive Indians and their villages on the north banks of the Big Vermilion river (on now the Shelby farm) near where the Big Vermilion empties into the Wabash.

After the raid of Scott in the previous June and Wilkinson in the previous August, the Potawatomes and Kickapoos were very much weakened, and on account of the destruction of their food the year previous many of them had died, but the remnants of the Potawattomie and Kickapoo tribes were camping here. This was their favorite hunting ground for the reason that the Big Vermilion emptied into the Wabash there, and about a mile up the Vermilion river from the Wabash (about where the covered wagon bridge at Eugene now stands) there were rapids in the river and the fish going up stream could not easily get over these rapids, so there they could easily catch fish. The adjoining terrace lands were filled with wild strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, wild plums, blackhaws, redhaws, wild crab-apples and grapevines bearing every kind of grape that grows along the Wabash. This place was known by all the Indians far and near as "the Great Plum Patch."

This expedition of brave Hoosiers, when it came near the Indian camp, divided into two columns. One column marched up the Vermilion river, crossed it and was to attack the Indians from the north, while the main army should come directly up and across the Vermilion river and attack them from the south.

The warriors and braves were off on a hunting expedition and there were none to molest or make afraid this army of gallant soldiers, except the

broken-down old men, women and children. These were unmercifully slaughtered in the coldest of cold blood; there were so many of them killed that this brave army, on the return are said to boasted that they crossed the Vermilion river on the bodies of dead women and children, and the water was red with their blood. It was as wanton a massacre as any ever committed by the most uncivilized savages.

When the braves returned and found their tents destroyed, their homes laid waste, their aged men, their women and their children killed, they swore vengeance on the white race.

Is it any wonder then that the Indian tribes of this locality greeted Tecumseh with open arms and gave him and his tribe of Shawnees a home and a hunting ground among them, and that they joined and became a part of Tecumseh's Confederacy?

These Indians of this region took part in the Battle of the Fallen Timbers in Ohio, and the Battle of Tippecanoe, Nov. 7th, 1811.

The Shawnee Indians had their headquarters at The Prophet's Town only about eight years; they had become a tribe of tramp Indians; their hunting grounds and homes, when the white men first met them, were in Canada and along the borders of Lake Huron. From there they migrated southward and lived among the southern tribes in Florida, on the banks of the Swanee river, which was named for them, and then in their wanderings came back to Ohio.

Tecumseh was a triplet; The Prophet was one of the three children. These children were born near Springfield in the State of Ohio, and they were the youngest of the family. Their

brothers and sisters were born in the sunny southland. In their wanderings they had become acquainted with the Indians of the west, with the Indians of the north and with the Indians of the south, and it was the hope of Tecumseh to form a confederation of all of the Indians in the North American continent for the welfare of the Indians, both defensive and offensive.

He stated to General Harrison that he refused to observe the treaties that had been made with the Indians up to that time on the theory that all the land belonged to all the Indians; that no one Indian, by right of place or title, chief, prophet or close connection with man or Manitou (Great Spirit) had the right to sign and pass away the title of any other Indian, as every Indian could only pass title by signature for his proportional part, divided per capita among all of them, this, and no more; and that in their treaties the whites had only secured title of the chiefs. This argument was a surprise to Harrison and he was both astonished and offended by it. It broke up the council because it had taken him unprepared and he was not able to answer; in fact, he never made an effort to answer.

The next day he renewed the council, called upon his servant to bring chairs for himself and Chief Tecumseh. This council was held beneath the spreading branches of a magnificent elm at the City of Vincennes. He seated himself in the chair brought for him, and tendered to Tecumseh the chair he had ordered for the chief. The chief refused the chair and said, 'Thank you for your kindness, and your well meaning offer, but the sun is my father, the

earth is my mother, and I shall recline upon her bosom.'"

Richard Mentor Johnson of Kentucky had raised a regiment of Kentucky volunteer riflemen for the War of 1812 and was placed in charge of the defense of the Canadian frontier. The defense of this frontier was very important to the United States. He and his riflemen took an active part in the

Battle of the Thames on October 5, 1813, and in this battle it was at the hand of Richard Mentor Johnson of Kentucky that Tecumseh is supposed to have been killed. In March, 1837, Mr. Johnson was elected by the United States Senate vice-president of the United States and served in that capacity for four years under Van Buren's administration.

Sheshelah or "Little Duck"

We quite often hear Tecumseh spoken of as the most influential chief of the Indians who lived in this locality. Tecumseh had his headquarters at The Prophet's Town, at the mouth of the Tippecanoe river only about eight years and was there but very little during that time.

He did not take part in the battle of Tippecanoe and outside his councils with Harrison at Vincennes in the interest of all the Indians of North America he did but very little in his life in which this immediate locality would have been interested. Sheshelah, who was a Potawatami Indian and chief of the Potawatamies and Kickapoos for many long years, took a far more active hand in Indian affairs in the vicinity of Fountain, Warren, Parke, Vermilion, Tippecanoe and adjoining counties, than any local chief who at any time lived in this locality.

Sheshelah, if the legends be true, was born in Warren county, across the river from Attica, near Kickapoo falls.

His mother was a Kickapoo squaw, his father a Potawatami chief. It has been stated that his father had two squaws, one a Potawatami and one a

Kickapoo, and Sheshelah was the son of the latter. Sheshelah's Kickapoo mother was the daughter of the chief of the Kickapoos, and on account of his royal lineage Sheshelah inherited the chieftainship of the Kickapoos from his mother and of the Potawatamies from his father.

Sheshelah was a well built, straight, short, heavy-set Indian, about five feet four inches high, very broad across the shoulders, and as active and athletic as a cat.

With his warriors, he took part in St. Claire's defeat; and again his warriors, with himself commanding, took part in the Battle of the Fallen Timbers, on the 20th day of August, 1794, at the Rapids on the Maumee river, in the state of Ohio, not far from Defiance, and in that battle he was again facing Scott, Wilkinson and Hamtramck.

He had led his band of Potawatamies and Kickapoos to the aid of the Miamis when Scott destroyed Quate-non in June, 1791. He had again answered to the call of the Wea Indians and faced Wilkinson in August of the same year, and it was the aged warriors, the

women and the children of his tribe that Hamtramck had killed at the mouth of the Vermilion river in 1792, and he and his warriors took an active part in the battle of Tippecanoe. But after this battle Sheshepah signed a treaty of peace with the American authorities, after which time he was faithful and trustworthy, and finally became a reliable friend of the white people. He was a splendid commander, brave in battle, wise in council and true to his obligations. He signed this treaty at Ft. Harrison, June 4, 1816.

He had a splendid son, of whom he was extremely fond. At the age of seventeen this boy, who was very fond of hunting, fell about fifty feet from a tree while hunting bear, near where the Collett Home for the Aged stands, south of Cayuga, in Vermilion county, and was killed.

Sheshepah lived in peace for many years with the whites; his hair became as white as snow, he was still in command of his Indian tribe and respected and loved by them and the whites. At the age of one hundred ten he was murdered in a foul manner by a lazy, vicious, renegade Indian named Nankuah, at the Nebeker Springs on the George Nebeker farm near Covington, in Fountain county.

There is a little story told of Sheshepah that it might be well to add: A white man was cultivating a tract of land near the mouth of the Vermilion river, which belonged to the Indians, right near the ford of the Vermilion. The Indians forded the river there and as the corn was in the roasting ear, they took some of the roasting ears and squashes for rental. The settler fol-

lowed them up and on finding some squashes and roasting ears in the folds of Sheshepah's blanket undertook to castigate the old chief with a cane. Sheshepah did not shrink worth a cent but dropping the blanket and the corn turned on the settler and drove him out of the field with a stick.

The settler went to Blair and Coleman, two of Harrison's men who had been in the Battle of Tippecanoe, and asked them to call out the rangers and the militia to prevent the Indians from destroying his property; they refused to call out the militia and notified them to assemble at the house of one of the pioneers the next morning. They did so and commenced shooting at a mark. Sheshepah and his Indians had camped for the night near the Buffalo springs on the farm of the late Worth Porter, and Blair announced to the Indians and their chief the matters to be settled. He and Coleman were chosen as arbitrators; they repaired to the plum thicket with an old law book, an almanac and well-worn testament as authority and reference. Under the spreading branches of the plum thicket they held a sham court, with much chattering and gibbering, like an Indian council, and finally returned with their verdict that the two litigants settle the whole matter by a fist fight. The decision was no sooner announced than Sheshepah, the little old Indian chief, threw off his blanket and his belt and made ready for the fight. The settler "stood not upon the order of going, but went." He ran as fast as he could, mounted his pony and was soon out of sight—and this was Sheshepah's last encounter with the white men.

Zachariah Cicot

One of the most interesting characters among the men of influence in shaping the early destiny of the Wabash valley was Zachariah Cicot, who laid out Independence, and whose name should have been perpetuated in the name of that town.

Cicot was the son of one of the French settlers from Ouiatenon who chose to live with the Indians. His mother was a daughter of a Kickapoo Indian chief and his brother, George Cicot, inherited a chieftainship among the Kickapoos from her. According to the best information available Cicot was born about the time the War of the Revolution was coming to a close in an Indian village where Independence now stands.

There is a sand-bar in the Wabash river a little above Independence which was known as Cicot's Ford which led to Cicot's Landing on the north bank of the river. From this landing the trail led up the ravine just above Independence bridge and off to the big spring at the north side of the town. This spring and this ford brot the encampments of Indians to that place. Near the Cicot Landing was a large niggerhead stone which had a natural depression in its upper side which formed an excellent mortar for the Indian squaws to grind their corn in and it was commonly used for that purpose. This stone is still there altho it has been moved from its original location and now lies near the bridge with the mortar side down. Thomas Atkinson, one of the pioneers of southern Benton county, told me that when he was a boy herding cattle on the prairies of Benton

and Warren counties, he saw many wandering bands of Indians come from the north and west to camp at Cicot's Landing and trade with Cicot and the other Indians there. Mr. Atkinson told me too of his own vists to the place, where he had often seen the young Indians practicing with their bows and arrows. It was a favorite sport with the settlers who visited the camp to insert a coin in the split end of a stick and hold it up for the youngsters to shoot at, giving them the coin when they knockt it out of the stick. So skilled were they with the bow that he never knew of one of them, either boy or girl, missing a coin.

It was in this environment at Cicot's Landing that young Zachariah spent his boyhood and from what is known of his after life it is safe to infer that he was a leader among the young Indians among whom he grew up. When he was 16 years of age he fashioned him a pirogue and went down the river to Vincennes to see something of the white men of his father's blood. There he pickt up the rudiments of an education and soon began making excursions up the Wabash to barter with the Indians. His natural shrewdness and his thoro acquaintance with the Indians along the river made him a very successful trader. Many tales have been handed down from early settlers concerning Cicot's dealing with the Indians and his narrow escapes but these are not the essential things about him.

In the fall of 1811, while Cicot was at the Landing (Independence) he received a communication from Gen. Harrison at Vincennes, summoning him

to come immediately to that point to act as a scout for the government of the United States, whose army was about to undertake a punitive expedition against the Indians of the upper Wabash. Cicot had always been friendly to the white men and responded at once to the call. Already the Indians of Warren county were holding war dances and were becoming greatly excited in anticipation of the great conflict which they knew was coming and Cicot knew that their anger would be vented against him as soon as they knew that he had cast his lot with the whites. So when he left Cicot's Landing to answer Harrison's call he left behind him much of his live stock and other wealth. He saved only a herd of 40 ponies, which a trusted Indian drove away from the village under cover of darkness and took down the river around thru Warren county, to a place of safety.

No one knew this section of the Wabash valley like Cicot and upon him rests a very large share of the credit for the success of the Harrison expedition. He guided the army away from the river after it had reached the vicinity of the mouth of the Vermilion and in order to prevent an ambush in the ravines or woods kept as much as possible on the open prairie about ten miles back from the Wabash on the west side. Cicot participated in the Battle of Tippecanoe and after it was over returned to Vincennes with the army, still acting as Gen. Harrison's chief scout. After the treaty of peace was signed with the Indians Cicot soon resumed his trading trips up the Wabash and re-established his headquarters at Cicot's Landing. In 1817 he brought up from Vincennes on rafts hewed and

mortised timbers with which he constructed a large house that stood for many years; in fact, was torn down only about fifteen years ago and some of its timbers are still in existence. This house was fitted together like Solomon's temple, each piece having been hewed and fitted in Vincennes. Grass was mixt with the clay used in filling the chinks between the logs. The house was fitted for defense if necessary, having loopholes thru which rifles could be fired and the legends say that at one time it was surrounded by a stockade.

Cicot soon regained his prestige among the Indians and traded with them successfully, recouping his fortune and finally becoming probably the wealthiest man in northern Indiana. The erection of his residence in 1817 clearly entitles him to rank as the first settler of Warren county, for it was not until five years later (1822) that the first land entries were made. When the white men began to come into this section they naturally drifted to Cicot's trading post but they found so many Indians hanging around it and so much whiskey being drunk and fighting going on that they went across the river into Fountain and there established a settlement known as Maysville, which grew into a town of considerable importance and concerning which I shall have something to say in a later article.

On Oct. 2, 1818 Cicot married the daughter of Perig, a Potawatomi chief. On account of this connection Cicot received a section of land from the government which he took in Tippecanoe county and another section in Carroll county. His son, Jean Baptiste Cicot, and his daughters, Emelia and Sophia

Cicot, each received a half section of land, which was located in Tippecanoe county. Later Perig, the father of Cicot's wife, was given a section of land on the Flint river in Michigan but the old man never took up this grant and at the treaty of Chicago in August 29, 1821, it was transferred to Perig's grandson, John B. Cicot, who transferred it to his father. Zachariah located the claim where the town of Independence now stands, that section being known to this day in the land records as Cicot's Reserve. In 1832 Cicot platted the town of Independence on this reservation. The town grew and thrived and for many years was an important center, there being a number of manufacturing industries located there.

Emelia Cicot, the elder daughter of

the old trader, was a very bright girl and at several of the conferences at which treaties were signed, acted as interpreter, this fact being attested in government records in the archives at Washington. In the treaty of Jan. 21, 1832, Zachariah Cicot received from the government \$950 and in the treaty made with the Indians at Chicago Sept. 26, 1833, he received \$1,800, his last allowance. He was at this time wealthy as riches were accounted in that day. He lived to be an old man, respected alike by the Indians and whites, and spent the remainder of his life at Independence. In 1832 he suffered a stroke of paralysis but recovered from that and lived until 1850, when he died and was buried in the old graveyard at Independence.

The Burnett Family

Contemporary with Zachariah Cicot, whose activities and influence had such a large effect upon the early history of the Wabash valley, was the Burnett family. Like Cicot the Burnetts were half-breeds but while Cicot cast his lot with the whites and was one of General Harrison's trusted scouts, the Burnetts chose to cast their fortunes with the Indians. They left their name upon the early records of this and adjoining counties and it is often encountered in the records of land transfers to this day.

The elder Burnett was a Frenchman from the Vincennes settlement, who had come up the Wabash and lost his heart to an Indian princess. It was Kaukeama, the sister of Topenibe, the

principal chief of the Potawatomes of this locality, whose black eyes captured the adventurous Frenchman, and so strong was their attachment that Burnett was adopted into the tribe and they were married. Sheshepah, whom I have written up in an earlier sketch, was a half brother of Kaukeama and Topenibe. His mother was the daughter of a Kickapoo chief and thru her he inherited a chieftainship among the Kickapoos, the honor and prestige of which he also shared with his half-sister. So it was thus no ordinary squaw whom the Frenchman Burnett took to wife.

Burnett and Kaukeama were the parents of Abraham, Nancy, Rebecca and James Burnett and the grandparents

of William Burnett. There is a legend to the effect that the father and his eldest son were killed in the Battle of Kickapoo. Another son, Abraham Burnett, is known to have been in command of the band of Kickapoos and Potawatomies which attempted to ambush Gen. Harrison's army in 1811 in the southern part of this county where the bluffs and ravines extend down to the river opposite the vicinity of Perrysville. Had it not been for the cunning of Zachariah Cicot, who may have had an intimation of the ambush from some of his Indian henchmen, the battle which became famous as the Battle of Tippecanoe might have been fought in this county. Cicot led the army back from the river ten miles into the open country on the opposite side and the surprise of Burnett and his Indians failed.

The Burnetts made their home in what is now Wabash township, Fountain county, their camp being located near a spring in what is now Capt. Schuyler LaTourette's barnyard. The fine spring there is still known as Burnett's spring.

In after years when the United States government made settlements with the Indians the Burnetts were well provided for. They got six sections of land, most of it in Tippecanoe county, but almost one section of it in the northeast corner of Fountain county. The large flint deposits, which have been operated for years, and from which the refractories brick plant of Danville, Ill., secured the material for its fire brick, is on the Burnett reservation. North of Lafayette on the north side of the Wabash river was a larger grant of land to these Burnetts known also as the Burnett reservation.

The name also clings to a creek in that locality.

On Oct. 16, 1826, in a treaty made with the Indians at the mouth of the Mississinewa where that river empties into the Wabash, in addition to the lands in Tippecanoe and Fountain county, Abraham Burnett was given three sections of land, to be located at the village of Wyanamac, now Winamac, the county seat of Pulaski county. Nancy, Rebecca and James and the grandson, William, were each given one section of land, which was located in northern Indiana. Capt. Schuyler LaTourette's parents remembered well when Burnetts left the land they entered. Robert Ray and myself spent a day with Capt. LaTourette and looked over the home grounds of the Burnetts. I afterwards visited a relative by the name of Burnett, now living at Dana, in Vermilion county, Indiana, and received further information from him regarding these Indiana relatives of his.

From the LaTourette place the Burnetts were taken north into the state of Michigan, I think Hetfield had charge of this migrating party and Charles McKinney of Richland township has the story from Hetfield's son, who marched a ways with the Indians as they left here.

In about 1860, Thomas Marks, who lives near Odell in Tippecanoe county, went to Kansas to take up a homestead and there met William Burnett, the grandson of Kaukeama. He was then an old man but still retained his chieftainship. Mr. Marks purchased of him a horse, saddle, and bridle, and was directed by Chief Burnett where to find the best lands for entry. Mr. Marks told me that under ordinary

circumstances this horse, saddle and bridle at least calculation was worth \$100.00 but Burnett, after learning where he was from, would accept from him only \$12.50.

The Burnetts' sympathies were always with the Indians and the British. While they received large grants of land from the United States government, they took an active part always with the Indians, against the interests of the government, and were different in their views from Cicot. They were never friendly to Cicot for the reason that he was always loyal to the Ameri-

can government and was ready and actually did sacrifice everything he had but 40 ponies to aid Gen. Harrison. He was ready to give everything, even his life, that the Wabash country might be part of the territory of the United States. No man could do more.

In his old age Cicot always considered that he had not been fairly dealt with in the matter of land grants as the Burnetts, who had fought the government, were given more than he who had stood by it and sacrificed greatly for it.

Indian Tribal Characteristics

The Indians who lived in this locality, when the French began making settlements along the Wabash, were the Wyandotts, the Delawares, the Shawnees, Ottawas, Chippewas, Potawatamies, Miamis, Kickapoos and Winnebagos.

The Miamis claimed to have originally possessed the land along the Wabash river in this locality; the Delawares occupied the land along White river and south of Coal creek in Fountain county; the Kickapoos and Potawatamies hunted on the Fountain county side in what is now Wabash, Fulton and Troy townships, and had possession of the territory across the river from the little Vermilion river, at Newport in Vermilion county to the Tippecanoe river. The Miamis comprising the Eel river and Wea tribes, had their hunting grounds extending from Coal creek north; the Shawnees came in later and hunted in the northern part of Fountain county.

The Miami Indians are spoken of as the Miami Confederates, being a confederation of different tribes of the Miamis. They were the original inhabitants of the Wabash valley and comprised the Weas, the Eel River, the Shockeyes, and several other small tribes. The Pottawatomies and Kickapoos came in from the north; the Delawares and the Wyandottes came into the Wabash country from the east. The Shawnees were a tribe of tramp Indians and gathered a good deal of knowledge from the various tribes of Indians north and south in their wanderings. The Miamis did not wander; they were satisfied with Wabash valley and they did not care to leave it. They were the last tribe to cede their lands to the United States government. They ceded the last of what was known as the "Big Reserve" on November 28, 1840. The families of John B. Richardville, Francis Godfrey and the principal chief Me-Shing-lo-Me-Sia and

many other families remained on the Reserve and some of them still live there.

The Miami Indians were the best specimens, mentally and physically, of any of the Indian tribes that inhabited the Wabash valley. The men were tall and straight; the women were larger than the women of any other tribe and far more attractive. They did not inter-marry with the other tribes, but many of the women married white men and many of the men married white women.

The Miamis were the principal Indians in all the treaties. The Miamis were large men, full six feet high and of almost perfect physique. Their women were beautiful and splendid specimens of womanhood and the men aided their women in taking care of the papooses and doing the work about the tents.

The Kickapoos were short, heavy-set, sulky fellows; their women were small and common in appearance and the squaws were practically slaves to the warriors.

The Shawnees were handsome men, with handsome women, but hardly equal to the Miamis. They were perhaps the most intelligent of the Indians who ever lived in this locality, while the Kickapoos were at the bottom of the scale.

The Delawares were the most peaceful of any of the tribes of Indians who lived in this locality, and sometimes all of the tribes that I have named here would hunt together.

Ouiatenon was the largest Indian settlement in North America; 15,000 Indians lived in this settlement on both sides of the river, and it extended from Grindstone creek in Fountain

county to Wea creek in Tippecanoe, on the south side of the river.

On this side were the Weas and Miamis; on the other side were some very good settlements of Kickapoos and Potawatamies. They were very loth to leave the hunting grounds along the Wabash.

On the prairies of Warren, Fountain and Benton counties were splendid pastures for the scattering herds of buffalo and deer, and many prairie chickens, the streams were filled with fish, the birds were in the forest and the pheasant, wild turkey and quail, there were squirrels galore, and in the Wabash Valley the Indian had but little trouble to secure his meat. He never killed as the white man kills for pleasure of killing; he only killed game for his food and his clothing, and he killed only what he would need; he took from the waters only the fish he actually needed for food; and the birds whose feathers he could utilize or whose flesh he could use for food. His aim was unerring and when an arrow left the string that bended his bow it seldom failed to hit the spot at which he aimed. And then the fertile soil along the Wabash river was utilized for the growing of corn, which he plucked in the roasting ear and dried and kept for winter use. Beans and other vegetables were grown in this locality by them, and they spent their winters in comparative comfort before the advent of the white man.

The Potawatamies and Kickapoos came from the north and west; the Delawares and Winnebagoes came from the east, but the Miamis were the original tribes here, and in their native state they did not inter-marry with other tribes, for each tried to

preserve their racial or tribal features, along with their legends, their super-

stitions and their peculiar forms of worship.

The Battle of Kickapoo

I have been informed from different sources that some persons who are reading these articles doubt the authenticity of some statements I am making. I am glad to know this tho few of them have been brave enough to express their doubts to me. How much more I should think of these critics if they would just come frankly to me and ask where I got this information.

Mr. R. E. Ray of the Attica Daily Tribune, in his issue of January 26, in an article entitled "The Battle of Kickapoo," says, that he doubts whether the whites had any part in it, and yet he admits a battle having been fought at Kickapoo, and says "That there was a battle fought at some time on the hills opposite Attica is shown by the vast number of graves known to exist on what is now the Milligan farm" and gives other evidences of the battle there. I had stated that a letter in the possession of O. S. Clark, written by his aunt, stated that she had visited the battlefield of Kickapoo on her wedding trip, and this letter was written in the late twenties.

Much of the material that I have been giving is from "Dillion's History of Indiana" and Dillon, in that history gives the battles leading up to the destruction of Ouiatenon, first in June, 1797, by Brig. Gen. Charles Scott of Kentucky, and in the same year by Gen. John Wilkinson. He gives Scott's line of march, the date that he started and the different places where he

camped; it tells of his coming to Ouiatenon and gives a description of the battle there. The river was not out in the bottoms, but it was too high to be forded easily when this battle was fought, and in his official report of this battle, in which he used 750 men, Gen. Scott says that he sent Wilkinson two miles up the river from Ouiatenon to ford the river but he could not ford there. Scott had covered with his 750 men the entire length of the settlement. One of the villages which he mentions was located in the north-east corner of Fountain county; there were actual engagements here. They were shooting across the river at the Kickapoo villages on the opposite side.

On page 264 Dillon's history quotes Scott as follows: "About this time word was brought me that Col. Hardin was encumbered with prisoners and had discovered a strong village further to my left (down the river) than those I had observed, which he was proceeding to attack. I immediately detached Capt. Brown with his company to support Col. Hardin"—(Brown's company was attacking the Indians near the county line; Scott himself was near what is now Granville, and Wilkinson was sent two miles further up the river) "but the distance being six miles (from Brown) before the Captain arrived, the business was done. Col. Hardin joined me a little before sunset, having killed six warriors and taken fifty-two prisoners."

Now, six miles down the river on this side there were no Indian villages; six miles down the river was what was afterwards known as the Emmons Ford, now on the Gus and Ed Leaf place, which was then a gravel ford and the best ford along the Wabash. Here Hardin's men could cross the river, wage a battle on the other side with the Kickapoo village in the morning and it would take them until about six o'clock in the evening to return. They only reported killing six warriors, they probably killed more; it is sure that they did kill six and they took fifty-two prisoners. Figuring the distances I have concluded this would have reached to the Kickapoo village which was a large and strong village on the Kickapoo creek.

From another source comes interesting confirmation of the battle of Kickapoo. A. S. Peacock, of this city, recalls that his father (who was one of the first settlers of Attica) told him that W. R. Crumpton, grandfather of W. R. Crumpton, jr., was with General Scott in this expedition and was one of the detachment that fought the battle against the Indians at Kickapoo. Crumpton later returned to the site of Attica and established a store in a cabin on the river bank, which became the first business house of Attica. The illustration printed herewith is from a drawing which Mr. Peacock had made many years ago and is from descriptions as given by his father and other old settlers. The Crumpton family had a prominent part in the affairs of Attica during the first generation of its existence.

If Hardin captured 52 warriors and killed only six there is great probability that this is not a complete cas-

ualty list. The custom of the Indians was to fight as far as possible under cover and if the engagement lasted several hours, as the report indicates, it is probable that this was the case there. If this were true many more might have been killed and their bodies hidden in the brush by their comrades or the squaws. The fact that at least 58 warriors were engaged indicates that there was at Kickapoo a village of probably three to five hundred Indians counting the old men, the women and the children.

Personally I am of the opinion that this was not the only fight at Kickapoo, but evidence is lacking to establish it, except the large number of bones that have been unearthed at Kickapoo. It is recalled by residents of that community that a number of years ago the creek bank caved away uncovering a lot of these bones, which had the appearance of having been buried together in a trench rather than in single graves.

In closing his article Mr. Ray says "The Handbook of the American Indian, issued by the Ethnological Bureau and purporting to give all the tribes of Indians and noted characters, makes no mention of Sheshepah, alleged leader of the Indians." In the history of Vermilion county, Indiana, it is stated that Sheshepah, or Sesepee, was the principal chief of the Kickapoos, and the stories that I told of him I got from an authentic history of that county.

In the U. S. Statutes at Large, No. 7, entitled "Indian Treaties," at page 120, six Kickapoo Indian chiefs signed the treaty at Greenville, Ohio, on July 22, 1814, the most important treaty that William Henry Harrison ever made

with the Indians, and Sheshepah, or Duck, was one of the six Kickapoo chiefs that signed that treaty. In the same volume at page 146, in a treaty entered into at Ft. Harrison (now Terre Haute) on the 4th day of June, 1816, Benjamin Parker being the special agent of the president, Sheshepah, or Little Duck, signs as the principal chief of the Kickapoos. This I am giving from Indian treaties taken from the Statutes of the United States of America, and I believe it to be as authentic as the "Handbook of the American Indian, issued by the Ethnological Bureau."

No, Mr. Ray, I am not talking thru my hat, neither am I an inspired writer. I have the documents to back up the statements that I am making in regard to the Indians, and the early settlers in this locality. I could not give the names, the place and the date without the authority to back me; I was not there, I am not writing from memory; I occasionally add some legend but I tell where it came from and give it simply for what it is worth.

After Hardin returned to Scott's main army Scott says "The next morning I determined to detach my Lieutenant Colonel Commandant with five hundred men to destroy the important town of Kethtipcanunk eighteen miles from my camp, and on the west side of the Wabash. Three hundred sixty men only could be found in a capacity to undertake the enterprise, and they prepared to march on foot. Col. Wilkinson marched with this detachment at half after five in the evening and returned to my camp the next day at one o'clock, having marched thirty-six miles in twelve hours, and destroyed

the most important settlement of the enemy in that quarter of the federal territory." But I wish to call your attention to the fact that he sent none down the river for the reason that Col. Hardin had disposed of all danger the day before in that direction. When Brig. Gen. Scott left he released six weak and infirm prisoners at Ouiatenon and gave them a written speech in which he said, among other things:

"The sovereign council of the thirteen United States have long patiently borne your depredations among their settlements on this side of the great mountains. Their mighty sons and chief warriors have at length taken up the hatchet, they have penetrated far into your country to meet your warriors and punish them for their transgressions; they have destroyed your old town Ouiatenon and the neighboring villages, and have taken many prisoners; they have proceeded to your town of Kethtipcanunk, and that great town has been destroyed. They are merciful as they are strong, and they again indulge the hope that you will come to a sense of your true interests and determine to make a lasting peace with them and all their children forever."

In speaking of Topenibe, the Potawatami chief, and brother of Kaukeama Burnett, the United States Statues at Large says: "That the United States extend their indulgence of peace also to the bands of the Potawatamies which adhere to the Grand Sachem Tobinipwe," and at page 298 it says, speaking of Kaukeama Burnett: "Kaukeama, the sister of Topenibe, the principal chief of the Putawatimie tribe of Indians." I only add this that there may

be no question about Topenibe, the Potawatami chief, as there was about Sheshepah, the chief of the Kickapoos.

Variation in spelling of these Indian

names is due to the fact that when they were affixed to treaties they were written by the interpreter, who was compelled to rely upon the pronunciation alone.

Topenabee

The Potawatami tribe of Indians, with the Kickapoos, inhabited the territory along the Wabash valley on the western side of the river from the Little Vermilion which empties into the Wabash near Newport in Vermilion county, north to the Tippecanoe, and all of the state of Michigan, all of the state of Wisconsin, and northern Illinois. This was the most monarchical tribe of Indians in all North America and the principal chief and sachem of the Potawatamies presided over their counsels, directed their tribal affairs and was the head of their religion. Topenabee held this position among all the Potawatamies in North America for about fifty years. He and his sister, Kaukeama Burnett, were full-blooded Potawatamies. Their father first married the daughter of a Kickapoo chief and Sheshepah, the Kickapoo chief, was the only child by the first marriage. He held his chieftainship among the Kickapoos from his mother, and his high position among the Potawatamies from his father. Topenabee was not a warrior. He was more of a circuit rider and it took all his time to visit and look after the welfare of the many tribes of Potawatamies over which he presided. Topenabee's headquarters was in the vicinity of Attica. I am of the opinion that he made his local headquarters in the vicinity of the numerous springs, from those in Ravine

park, in Attica to what is now the Clark place, this side of Riverside.

Topenabee took part in the defense of Ouiatenon against General Charles Scott in June of 1791. He also took part in the defense of Ouiatenon against General James Wilkinson in August of the same year and perhaps some of his Potawatami aged men and squaws were killed by Major John F. Hamtramck in 1792 at the mouth of the Vermilion river. He took part in the battle of the Falling Timbers (Wayne's victory in August of 1794) and signed the Treaty of Peace made with General Anthony Wayne at Greenville, Ohio, on August 3, 1795, as the principal chief of the Potawatamies. He signed the Treaty of Peace at Mississinewa on October 16, 1826, as the principal chief signing that treaty, and on September 20, 1828, at St. Joseph, on Lake Michigan, in the territory of Michigan, he signed as the principal chief in that treaty. In the treaty made on the Tippecanoe river October 27, 1832, he signed as the principal chief. And at the treaty made at Chicago on the 26th day of September, 1833 he again signed as the principal chief, so that his signing of treaties extended over a period of thirty-eight years.

From 1805 to about 1808 the Shawnees were trying to make treaties with the various tribes in this locality. Sometime in the fall of the year 1807

Topenebee and the Kickapoos and Potawatamies, Miamis and Winnebagos met Tecumseh and his prophet beneath the spreading branches of a splendid oak that stood within the corporate limits of the city of Attica. Many of the older citizens can remember this tree. It stood on the lot where Frank Merrick now lives and according to Jack Hegler was cut down about 1866 for the construction of the house in which Mr. Merrick lives. This oak was known locally as "The Council Tree" and was pointed out to visitors on account of its beauty and its historical connection. It was cut down by a man named Mitchell, and there was general regret among the citizens of the city when the tree was destroyed. In this council it was agreed that the Shawnee tribe, under Tecumseh and his brother, The Prophet, might have as their hunting ground the territory drained by Shawnee creek and then a line drawn from there to the watershed of the Tippecanoe river, and up the Tippecanoe river about twenty miles. So Tecumseh and The Prophet and their tribe located at the mouth of the Tippecanoe in the spring of 1808, by permission of the Potawatamies and Kickapoos, as the result of the council held beneath the oak in what is now the city of Attica.

In the allotment of land to the Indians Topenebee took his grants here and there over the large territory over which he presided, among them a splendid piece of land in Benton county, which after his death was sold by his heirs to Edward Sumner. Sumner lived on Shawnee prairie in Fountain county

and owned four hundred acres of land, which he sold at \$40.00 an acre. He made a sale of his personal property, bought Topenebee's grant in Benton county and from this purchase made the foundation of the millions which was afterwards the property of Sumner's estate. The famous Caldwell and Hawkins law suits in Warren and Benton counties were over land once owned by Topenebee and of the land granted to him.

Topenebee went from this locality into the state of Michigan. In the latter part of June in 1840 he passed from among the inhabitants of earth and took his trackless way alone to the happy hunting ground. The gentle zephyrs laden with the perfume of blossoms from tree and vine and shrub, blew softly past his wigwam; the song birds came to warble their harmonious notes of love over his funeral bier. The tribe of the Potawatami sincerely mourned the departure of their beloved sachem, their worthy and trusted chief, and bore his remains to an Indian graveyard and laid them in the bosom of the earth, which he deemed as his mother. Thus this loved and loving child of nature went the way of all the earth, and now there remain but a few legends and scattering references by early historians concerning him. And yet, there is sufficient to show that he was a greater man than Tecumseh in his day and exerted a far greater influence among the red men of the central states. But it was ever thus—the popular glory is to the warrior and the heroes of peace have but scanty praise.

Tecumseh and the Prophet

Early in the year 1806 Tecumseh and his brother, The Prophet, accompanied by a small band of Shawnees, moved from the Delaware town on the White river in Indiana to Greenville, in the state of Ohio, and about this time began making treaties with the Potawatamies, Wyandottes, Kickapoos and Miamis for hunting grounds along the Wabash valley. In 1807 these treaties were finally finished beneath the spreading branches of "The Council Tree," in the city of Attica, as related in a preceding sketch, and in the spring of 1808 they settled on the banks of the Wabash near the mouth of the Tippecanoe river, at a place which afterwards bore the name of The Prophet's Town. There were only about forty Shawnees who came with them that spring but there were about one hundred Indians from other tribes in this new settlement. Tecumseh was then aiming to complete his federation and unite all the Indians in all North America into one great confederation, both offensive and defensive, hoping thus to serve the best interests not of any particular tribe but of all the tribes and of all the Indians.

Tecumseh maintained and expressed his opposition to the making of treaties for the disposal of Indian lands, and, in speaking to Governor Harrison at Vincennes, in August, 1810, Tecumseh clearly intimated that he would resist any attempt that might be made to survey the lands which had been ceded to the United States. The lands obtained by Governor Harrison and ceded by the Indians to the United States, under various treaties, amounted to

about thirty millions of acres. On the 12th of August, 1810 Tecumseh attended by 75 warriors arrived at Vincennes. From this time until the 22d of August Governor Harrison was almost daily engaged in the business of holding interviews and counsels with this celebrated Shawnee Indian.

The conduct of Tecumseh was haughty and his speeches were bold and in some degree arrogant. In one of his speeches addressed to Governor Harrison on the 20th of August, which was taken down by the order of the Governor, the following passages are found:

"Brother, I wish you to listen to me well. As I think you do not clearly understand what I before said to you I will explain it again. Since the peace (of Greenville in 1795) was made the white people have killed some of the Shawnee, Winnebagos, Delawares and Miamis, and you have taken our lands from us and I do not see how we can remain at peace with you if you continue to do so. You try to force the red people to do some injury. It is you that are pushing them on to do mischief. You endeavor to make distinctions. You wish to prevent the Indians to do as we wish them, to unite and let them consider their lands as the common property of the whole. You take tribes aside and advise them not to come into this measure, and until our design is accomplished, we do not wish to accept of your invitation to go and see the President."

The Prophet may have had his faults but intemperance was not one of them. He bitterly opposed the sale of intox-

icants to the Indians. In an interview with one of the messengers who visited The Prophet's Town in the month of June, 1810, The Prophet declared that it was not his intention to make war on the white people; and he said that some of the Delawares and other Indians had been bribed with whiskey, to make false charges against him. When pressed by the messenger, Mr. Dubois, to state the grounds of his complaints against the United States, The Prophet said that the Indians had been cheated out of their lands; that no sale was good unless made by all the tribes; that he had settled at the mouth of the Tippecanoe by order of the Great Spirit and that he was, likewise, ordered to assemble as many Indians as he could collect at that place. In August of 1808, The Prophet in an interview with Governor Harrison said: "Father, it is three years since I first began with that system of religion which I now practice. The white people and some of the Indians were against me but I had no other intention but to introduce among the Indians those good principles of religion which the white people profess. The Great Spirit told me to tell the Indians that he had made them, and made the world; that he had placed them on it, to do good, and not evil. I told the red skins that the way they were in, was not good and that they ought to abandon it; that we ought to consider ourselves as one man; but we ought to live agreeable to our several customs, the red people after their mode, the white people after theirs, particularly that they should not drink whiskey; that it was not made for them, and that it is the cause of all the mischiefs which the Indians suffer."

And Tecumseh himself was as bitterly opposed to the use of whiskey and intoxicating drinks as his brother, The Prophet.

The Shawnees came to The Prophet's Town in 1808 and some of them stayed there until the town was destroyed by General Samuel Hopkins, November, 1812, one year after the battle of Tippecanoe by Harrison. Some of them went about fifty miles further north in Indiana and lived there about four years longer so, all told, the Indians under Tecumseh and The Prophet did not live in Indiana to exceed eight years. Both Tecumseh and The Prophet afterwards joined the British. The Prophet and some of the principal chiefs of the Miamis retired from the borders of the Wabash and moved to Detroit where they were received as friends and allies of Great Britain. In September, 1815 the Shawnee Prophet attended some of the sessions of the Councils held at the Spring Well near Detroit and retired with a few of his followers across the river Detroit, to British territory. Before the treaty was signed, however, they professed in open council, before they went away, the most pacific intentions and declared that they would adhere to any treaty made by the chiefs who would remain. Sometime afterwards, The Prophet returned to the Shawnee settlement in the state of Ohio, from whence with a band of Shawnees he removed to the Indian country on the western side of the Mississippi river, where he died in 1834. The British government allowed him a pension from the year 1813 until his death. Tecumseh, the distinguished brother of The Prophet, was killed at the Battle of the Thames on the 5th of October, 1813.

A Little Family History

The name of my Grandfather Whicker's mother, before she was married, was Bingaman. The family was German and came into the state of Virginia about the year 1600 and lived on the frontiers. Many of the incidents of their frontier life have been for years a matter of recorded history, a little of which I shall relate in these articles as it may tend to show why I have such a keen personal interest in the history of these first Americans.

While living in what is now Greenbrier county, West Virginia, the father was away from home on business. A band of Indians surrounded the cabin in which the family lived. After a desperate struggle they captured them all alive and took the entire family and their belongings with them. When the father returned he immediately gathered his neighbors and went in pursuit of the Indians. They overtook the Indians and succeeded in getting all the family but one little girl five years of age. This little girl they could not find and were forced to return to the settlement without her. The family afterwards moved to what is now Guilford county, North Carolina. Two of the boys who were a few years older than the girl, when they became young men, started in search of their sister and wandered from one tribe of Indians to another until at last they found her, a young woman living with the Miami Indians in the state of Ohio, on the Maumee river. She had been adopted by an Indian chief and his wife and was satisfied with her home, but, finally, the chief and his wife consented to her return with her brothers with the understanding that a year later they (the Indians) should go to

North Carolina to see her. With this agreement she went back with her brothers to North Carolina. Everything was done to make her home happy that the family could do but she longed for the life of the Indians and when the year was up and her foster parents came to North Carolina to see her, she of her own free will, returned with them to the life in the forest. She afterwards married a Miami chief and the tribe of which she was a member came to the Wabash valley. She raised a large family of children and my grandfather's brothers and sisters often visited their aunt and their Indian cousins. These visits and their friendship was continued until about 1840 after the last treaty was made at the forks of the Wabash and those Indian relatives went with the rest of the tribe to the state of Kansas. My father told me that he never heard any of the family speak of those Indian cousins, his father's aunt and her husband, only in the kindest of terms, and often the families would visit back and forth and stay for a week or more at a time. Afterwards two of my grandfather's brothers and his father settled in Delaware county, Indiana, on what is now one of the finest farms in that county, taking up land selected by their Indian relatives. Nearly all of the reserves made to the Miami Indians were made to individuals with French, English and German names. I believe the Miami Indians to have been the most intelligent as well as the most handsome tribe in North America. I have regretted very much that our family did not keep in touch with those Indian cousins.

The Earthquake of 1811

Probably the most noted earthquake that ever occurred in the United States was that which happened in 1811 and reached from a little below Louisville, Kentucky, on the Ohio river to a considerable distance below New Madrid on the Mississippi. The first shock was felt on the 16th day of December of that year.

The few French settlers along the Wabash from The Prophet's Town to Montezuma knew that there was likely to be trouble between the settlers and the Indians. The Burnetts, in the lower end of Fountain county, had cast their fate with the Indians and Zachariah Cicot, of Independence, had decided to cast his lot with Harrison and the settlers. A Frenchman constructed a flatboat on the Vermilion river about where Eugene now stands, and Zachariah Cicot and the Burnetts helped to load this boat with furs and other produce to be taken to New Orleans by the Frenchman who had constructed the boat. This flatboat was to leave, and did leave, the mouth of the Vermilion river before Harrison left Vincennes. Cicot had probably invested about everything he had with the exception of the forty ponies which he saved, in furs, and his furs were on this flatboat on the way to New Orleans when he joined Harrison and the army. This flatboat reached the Mississippi and floated down the stream just in time to be caught in the earthquake.

The channel of the Mississippi river was changed in many places; sand bars were sunk in some places and new ones appeared in others. The banks of the

river caved in in many places and large openings appeared in the earth from which issued smoke, cinders, burnt and reddish sand, mud and boiling water. The chimneys of the houses were shaken down and many houses were ruined. Reel Foot lake, in Tennessee, was formed by this earthquake, while many lakes in Missouri were emptied by it. A large island in the Mississippi covered with a forest of large trees, sank into the bed of the river never to appear again. Lightning darted from the bosom of the earth towards the sky and this continued along with the roaring and other disturbances, for over six weeks, even the current of the Mississippi river was changed and at one time for more than an hour the waters ran up stream.

Just at this time, while these convulsions were causing universal horror, the first steamboat that ever navigated the western waters, and named the New Orleans, was making her way out of the Ohio into the Mississippi and down the Mississippi, the intention being to run the boat between Natchez and New Orleans. This pioneer steamcraft was destined to have as stormy a time as her human contemporaries, but after a thousand narrow escapes from snags and sand bars and earthquake shocks she arrived at Natchez January 7, 1812. The flatboat was caught in this backward flow of water. The Frenchman found a good landing for his boat, and knowing that there was trouble along the river, waited until the earthquake was over and then went down the river to New Orleans, landing safely with his cargo. Disposing of it and his boat he returned and

settled with those whose produce he had taken.

Dr. Hildreth says of this convulsion, or rather series of convulsions: "An eye-witness who was then about forty miles below the town of New Madrid in a flat boat, on his way to New Orleans with a load of produce and who narrated the scene to me, said: 'The agitation which convulsed the earth and the waters of the mighty Mississippi filled every living creature with horror. In the middle of the night there was a terrible shock and jarring of the boats so that the crews were all awakened and they hurried on deck with their weapons of defense in their hands, thinking the Indians were rushing on board, the ducks, geese, swans and various other aquatic birds whose numberless flocks were quietly resting in the still waters in the eddies of the river were thrown into the greatest tumult and with loud screams exposed their alarm in accent of terror. The noise and commotion soon became hushed and nothing could be found to excite apprehensions. The boatmen concluded that the shock was occasioned by the falling of a large mass of the bank of the river near them. As soon as it was light enough to distinguish objects the crew were all up, making ready to depart, when a loud roaring and hissing was heard like the escape of steam from a boiler and the sandbars and the points of an island nearby gave way and we saw them swallowed up in the tumultuous bosom of the river, tearing down with them great cottonwood trees. Cracking and crashing, tossing their great limbs to and fro as if sensible of their danger, the sycamore, cottonwood and other large trees disappeared beneath the flood of water. The

water of the river the day before, was tolerably clear, and the river was rather low. The water changed to a reddish hue and became thick with mud, thrown up from the bottom of the Mississippi, while the surface of the water, lashed violently by the agitation of the earth beneath, was covered with foam which gathered into great masses as large as a barrel, and these masses of foam floated along on the trembling waters. Along the shores the earth opened in wide fissures and, closing again, threw sand, mud and water, in high jets higher than the tops of the trees. The atmosphere was filled with a thick vapor or gas to which the sunlight imparted a purple tinge altogether different in appearance from the autumnal haze of an Indian summer of that of smoke. From the temporary check of the current, by the heaving up of the bottom of the river and the sinking banks and the sand bars into the bed of the stream, the river rose in a few minutes five or six feet and, as if impatient of the restraint, again rushed forward with redoubled impetuosity, hurrying along the boats now set loose by the horror-stricken boatmen, believing they were in less danger in the water than at the shore where the banks threatened every moment to destroy them by the falling earth or carry them down in the vortices of the sinking masses.

'Our boat got thru, but many boats were everwhelmed in this manner and their crews perished with them. Many boats were wrecked on the snags and old trees thrown up from the bottom of the Mississippi where they had quietly rested for ages while others were sunk or stranded on the new sand bars and new islands. New Madrid, which stood

on a bluff bank fifteen or twenty feet above the summer floods, sank so low that the next rise covered it to a depth of five feet.' "

In all probability the ye-witness who told this story was the Frenchman enroute to New Orleans with Cicot's and Burnetts' furs from this section of the Wabash valley.

Mr. Bradbury, an English scientific explorer, speaking of this earthquake says: "It commenced by distant rumbling sound, succeeded by discharges as if a thousand pieces of artillery were suddenly exploded. The earth rockt to and fro, vast chasms opened from which issued columns of water, sand and burning coal accompanied by hissing sounds, caused perhaps by the escape of pent-up steam, while ever and anon flashes of electricity gleamed thru the troubled clouds of night, rendering the darkness doubly terrible.

"The current of the Mississippi pending this elementary strife, was driven back upon its source with the greatest velocity for several hours, in consequence of an elevation of its bed, and the stream ran in the opposite di-

rection. The day that followed this night of terror brought no solace in its day. Shock followed shock, a dense black cloud of vapor overshadowed the land thru which no struggling sunbeam found its way to cheer the desponding heart of man. Hills disappeared and lakes were formed in their stead. One of the lakes formed on this occasion is sixty or seventy miles in length and from three to twenty miles in breadth. In some places it is very shallow, while in other places it is from fifty to one hundred feet in depth, much deeper than the Mississippi river in that quarter. In sailing over its surface, in a light canoe the voyager is struck with astonishment at beholding the giant trees of the forest, standing partly exposed amid a waste of waters, branchless and leafless, and the wonder is still further increased on looking into the dark blue depth to observe cane-brakes covering its bottom over which a mammoth species of testudo is seen dragging his slow length along which countless myriads of fish are sporting thru the aquatic thickets."

Harrison's March to Tippecanoe

One hundred and four years marks but a short space in the world's history. One hundred and four years ago Napoleon was making history in Europe. It had been only nine years since Jefferson made the Louisiana Purchase and England viewed the new republic of the United States as hardly worth recognition, and had some designs toward its annexation. The war of 1812 was brewing and the threatening clouds

of war, the occasional flashes of battle, never passed from our national horizon. The Indians on our frontiers were restless, and with the eloquent and reasoning Tecumseh they were foes with which we had to consider. They held undisputed sway and control of a vast empire reaching from the Ohio river to Hudson bay and from the Pacific ocean to a line marked by the Wabash river, the Maumee and Lake Huron, an em-

pire worth the efforts of a race. It was for the retention of this empire for their posterity that the Indians fought at the Battle of Tippecanoe. It was my pleasure in August, 1914, in company with Barce and Walker, of Fowler and Babcock, of Goodland, all limbs of the law, to follow the trail of William Henry Harrison and his gallant army, that fought the Battle of Tippecanoe, from the battle ground to old Fort Harrison which is inside the city limits of Terre Haute. We went in a Ford and took our time.

The line of march from the battle ground to Pine creek is easily followed but from there on the ruthless hand of civilized man has altered the earth's surface, cleared the forest and drained the prairie lands; but there is here and there along the route a man or woman nearing the ninety-year mark who has lived thru the days of the rugged pioneer, the Mexican war, the gold fever of California, seen the exodus to the states west of the Mississippi, the exciting times of the Civil war and the years of inventive genius and industrial activity that has followed and still lives. And their words are as a voice from the past; they are the few links left that bind us to those historic days that have past away forever.

The first of those with whom we talkt was John Pugh, the father of Dr. Pugh, of Williamsport, then past 89 years of age, a nimrod, a mighty hunter of old, the last of the type of Daniel Boone. He showed us his faithful old rifle and his hunting knives and told us the line of march as he remembered it before a plow had turned a furrow in the prairie or the woodman had felled the trees of the forest. After consulting with him we took up the line of

march at the "Army ford" about a mile and a half up Pine creek from Kramer, just above the dam of the old Brier mill. This was the first mill built on Pine creek, and the land is still owned by the Briers. All the early settlers for miles about brought their grain to this mill to be converted into flour or meal. Mr. Pugh gave us a detailed account of the mill and the process used for separating and grinding the grain. From this point Harrison's army skirted the prairie. They detailed sixteen men to stand guard to prevent an ambush from the river between the camp and the river. These sixteen men were deployed on each side of Pine creek nearly straight north from Williamsport and just about where the Williamsport road starts across the Pine creek bottoms in going to Kramer. The army skirted the prairie for the reason that in its march to the battle ground it could easily watch and guard the left flank of the army and the view of the prairie would prevent an ambush. There were many Indians along the river so the soldiers left the timber land of the Wabash well to their right as they moved northward.

It was on the 26th day of September, 1811, that Governor William Henry Harrison with an army of about nine hundred men left Vincennes, on his momentous expedition against the Wabash valley Indians. Two hundred and fifty of these men composed the Fourth Regiment of the United States Infantry, sixty were Kentuckians and the remaining six hundred were the militia of the territory of Indiana from Corydon and Vincennes along the Wabash and Ohio rivers.

They started on this expedition from Fort Harrison, marching up the river,

on the eastern side, to Montezuma. It took the soldiers two hours to cross the Wabash at Montezuma. They then followed near the banks with the army, taking their provisions in boats on the river, to a point a little below the mouth of Coal creek, which is a little below the south line of Fountain county. Here on the banks of the river they built a fort as a base of supplies, sent forty men back to guard the women and children at Fort Harrison, and left eight men to guard the fort. With the assistance of W. W. Porter and his wife and sons we were able to locate the site of this fort which was on the Porter land. John C. Colett, at one time the state geologist of Indiana, (a local historian of rare worth, a philanthropist, having given to Vermilion county a home for all its orphans with money enough for its maintenance, and a park to the city of Terre Haute known as Colett park, and with his brother built the C. & E. I. railroad from Terre Haute to Chicago and who gave me my first inspiration for the study of geology,) had made his home with Porter's parents and had inspired Mr. Porter with a pride in local history. He made Mr. Porter one of the trustees of his orphans' school. The Porters were thus able to show us the remains of the corduroy roads made by the Harrison army thru the swampy lands near his place. They crossed the Little Vermilion river just south of Eugene at what is known as the "Army ford" near the Shelby place. This was the principal camping ground of the Kickapoo Indians. After crossing the Vermilion river they went north to the prairie into the State of Illinois, south of Danville, and crossed the state line south of State Line. Two private soldiers of

the army were buried in the Gopher Hill cemetery south of Marshfield, and the trail can be plainly seen thru the yard of a farmer who has carefully preserved it about a mile and a half northwest of the cemetery. They camped one night in the Round grove, now the property of Frank Goodwine, of West Lebanon. There was a spring in this grove which never went dry and the grove was far out in the prairie. On their return trip two of the soldiers were buried in this grove. It can be plainly seen from Sloan or Hedrick. Cassius M. Clay said the soldiers got blue grass seed here and carried it back to Kentucky, from which came the Kentucky blue grass. From there they marched to the "Army ford" across Pine creek above Brier's mill. On their return trip they camped one night there. On the northwest shore of the creek two of the soldiers died and were buried. There was a very large rock in the middle of the road one mile south of the Butler place known as the "Army Rock." It was a niggerhead and the largest niggerhead in Warren county. The trail led past the rock. A road supervisor with about as little regard for local history as a country school teacher had Charley Burgeson break this rock into small particles with dynamite a few years ago.

Zachariah Cicott, who was born of an Indian mother and a French father, near Independence, and lived to be an old man on the grounds where he was born, led the Harrison army from the camp on the Wabash near Cayuga to the battle ground. The men who made the advance guard were under Dubois, and this Dubois was the grandfather of the U. S. senator from Idaho of the same name. Daviess, who had charge

of the trial of Aaron Burr for treason, was in this march and in the battle. Naylor, who for many years was judge of this judicial district was in the march and in the battle. Tipton, who at one time represented our state in the United State senate, was in the march and the

battle and many other equally as prominent made this march and were in the battle.

I hope that we can some time get this line of march plainly marked from Fort Harrison to Tippecanoe.

Battle of Tippecanoe

In 1800 Congress created the Territory of Indiana and Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison, who had been governor of the Northwest Territory, was continued as governor of the new territory, with headquarters at Vincennes. For ten years the Indians, inflamed by agents of the British and by ambitious chieftains, continued to wage guerilla warfare against the encroaching settlers. White men were shot down in their fields, women and children were awakened in the night by savage warwhoops, maybe to find the roof blazing over their heads. Most of these depredations were committed further east and south than this section, the tide of white settlement having not yet penetrated this far. It was here however that the Indians had their strongholds and it is for that reason that the final battles with them were fought here.

Of the battles the most important in its effects was the Battle of Tippecanoe. Compared with the battles of the present great war in Europe this battle was but a tiny skirmish—the losses on both sides did not exceed a hundred—yet it had a very important effect upon the history of the American republic. It not only made possible the occupation and settlement of Indiana but it settled the Indian question ef-

fectively for the whole western country. This resulted in the settlement of the Mississippi valley and ultimately led to the extension of the territory of the United States to the Pacific coast. Thus in the history of the development of the human race it was more important than any of the bloody battles that have been fought thus far in the present European war.

In a preceding article I have told you how Gen. Harrison, out of patience because he had been unable to effect a treaty with Tecumseh and to convince him that it was useless for the red man to oppose the march of the white, had finally determined to destroy his headquarters—The Prophet's Town—at the junction of the Tippecanoe and Wabash rivers. It was in 1808 that Tecumseh had established his headquarters at this point on invitation of the Potawatomes. This town was sometimes known as Tippecanoe and it grew rapidly in importance as the headquarters of the confederacy which Tecumseh and his brother, The Prophet, were organizing among the Indian tribes of the whole country. Tecumseh established relations with the British in Canada and while holding talks, sometimes peaceful and sometimes stormy, with the territorial authorities, he was

really organizing a war against them. These practices he continued until 1811 when in furtherance of his plans he went south leaving The Prophet in control of affairs in Indiana.

Gen. Harrison had a proper estimate of Tecumseh. In an official report he said of him: "If it were not for the vicinity of the United States he would perhaps be the founder of an empire that would rival in glory Mexico and Peru. No difficulties deter him. For four years he has been in constant motion. You see him today on the Wabash and in a short time hear of him on the shores of Lake Erie or Michigan, or on the banks of the Mississippi, and wherever he goes he makes an impression favorable to his purpose. He is now upon the last rounds to put a finishing stroke upon his work. I hope, however, before his return that part of that work which he considered complete will be demolished and even its foundation rooted up."

Governor Harrison's judgement was sound and it was time to act. Had he delayed until the return of Tecumseh, possibly within a few weeks, the whole frontier—from Michigan to Georgia—might have been drenched in blood. Knowing that a war was imminent he boldly struck at the heart of the matter by marching against the headquarters of the confederacy, and seized another advantage by doing it when the interpid leader was away, Tecumseh being in Mississippi when the battle occurred.

I have told you the story of the march from Vincennes up the Wabash. It was the 26th day of September when the army set out from Vincennes and at 2:00 o'clock Nov. 6th it halted and camped two miles from The Prophets

Town, and it was there that the Battle of Tippecanoe was fought.

Perhaps I can convey to my readers the best description of this battle by giving an account of it written by Isaac Naylor, who was a militiaman in the battle and who afterward settled at Crawfordsville and became judge of this circuit, which at that time included Fountain county. He was a man of ability and afterward had a very important part in the development of this section. The manuscript from which I quote was lost for many years but was found some twenty years ago and is now a part of the established history of the battle. Following is his account:

When the army arrived in view of The Prophet's Town, an Indian was seen coming toward General Harrison with a white flag suspended on a pole. Here the army halted, and a parley was had between General Harrison and an Indian delegation, who assured the General that they desired peace, and solemnly promised to meet him the next day in council, to settle the terms of peace and friendship between them and the United States.

General Marston G. Clark, who was then brigade major, and Waller Taylor, one of the judges of the General Court of the Territory of Indiana, and afterwards a Senator of the United States from Indiana (one of the General's aide's), were ordered to select a place for the encampment, which they did. The army then marched to the ground selected about sunset. A strong guard was placed around the encampment, commanded by Capt. James Bigger and three lieutenants. The troops were ordered to sleep on their arms. The night being cold, large fires were made

along the lines of the encampment and each soldier retired to rest, sleeping on his arms.

Having seen a number of squaws and children at the town I thought the Indians were not disposed to fight. About ten o'clock at night Joseph Warnock and myself retired to rest, he taking one side of the fire and I the other, the members of our company being all asleep. My friend Warnock had dreamed, the night before, a bad dream which forboded something fatal to him or to some of his family, as he told me. Having myself no confidence in dreams, I thot but little about the matter, altho I observed that he never smiled afterwards.

I awoke about four o'clock the next morning after a sound and refreshing sleep, having heard in a dream the firing of guns and the whistling of bullets just before I awoke from my slumber. A drizzling rain was falling and all things were still and quiet thruout the camp. I was engaged in making a calculation when I should arrive home.

In a few moments I heard the crack of a rifle in the direction of the point where now stands the Battle Ground House. I had just time to think that some sentinel was alarmed and fired his rifle without a real cause, when I heard the crack of another rifle, followed by an awful Indian yell all around the encampment. In less than a minute I saw the Indians charging our line most furiously and shooting a great many rifle balls into our camp fires, throwing the live coals into the air three or four feet high.

At this moment my friend Warnock was shot by a rifle ball thru his body. He ran a few yards and fell dead on

the ground. Our lines were broken and a few Indians were found on the inside of the encampment. In a few minutes they were all killed. Our lines closed up and our men in their proper places. One Indian was killed in the back part of Captain Geiger's tent, while he was attempting to tomahawk the Captain.

The sentinels, closely pursued by the Indians, came to the lines of the encampment in haste and confusion. My brother, William Naylor, was on guard. He was pursued so rapidly and furiously that he ran to the nearest point on the left flank, where he remained with a company of regular soldiers until the battle was near its termination. A young man, whose name was Daniel Pettit, was pursued so closely and furiously by an Indian as he was running from the guard line to our lines, that to save his life he cocked his rifle as he ran and turning suddenly around, placed the muzzle of his gun against the body of the Indian and shot an ounce ball thru him. The Indian fired his gun at the same instant, but it being longer than Pettit's the muzzle passed by him and set rife to a handkercheif which he had tied around his head. The Indians made four or five most fierce charges on our lines, yelling and screaming as they advanced, shooting balls and arrows into our ranks. At each charge they were driven back in confusion, carrying off their dead and wounded as they retreated.

Colonel Owen, of Shelby county, Kentucky, one of General Harrison's volunteer aides, fell early in action by the side of the General. He was a member of the legislature at the time of his death. Colonel Daviess was mortally wounded early in the battle, gallantly charging the Indians on foot with his

sword and pistols, according to his own request. He made this request three times of General Harrison before he was permitted to make the charge. This charge was made by himself and eight dragoons on foot near the angle formed by the left flank and front line of the encampment. Colonel Daviess lived about thirty-six hours after he was wounded, manifesting his ruling passions in life—ambition, patriotism and an ardent love of military glory. During the last hours of his life he said to his friends around him that he had but one thing to regret—that he had military talents; that he was about to be cut down in the meridian of life without having an opportunity of displaying them for his own honor, and the good of his country. He was buried alone with the honors of war near the right flank of the army, inside of the lines of the encampment, between two trees. On one of these trees the letter “D” is now visible. Nothing but the stump of the other remains. His grave was made here, to conceal it from the Indians. It was filled up to the top with earth and then covered with oak leaves. I presume the Indians never found it. This precautionary act was performed as a mark of peculiar respect for a distinguished hero and patriot of Kentucky.

Captain Spencer’s company of mounted riflemen composed the right flank of the army. Captain Spencer and both of his lieutenants were killed. John Tipton was elected and commissioned as captain of this company in one hour after the battle, as a reward for his cool and deliberate heroism displayed during the action. He died at Logansport in 1839, having been twice elected Senator of the United States for the State of Indiana.

The clear, calm voice of General Harrison was heard in words of heroism in every part of the encampment during the action. Colonel Boyd behaved very bravely after repeating these words: “Huzza! My sons of gold, a few more fires and victory will be ours!”

Just after daylight the Indians retreated across the prairie toward their town, carrying off their wounded. This retreat was from the right flank of the encampment, commanded by Captains Spencer and Robb, having retreated from the other portions of the encampment a few minutes before. As their retreat became visible, an almost deafening and universal shout was raised by our men. “Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!” This shout was almost equal to that of the savages at the commencement of the battle; ours was the shout of victory, theirs was the shout of ferocious but disappointed hope.

The morning light disclosed the fact that the killed and wounded of our army, numbering between eight and nine hundred men, amounted to one hundred and eight. Thirty-six Indians were found near our lines. Many of their dead were carried off during the battle. This fact was proved by the discovery of many Indian graves recently made near their town. Ours was a bloody victory; theirs a bloody defeat.

Soon after breakfast an Indian chief was discovered on the prairie, about eighty yards from our front line, wrapped in a white cloth. He was found by a soldier by the name of Miller, a resident of Jeffersonville, Indiana. The Indian was wounded in one of his legs, the ball having penetrated his knee and passed down his leg, breaking the bone as it passed. Miller put his foot against him and he raised up his head

and said: "Don't kill me, don't kill me." At the same time five or six regular soldiers tried to shoot him, but their muskets snapped and missed fire. Major Davis Floyd came riding toward him with dragoon sword and said he would show them how to kill Indians, when a messenger came from General Harrison commanding that he should be taken prisoner. He was taken into camp, where the surgeons dressed his wounds. Here he refused to speak a word of English or tell a word of truth. Thru the medium of an interpreter he said that he was a friend to the white people and that the Indians shot him while he was coming to the camp to tell General Harrison that they were about to attack the army. He refused to having his leg amputated, tho he was told that amputation was the only means of saving his life. One dogma of Indian superstition is that all good and brave Indians, when they die, go to a region abounding with deer and other game, and to be a successful hunter he should have all his limbs, his gun and his dog. He therefore preferred death with all his limbs to life without them. In accordance with his request he was left to die, in company with an old squaw, who was found in the Indian town the next day after he was taken prisoner. They were left in one of our tents.

At the time this Indian was taken prisoner, another Indian, who was wounded in the body, rose to his feet in the middle of the prairie and began to walk toward the woods on the opposite side. A number of regular soldiers shot at him but missed him. A man who was a member of the same company with me, Henry Huckleberry, ran a few steps into the prairie and

shot an ounce ball thru his body and he fell dead near the margin of the woods. Some Kentucky volunteers went across the prairie immediately and scalped him, dividing his scalp into four pieces, each one cutting a hole in each piece, putting the ramrod thru the hole and placing his part of the scalp just behind the first thimble of his gun, near its muzzle. Such was the fate of nearly all of the Indians found dead on the battle-ground, and such was the disposition of their scalps.

The death of Owen, and the fact that Daviess was mortally wounded, with the remembrance also that a large portion of Kentucky's best blood had been shed by the Indians, must be their apology for this barbarous conduct. Such conduct will be excused by all who witnessed the treachery of the Indians, and saw the bloody scenes of this battle.

Tecumseh being absent at the time of the battle, a chief called White Loon was the chief commander of the Indians. He was seen in the morning after the battle, riding a large white horse in the woods across the prairie, where he was shot at by a volunteer named Montgomery, of this state. At the crack of his rifle his horse jumped as if the ball had hit him. The Indian rode off toward the town and we saw him no more. During the battle the prophet was safely located on a hill, beyond the reach of our balls, praying to the Great Spirit to give victory to the Indians, having previously assured them that the Great Spirit would change our powder into ashes and sand.

We had about forty head of beef cattle when we came to the battle. They all ran off the night of the battle, or they were driven off by the Indians,

so that they were all lost. We received rations for two days on the morning after the action. We received no more rations until the next Tuesday evening, six days afterwards. The Indians having retreated to their town, we performed the solemn duty of consigning to their graves our dead soldiers, without shrouds of coffins. They were placed in graves about two feet deep, from five to ten in each grave.

General Harrison having learned that Tecumseh was expected to return from the south with a number of Indians whom he had enlisted in his cause, called a council of officers, who advised him to remain on the battle-field and fortify his camp by a breastwork of logs about four feet high. This work was completed during the day and all the troops were immediately placed behind each line of the work when they were ordered to pass the watchword from right to left every five minutes so that no man was permitted to sleep during the night. The watchword was "Wide awake, wide awake." To me it was a long, cold, cheerless night.

On the next day the dragoons went to The Prophet's Town, which they found deserted by all the Indians, except an old squaw, whom they brought into camp and left her with the wounded chief before mentioned. The dragoons set fire to the town and it was all consumed, casting a brilliant light amid the darkness of the ensuing night. I arrived at the town when it was about half on fire. I found large quantities of corn, beans, and peas. I filled my knapsack with these articles and carried them to the camp, and divided them with the members of our mess, consisting of six men. Having these articles of food, we declined eating

horse flesh, which was eaten by a large portion of our men.

Thus closes the story of Judge Naylor and it gives you a very intimate and accurate view of the struggle from the viewpoint of one who was in the conflict. There is one incident which he omitted, however, which I think should be included here, as it will be of particular interest to the boys who are reading these sketches.

The company known as the Yellow Jackets and referred to by Judge Naylor, was under command of Capt. Spier Spencer, and had been raised among the pioneers of Harrison county, down on the Ohio river. Spencer had been serving as sheriff of that county, and tradition has it that he was one of "Mad Anthony" Wayne's seasoned veterans. He had spent all of his life on the frontier and it was but natural that he should organize from the brave and hardy pioneers of southern Indiana a company to serve under General Harrison in defense of their homes and little ones. His brother George was one of the company. So too, was his son Edward, only fourteen years old, but large for his age and well able to handle a rifle. The taking along of this boy, in a campaign which all knew was to be an arduous one, is evidence of the need for men and proof of the devotion and patriotism of these early Hoosiers.

There were 47 men in the company, exclusive of officers, and in the fortune of battle it happened that they were placed where the most bloody fighting occurred. The Indians were in hand-to-hand conflict with the soldiers at this point and it was this struggle that is commemorated in the large mural painting in the office of the Fowler hotel at Lafayette.

Early in the fight Capt. Spencer was shot down, struck by three bullets. Two of his men, Pfrimmer and Bayard, started to carry him to a protected place, but a fourth bullet struck him in the shoulder and passed lengthwise thru his body, killing him almost instantly. The first and second lieutenant were also killed soon afterward and the ensign, John Tipton, took command of the company. As the battle raged hardest at this point the attention of Gen. Harrison was attracted to it and he rode to this part of the field. "Where is your captain?" he demanded of Ensign Tipton. "Dead, sir," replied the young man. "Where is your lieutenant?" "He is also dead, sir" was the reply. "Who are you?" then demanded the rough old general. "I am the ensign of the company, sir, and I was put in command." "Hold your own a little longer my brave boy, and I'll send reenforcements to help you." This story was related by one of Gen. Harrison's staff officers who was by his commander's side when it occurred. Tipton and the Yellow Jackets held their own until assistance arrived, tho fifty percent of the company was wounded or slain. The battle lasted two hours and twenty minutes and when it was over 8 of the 47 Yellow Jackets were dead and fifteen wounded. Among the latter was Capt. Spencer's brother who died on the homeward march. In testimony to his ability and bravery Ensign Tipton was elected captain within an hour after the battle. Tipton was 29 years old at the time. He became a man of prominence in Indiana in after years, served in the legislature, also as an Indian agent. He it was who bought the land where the battle was fought in 1829,

and in 1834 gave it to the State of Indiana to be preserved as an historical park. I shall have something more to say in a later sketch of the men who comprised this army of Harrison's, many of whom occupied positions of prominence later and had an active part in the developement of the state whose centenary we are celebrating this year.

The boy, Edward Spencer, whom I have mentioned as the fourteen-year old son of Capt. Spencer, went thru the battle unscathed, tho his father and uncle were killed. Gen. Harrison in appreciation of the brave death of the lad's father, took the boy under his personal care for the remainder of the campaign, and later secured his admission to West Point Military Academy, assigning as a reason, bravery shown on the field of battle. Later he secured the admission of a younger brother of Edward to the same institution. From that time on there has been always in the U. S. army a descendant of Speir Spencer, trying to live up to the example set by the brave pioneer captain who gave up his life for his country at Tippecanoe.

On the third day after the battle preparations were hurriedly begun for a return march. The weather was getting cold, snow was not improbable, and Vincennes was 150 miles away. The wounded were loaded into wagons with the supplies, made as comfortable as possible, and the march was begun. There were 22 wagons in the train. Before nightfall the army had got out onto the prairie west of where the city of Lafayette now is where they felt safe from attack. Six days of uneventful marching brot them to Fort Harrison, from which point the wound-

ed were taken to Vincennes by boat. Capt. Snelling and his company of regulars were left there as a garrison and the remainder of the army proceeded south to Vincennes, where they arrived Nov. 18th, having been away 49 days. By the end of the month the militia were mostly mustered out and sent to their homes, where they were welcomed as returned heroes.

Following the battle the people of Indiana spent a quiet winter. The hope of the confederacy among the Indians having been broken up Tecumseh spent some time in the South but returned before spring and made his way to the British at Detroit, where he allied himself openly with them and became one of the chief figures in the War of 1812

The Men of Tippecanoe

Anyone who delves into the history of the battle of Tippecanoe cannot escape being impressed by the character of the men that composed Gen. Harrison's army. In my sketch of the battle there was a hint of this in the statement that Isaac Naylor, one of the privates, afterward became judge of this circuit; but there were many of the others who were with Harrison who became prominent afterward and whose names are inseparably linked with the history of Indiana. Every school boy knows that Harrison himself was made president later, but comparatively little is known of the others, so I have thought it worth while to set down here some things of interest relative to a number of the men in his command. I shall begin with Harrison and in this I shall quote from Elmore Brace, of Fowler, because I think my friend Barce has written the best short description of Harrison that has ever been printed. If Benton County has not discovered Barce I hope it will soon. A few years ago I told Barce a prairie country could not produce great men, that it required hills and landscape for oratory, eloquence and greatness; and Barce imme-

diately made a trip down the Wabash from the source to the mouth of the river and wrote the best description of the Wabash valley I have ever seen in print. I have not spoken to Barce since that time, and if he continues to prove my statements false I may never speak to him again. Here is his sketch of "Old Tippecanoe:"

"Harrison arrived in Vincennes in 1801. At that time he was twenty-eight years of age, had served as aide-de-camp to Gen. Wayne at the Battle of the Fallen Timbers and had distinguished himself for bravery. In personal appearance Harrison was commanding and his manner prepossessing; he was about six feet high, rather slender form, straight and of a firm elastic gait. Even at the time of his election as president, tho bordering seventy, he had a keen penetrating eye, was quick of apprehension, prompt and energetic. In the severe winter campaign of 1812-13 he slept in a thinner tent than anyone in his command, whether officer or soldier, and his accommodations were known as the worst in the army. On the expedition of the Thames all his baggage was contained in one valise;

on the night after the action of the Thames, thirty-five British officers supped with him on fresh beef roasted before the fire, without salt or bread, and without spirits or drink of any kind except water, and whether in camp or on the march his whole army was up regularly and under arms at daybreak, and upon no occasion did he fail to be out himself, however severe the weather, and was generally the first officer on horseback ready to start his whole army. He made it a point on every occasion to set an example of fortitude and patience to his men and to share with them every hardship, difficulty and danger. Judge Law writes that William Henry Harrison was as brave a man as ever lived. At Tippecanoe immediately after the first savage yell, he mounted on horseback and rode from line to line encouraging his men and knew that he was at all times a conspicuous mark for the Indian bullets. One leaden ball passed thru the rim of his hat, and Col. Abraham Owen, Thomas Randolph and others were killed at his side. Upon one occasion, as he was approaching an angle of the line again, Indians were advancing with their horrible yells, Lieut. Emerson of the dragoons seized the bridle of his horse and earnestly entreated him to go no farther, but putting spurs to his horse he pushed on to the point of attack, where, under his command, the enemy was received with firmness and driven back. To these traits, his fearless courage, his willingness to share in the burdens and hardships of the common soldier, may be attributed his great and lasting hold on the affections of the Kentucky and southern Indiana Indian fighters.

To them he was more than a hero, he was a man approaching the divine.

On his arrival at Vincennes in 1801 the population of that town was seven hundred fourteen persons, eighteen hundred nineteen more lived in the surrounding country, and fifty-five fur traders were scattered along the Wabash. A large part of the inhabitants of Vincennes belonged to that class of French Canadians who produced the LaPlants, the Barrons, and the Brouillettes, some of them renowned Indian interpreters and river guides, and among the settlers of the state were Benjamin Park, one of the commanders of Tippecanoe and founder of the state law library, and Waller Taylor, Thomas Randolph, two of his aides in the Wabash campaign. These men favored the suspension of the sixth article of the ordinance of 1787, prohibiting slavery in the Northwest territory, which is now established history.

“While at Vincennes Harrison conducted a great number of difficult negotiations and treaties with the chiefs and head-warriors of the Miamis, Potawatomes, Delawares, Shawnees, Kickapoos and other tribes. Copies of the Old Western Sun amply testifies to the fact that prior to the important Indian treaties of 1809 at Ft. Wayne and Vincennes, he issued a public proclamation prohibiting any traffic in liquor with the Indians, that he constantly inveighed against this illegal commerce with the Indian tribes.

“Dillon says the total quantity of land ceded to the United States under treaties which were concluded between Gov. Harison and various Indian tribes amounted to about 29,719,530 acres.

“On the first day of September, 1809 he set out on horseback for the council

house at Ft. Wayne, accompanied only by Peter Jones, his secretary, Joseph Barron, the interpreter, a Frenchman for a guide, and two Indians, probably Delawares of the friendly White River tribe. He travelled eastward in Dearborn and Wayne counties. While in Wayne county, he and his party were entertained by Peter Weaver, who afterwards became the first settler of Fountain and Tippecanoe counties; and Patrick Henry Weaver, who came here with his father told me that on this journey William Henry Harrison gave him a fifty cent piece, which was the first money he ever owned.

"Judge Law says of Joseph Barron, the interpreter. 'He knew the Indian character well, had lived among them many years, spoke fluently the language of every tribe which dwelt on the upper Wabash, understood their customs, habits and manners, and charlatanry well. And altho but imperfectly educated, was one of the most remarkable men he ever knew.' The Governor arrived at the post on the fifth of the month, at the same time with the Delawares and their interpreter, John Conner. This treaty was finally completed on the thirtieth day of September, 1809 and no resort was had to the evil influence of bribes or intoxicants."

The following summary of the life and work of Judge Isaac Naylor, to whom I have already referred, is from an address made by Gen. Lew Wallace at the dedication of the Montgomery courthouse: "Isaac Naylor was a Virginian, born in 1792, brot to Kentucky and, when seven or eight years old; to Clarke county, Indiana; read law with Supreme Judge Scott; served as a soldier with Gen. Harrison in 1811,

when he removed to Crawfordsville; was first a partner of Thomas J. Evans, and then associated himself with Henry S. Lane; was elected circuit judge by the legislature in 1838; served seven years; was reelected; held second term of six years; was then elected by the people judge of the court of common pleas, and continued such for six years. He died full of honors, in June 1837. He was thoroly imbued with the principles of the system of pleading yet found in Chitty. In the early time his contemporaries called him familiarly 'Old S. D.' (Special Demurrer.)" He was the second judge of the circuit that then included Montgomery and Fountain counties.

State Senator, Alva O. Reser, of Lafayette, has perhaps given the most careful study to the personal character of the men who fought in the Battle of Tippecanoe, and the following description of those who participated in that battle is from Mr. Reser;

Gen. John Tipton impressed himself perhaps more upon the early history of Indiana than any other man, Capt. Spencer's company was raised in Harrison county and Tipton was ensign in it; he afterwards became United States senator, bought the land on which Tippecanoe was fought and gave it to the State of Indiana; he settled and lived in Logansport. Tipton County was named for him. He died in 1839 at the age of 53.

White County was named for Isaac White of Kentucky, a brave fellow who was killed in the Battle of Tippecanoe.

Wells County was named after Capt. William H. Wells, who had been brought up among the Miami Indians and who gave the settlers of Vincennes in southern Indiana, the first infor-

mation that the Indians intended to attack them. In 1812 Capt. Wells was stationed at Ft. Dearborn, near Chicago, and was induced by the Indians to have a council with them under a flag of truce and was lured by them into ambush, where Capt. Wells and all his party were massacred.

Parke County was named for Capt. Benjamin Parke, who fought in the Battle of Tippecanoe; he was afterwards a member of Congress from the Territory of Indiana and was the first United States District Judge for the District of Indiana. In the latter part of his life he became financially embarrassed, and unhesitatingly gave up all his property for the benefit of his creditors. So completely did he deny himself that his family at their meals drank out of tin cups. The wife of Capt. Parke was named Betsy, and she was held in such high esteem that more baby daughters were named for her than after any other lady in southern Indiana.

Bartholomew County was named for Joseph Bartholomew, who commanded the infantry at the Battle of Tippecanoe; was formerly a citizen of Clarke county; was severely wounded at the Battle of Tippecanoe; he was a member of the legislature in 1821 and 1824. There is a portrait of General Bartholomew in the court house at Columbus, Indiana. He died in 1840.

Capt. Spier Spencer commanded the company called "The Yellow Jackets," which company occupied the ground at the southern point of the battle-field. Upon this company fell the brunt of the battle and more men were killed in that company than any other. During the battle Capt. Spencer was wounded. J. S. Pfrimmer, of Corydon, writes me:

'After Spencer was wounded he was being carried to the rear by two soldiers and while in their arms was struck by a ball in the shoulder, which ran lengthwise of his body and killed him outright.'

Daviess county was named for Joseph Hamilton Daviess, a brilliant orator and distinguished citizen of Kentucky, who was killed at the Battle of Tippecanoe. He had been United States District Attorney and prosecuted Aaron Burr; he once challenged Henry Clay to fight a duel, and he was once grand master of the Masonic fraternity of Kentucky.

Dubois county was named after Capt. Toussant Dubois, who was the guide to Tippecanoe, and who relied very largely on Zackariah Cicot to guide the army from Vincennes to The Prophet's Town. He knew the route almost as well as he had been a trader and often traveled from Vincennes to Detroit, and had great influence with the early pioneers and the Indians. When Gen. Harrison decided to move against the Indians in 1811 Dubois offered his services, and he was made captian of the spies and scouts in the Tippecanoe campaign; Dubois was the last man to visit the headstrong Prophet on the evening before the battle. Jesse Kilgore Dubois, a son of Capt. Dubois, became a warm personal friend of Abraham Lincoln. United States Senator Fred T. Dubois, of Idaho, was a grandson of Capt. Dubois. On March 11, 1816, Capt. Dubois attempted to swim the Wabash river, not far from Vincennes, on horseback, and was drowned.

Floyd county is by some supposed to have been named after John Floyd, a surveyor. By others, it is claimed the county was named after Davis

Floyd, who fought in the battle of Tippecanoe. Davis Floyd was an ardent friend of Aaron Burr, and was indicted with him for treason, but when Burr was acquitted, the prosecution against Floyd was abandoned. He was an adjutant in the Battle of Tippecanoe, and was a member of the general assembly of the Territory. His estate was settled in Harrison county. He was admitted to the bar in Clarke county in 1817. In the early days he had been a pilot on the Ohio river.

Warrick county was named after Jacob Warrick, who fell at the Battle of Tippecanoe. General Harrison speaks of him in his report and said that Warrick was his friend, in whom he had placed great confidence, and Harrison in his report says: "Warrick was shot immediately thru the body. On being taken to a surgeon to have his wound dressed, as soon as it was over, being a man of great vigor and able to walk, he insisted on going back to the head of his company, altho it was evident he had but a few hours to live.

Harrison county was named, of course after William Henry Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe.

In 1840 great political meetings were held at the Tippecanoe battle-ground. This was called the singing campaign.

In other years political meetings had been held on this spot. Here the little giant, Stephen A. Douglas, has spoken and in later years, Roscoe Conkling, James G. Blaine and others. I give herewith a couple of stanzas from two of the old political songs of the singing campaign of 1840.

Old Tippecanoe

Hurrah for the log cabin chief of our joys;

For the old Indian fighter, hurrah!
Hurrah; and from mountain to valley
the voice

Of the people re-echoes hurrah!

Then come to the ballot box, boys come along,

He who never lost a battle for you
Let us down with oppression and
tyranny's throng,
And up with "Old Tippecanoe."

Tippecanoe and Tyler Too

Let them talk about hard cider, cider,
cider,

And log cabins too,
'Twill only help to speed the ball
For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too—
Tippecanoe and Tyler, too,
And with them we'll beat little Van;
Van, Van, is a used-up man,
And with them we'll beat little Van.

Indian Battles of 1812

The memorable massacre at Fort Dearborn, where Chicago now stands, is of interest to residents of the Wabash valley because it was a part of the same movement against the whites of

which I have told you in preceding sketches and because some of the Indians from the Wabash were concerned in it. Topenbee, the old Potawatami chief, was present, but it is re-

corded of him that he was opposed to the massacre and it was thru his instrumentality that seven persons—the Kinzie family, Mrs. Heald, Mrs. Helm and Sergeant Griffith, escaped.

On the 9th of August, 1812, Captain Nathaniel Heald, who was in command of Fort Dearborn, the present site of Chicago, received orders from General Hull, requiring the garrison at Fort Dearborn to evacuate that post and move to Detroit. Captain Wells, who was with Harrison at Tippecanoe, and for whom Wells county, Indiana, was named, left Fort Wayne with about thirty friendly Miami Indians, and arrived at Fort Dearborn (now Chicago), on the 13th day of August, 1812, the purpose being to act as an escort to the retiring garrison. On the 15th day of August, the troops under the command of Captain Heald, consisting of fifty-four regulars, and twelve militia, evacuated Fort Dearborn, and after marching about a mile and a half down the lake from the fort, or about where 18th street would intersect the lake, were attacked by a superior force composed principally of Potawatamies. The Indians killed twenty-six regulars, all the militia, two women and twelve children, and took twenty-eight prisoners. Captain Wells was among the killed. The losses of the Indians amounted to about fifteen killed.

The Indian camp was located near the fort, north of where the Marshall Field store stands. The fort was north of there, near the Rush street bridge, and a tablet is set into the wall of the W. M. Hoyt building there recording the fact. The fort was burned by the Indians but was rebuilt in 1816.

At the foot of 18th street, near the lake shore, a granite monument sur-

mounted by a bronze statuary group that is among the notable monuments of the city, was erected by George M. Pullman, to mark the site of the massacre.

On the 16th day of August, 1812, the town of Detroit, and the territory of Michigan were surrendered by Gen. Hull, without firing a gun, to the British forces under the command of General Brock. These successive, but temporary triumphs, of the British and Indian forces in the northwest combined with other causes, induced the Kickapoos, Potawatamies, Winnebagoes and other northwestern tribes to take up arms against the United States, and to send war parties to attack the white settlements in the Indiana territory.

In the early part of the month of September, parties of hostile Indians began to assemble, in considerable numbers, in the vicinity of Fort Wayne. About the same time, a strong party of warriors made an unsuccessful attack on Fort Harrison (now Terre Haute). Other bands of Indians penetrated the territory southeasterly as far as the frontiers of Clark and Jefferson counties, and massacred twenty-four persons, at a place which was called "the Pigeon Roost settlement," and which was situated within the present limits of Scott county.

On the evening of the 3d of September, two men, who were making hay in the vicinity of Fort Harrison, were surprised, killed and scalped by a scouting party of Indians; and on the 4th of September, about eleven o'clock at night, a considerable body of Indians, composed of Winnebagoes, Kickapoos, Shawnees, Potawatamies and a few Miamis, commenced an attack on the fort,

by setting fire to one of the block-houses attacht to it. Captain Zachary Taylor (who afterwards became president of the U. S.) and a small number of the men under his command, bravely resisted the attack, which continued without intermission until about six o'clock on the 5th of September, when the Indians abandoned the assault and retired beyond the guns of the fort. In an official account of this action, written on the 10th of September, 1812, and addressed to Governor Harrison, Captain Taylor said—"About eleven o'clock I was awakened by the firing of one of the sentinels. I sprang up, ran out, and ordered the men to their posts—when my orderly sergeant, who had charge of the upper blockhouse, called out that the Indians had fired the lower blockhouse. * * * The guns had begun to fire pretty smartly from both sides. I directed the buckets to be got ready, and water brought from the well, and the fire extinguished immediately, as it was perceivable at that time; but from debility, or some other cause, the men were very slow in executing my orders. The word "Fire!" appeared to throw the whole of them into confusion, and by the time they had got the water and broken open the door, the fire had, unfortunately, communicated to a quantity of whiskey, and, in spite of every exertion we could make use of, in less than a moment it ascended to the roof, and baffled every effort we could make to extinguish it. As the blockhouse adjoined the barracks that make part of the fortifications, most of the men immediately gave themselves up for lost, and I had the greatest difficulty in getting my orders executed. And, sir, what from the raging of the fire—the yelling and

howling of several hundred Indians—the cries of nine women and children, (a part soldiers' and part citizens' wives, who had taken shelter in the fort,) and the desponding of so many of the men, which was worse than all—I can assure you that my feelings were unpleasant. And, indeed, there were not more than ten or fifteen men able to do a good deal; the others being sick or convalescent; and, to add to our other misfortunes, two of the strongest men of the fort, and that I had every confidence in, jumped the pickets and left us. But my presence of mind did not for a moment forsake me. I saw, by throwing off a part of the roof, that joined the blockhouse that was on fire, and keeping the end perfectly wet, the whole row of buildings might be saved, and leave only an entrance of eighteen or twenty feet for the entrance of the Indians, after the house was consumed; and that a temporary breastwork might be erected to prevent their even entering there. I convinced the men that this might be accomplished, and it appeared to inspire them with new life; and never did men act with more firmness and desperation. Those who were able (while the others kept up a constant fire from the other blockhouses and the two bastions) mounted the roofs of the houses, with Dr. Clark at their head, (who acted with the greatest presence of mind the whole time the attack lasted, which was about seven hours, under a shower of bullets and in less than a moment threw off as much of the roof as was necessary. * * * * Altho the barracks were several times ablaze, and an immense quantity of fire against them, the men used such exertions that they kept it under, and, before day, raised a temporary breastwork as high as a man's

head, altho the Indians continued to pour in a heavy fire of ball, and an immense quantity of arrows during the whole time the attack lasted. * * * After keeping up a constant fire until about six o'clock the next morning, which we began to return with some effect after daylight, they removed out of the reach of our guns.. A party of them drove up the horses that belonged to the citizens here, and, as they could not catch them very readily, shot the whole of them in our sight, as well as a number of their hogs. They drove off the whole of the cattle, which amounted to sixty-five head, as well as the public oxen."

One of the men who jumped over the pickets, when the fort was attacked, was killed by the Indians. The other, having received a severe wound, returned to the fort and begged for admission. After lying "close to the pickets, behind an empty barrel," until daylight, he was permitted to enter the fort. Of the men who remained in the fort, during the attack, two were killed, and two were wounded. The loss of the Indians, which was very small, can not be stated with certainty.

When information of the attack of Fort Harrison was received at Vincennes, about twelve hundred men, under the command of Colonel William Russell, of the 7th regiment U. S. In-

fantry, marched from that place, for the purpose of punishing the Indians, and carrying relief to the besieged fort. The force under the command of Colonel Russell was composed of Colonel Wilcox's regiment of Kentucky volunteers, three companies of rangers, and two regiments of Indiana militia, commanded, respectfully, by Colonel Jordan and Colonel Evans. When the troops, without meeting with any opposition on their march, reached Fort Harrison, on the 16th day of September, the Indians had retired from the neighborhood of that place. On the 15th day of September, however, a small detachment composed of eleven men, under the command of Lieutenant Richardson, and acting as an escort of provisions sent from Vincennes, to be delivered to Fort Harrison, was attacked by a party of Indians, at a place which was then called "the Narrows," and which lies within the present limits of Sullivan county. It was reported that seven men of the escort were killed, and one wounded. The provisions fell into the hands of the Indians.

The regiment of Kentucky volunteers under the command of Colonel Wilcox, remained at Fort Harrison. The two regiments of Indiana militia, and three companies of rangers, which marched to the relief of the fort, returned to Vincennes.

The Second Battle of Tippecanoe

So much has been written of the Battle of Tippecanoe and its importance because it disrupted the confederacy which Tecumseh was forming among the Indians for the purpose of retain-

ing their lands, that there are few persons, even in this vicinity, who are aware that there was a second battle near Tippecanoe or The Prophet's Town in which the Indians were really

the victors. Like the first battle it marked the climax of an expedition sent up the Wabash which included more men than accompanied General Harrison the year before. The expedition was like the first one too in that it included a man who afterwards became president of the United States.

About the first of November, 1812, General Samuel Hopkins began to organize a military force composed mainly of infantry for the purpose of penetrating the Indian country as far as The Prophet's Town, marching from Vincennes to Fort Harrison (Terre Haute), then up the river to The Prophet's Town, destroying the Indian villages along the river and any villages that they might find at or near The Prophet's Town. The troops which were employed in this exploration by General Hopkins consisted of three regiments of Kentucky militia, commanded by Colonels Barbour, Miller and Wilcox, a small company of regulars commanded by Captain Zachariah Taylor, (afterwards president of the United States), and a company of scouts or spies under command of Captain Washburn. Among the spies of Captain Washburn was Peter Weaver, who afterwards became one of the first settlers of Fountain county and the first settler in Tippecanoe county.

This army started at once from Vincennes, arrived at Fort Harrison on the 5th day of November, and on the 11th day of November left Fort Harrison following the road made by Governor Harrison's army the year previous and the boats set out at the same time. On account of the danger it was necessary to guard the army very carefully. There had been a heavy rain and the waters were high in the Wabash but it was

not out of its banks altho the creeks were so high that they could be crossed only with difficulty, danger and embarrassment. They reached the mouth of Sugar creek on the 14th day of November. From there the entire army, with the exception of those in the boats, marched on the east side of the Wabash river because the Vermillion river and Pine creek and other impediments on the west side led them to believe that they could make the trip easier on the east side of the river. They had their provisions, rations, and military stores in the boats. Their line of march was near the river so as to cover and protect the boats carrying their provisions. Lieut. Col. Barbour with one battalion of his regiment had command of the seven boats, but camped at nights on the bank of the river with the rest of the army. On account of the boats they moved slowly and reached The Prophet's Town on the 19th of November 1812. On the morning of the 19th three hundred men were detached to surprise the Winnebago town on Wild Cat creek, about one mile from the Wabash river and four miles below The Prophet's Town. This party was under the command of General Butler. They surrounded the Winnebago town about daybreak but found it evacuated. They found in the town about forty shacks, many of them being from thirty to fifty feet in length, besides many temporary huts in the surrounding prairie where the Indians had cultivated a good deal of corn. On the 20th, 21st and 22d, this army completely destroyed The Prophet's Town, which had about forty cabins and huts. Below it was a large Kickapoo village, on the west side of the river, consisting of about 160

cabins and huts. They also destroyed this town. These Kickapoos had corn stored for the winter and this also was destroyed. Seven miles east of the Prophet's Town on Wild Cat creek, a party of Indians fired on a detachment of this army, on the 21st day of November and killed a man by the name of Dunn. On the 22d of November about sixty men, under the command of Lieutenant Colonels Miller and Wilcox started on horseback to bury Dunn and get a more complete knowledge of the ground. They marched to a point near the Indian encampment, fell into an ambuscade and 19 of the party were reported killed, wounded and missing.

On the return of the party it was learned that a large assemblage of Indians, encouraged by the strength of their camp and this victory were waiting the approach of Hopkins' army, and this army at once made every preparation for an early march to engage the enemy in battle at any risk. There arose a violent storm with a heavy fall of snow and the coldest weather that these soldiers from the South had ever seen or felt at that season of the year. This delayed any further action until the 24th of November,

When Hopkins' army reached the Indian camp they found it deserted, the Indians having crossed Wild Cat creek.

Mr. Hopkins says in his report, "I have no doubt but that the ground the Indians had taken was the strongest I have ever seen. The deep, rapid creek was in their rear, running in a semi-circle and fronted by a bluff one hundred feet high, almost perpendicular, and could only be penetrated by three steep ravines. After reconnoitering sufficiently we returned to camp and

found the ice so accumulated as to alarm us for the return of the boats. I had fully intended to have spent one more week in endeavoring to find the Indian camp but the shoeless, shirtless state of the troops now clad in the remnants of their summer dress, a river full of ice, the hills covered with snow, a rigid climate, and no certain point to which we could further direct our operations, under the influence and advice of every staff and field officer, orders were given and measures pursued for our return on the 25th."

General Hopkins writes later, "We are now progressing to Fort Harrison (down the Wabash river, thru ice and snow, where we expect to arrive on the last day of this month. Before I close this I cannot forbear expressing the merits of the officers and the soldiers of this command. After leaving Fort Harrison, all unfit for duty, we had, in privates of every count, about one thousand, in the total twelve hundred and fifty men. At The Prophet's Town upwards of one hundred of these were on the sick report. Yet, sire, have we progressed in such order as to menace our enemy free from annoyance, and seven large keel boats have been covered and protected to a point heretofore unknown in Indian expeditions. Three large Indian establishments have been burnt and destroyed with near three miles of fence and all the corn and food that we could find. The enemy have been sought in their strongholds and every opportunity afforded them to attack or alarm us. We marched on the east side of the Wabash, without roads, or cognizance of the country fully one hundred miles and this has been done with a naked army of infantry aided by only about fifty rangers and spies.

All this was done in twenty days; no sigh, no murmur, no complaint."

The detachment which fell into the ambushade on the 25th of November was composed of Capt. Beck's company of rangers, several officers of the army and a small number of mounted militia. Before starting out that morning, each man drew a pint of whiskey. They had not drawn whiskey for some time before this and perhaps this whiskey did not help matters much. Capt. Little says, in speaking of this battle, "We rode on rapidly about a mile and a quarter when we found ourselves among and surrounded by Indians in hundreds, they fired on us in all directions as thick as hail. We immediately found that we were not able to fight them. I was shot in the body near the hip bone.

We retreated in every kind of disorder the best way we could. I was still able to ride and got out to camp where we found that we had lost sixteen killed and three wounded."

On the 18th day of December, 1812, General Samuel Hopkins announced, in general orders issued at Vincennes, his determination to retire from military life, and, while in his reports he commends all the officers, including Zachariah Taylor, his resignation upon the return of the army to Vincennes is evidence that he did not consider it an expedition that had added any great amount of honor to the American arms. And this was the last of the battles that the fading red men of the forest had with the white men in the Wabash Valley.

The Wabash Valley 100 Years Ago

After General Hopkins, and the twelve hundred and fifty men, who were with him when he made his march up the Wabash river and destroyed The Prophet's Town (Tippecanoe) and the villages about it, had their unpleasant experiences and discomfort from the cold November storm, the sickness among the men. The loss of life discouraged the Hoosier militia and Kentucky Indian fighters, and no more raids were made against the Indians of this locality. The Prophet, and most of his Shawnee warriors went to Detroit or northern Indiana. Tecumseh was killed that year and there remained in this locality the Kickapoos, Delawares, Wyandottes, Potawatomes and Miamis. After the Treaty of Peace, which followed the

war of 1812, the British left Detroit and the Northwest Territory and their emissaries left the Wabash Valley, and rewards were no longer paid for the scalps of white women and children. The United States government had previously obtained most of the land by treaty and the hope of a confederacy died with Tecumseh. Yet, these tribes of Indians lingered in the lands of their fathers, a land rich in future possibilities, flowing more richly with milk and honey, and more to be desired than the promised land of the Israelites. Occasionally, a venturesome traveler from the settlements south and east wandered into the upper Wabash Valley in his restless search for brighter prospects, better and cheaper lands and more promising possibilities

for himself, his family and his posterity.

This interval covers a period of ten years or more from the Hopkins' march in 1812 to the survey and opening of this part of the country for settlement. During this ten years the remaining Indians were undisturbed. Theirs was a race in its childhood and they should have been treated as children. They did not know the value of their lands, or what their treaties really meant. Perhaps they knew they would soon have to leave this beautiful valley forever and somewhere beneath the inverted bowl of heaven decorated at night with sparkling diamonds, find a hunting-ground. But there was still game here and they could still enjoy the chase. They burned the underbrush and grass of woodland and prairie every fall or spring. The blue grass and grass of all kinds flourished everywhere. The prophet Isaiah has said; "The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? **All flesh is grass**, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field." And Senator John G. Ingalls said "Grass is the forgiveness of nature." And here in the Wabash Valley, grass grew everywhere.

In the springtime the air was filled with the perfume of blossom of shrub and vine and tree. Nature, the master mechanic and landscape gardener, had full sway in prairie, hill and valley. The hawthorn, the dogwood and the sarvis berry bloomed on the crest of the hills and higher grounds, the red-bud trees blazed forth on the sloping hillside and the somber brown of the pawpaws' bloom in the valleys, were all entwined in the loving embrace of the wild grapevine. The brown thrush sang his sweet and varied notes learned

from birds in a distant land, as he perched in a clump of hazel brush; while from the midst of a bower of crab-apple blossoms, alive with insects and bees gathering their wealth of nectar from the flowers, the blue-jay sounded his defiance. And from the woods about mingled the song of many birds, rivalled in its charm only by the beauty of their plumage. And the red man could exclaim with Solomon in his song "For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on earth; the time of the singing of birds is come and the voice of the dove is heard in our land; the fruit tree putteth forth her green fruit, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell."

And then the summer came and the green leaves were full in size and growth and the young deer and buffalo went forth in their growing strength thru the forests and grass of the prairie and their strength and speed increast with age, and many a wild beast quencht its thirst in the refreshing coolness of the flowing streams of clear water. The young birds flew among the branches of the forest, and the seeds of berries were ripe, the grasshopper and the cricket called and everywhere insects swarmed, some in deep hued colors, and the butterflies, gorgeous in their dress, lazily floated in air and sought for a place of safety to deposit their larvae.

Autumn came and the huckleberry was ripe on the bush, a few raspberries and blackberries lingered yet on the vine and the wild gooseberry blusht in the thicket; the pawpaws were falling from the trees, and many varieties of wild plums could be gathered. Many a deserted bird's nest yet hung in the

leatherwood, water beech and kinnikinnick, and a large hornet's nest would swing occasionally from a limb of the sassafras or ironwood. And the hickory nuts would fall; and the hazel nut could be gathered in its brown shell; the walnuts were steadily drooping while the butternut lingered for a more telling frost; the golden-rod and the purple ironweed were profuse in their growth; the black-birds and wild pigeons and waterfowl came in such droves that they would obscure the sun; the clatter of the industrious woodpecker working on a dead limb of a distant tree; and the call of the hermit thrush in the timber could be heard while the wild goose honkt high at the apex of his living triangle; and the quack of the mallard as he floated to the deeper waters in pristine beauty gave the danger signal to his companions. And then Jack Frost came and breathed on the leaf of tree and shrub and vine, spreading his enchantment over woods and hill and valley, enriching it all with a variation of color and artistic beauty, the envy of a Raphael or an Corot, yet a secret in the chemistry of art which Jack refuses to reveal, a beauty in richness and color that we may yet enjoy as well as did the red man when he was here.

Then soon the leaves fell and the limbs of the trees were bare and the winds piled the fallen leaves in the hollows in the woods. The snows came and the streams and ponds froze over and the migrating birds with their beauty of feathered plumage and sweetness of song had taken their trackless flight to a more congenial clime in the sun-kist land of the South. Yet the game birds and the wild game of the forest lingered and had grown fat on

grass and fruits and nuts; the ponds and the streams were full of fish; the corn had been plucked in the roasting ear and stored for winter use, and now the braves could go to the chase for flesh for food and skins for clothing and winter tents. The women and children were in the camps and all were happy; the crow would caw by day and the owl would hoot at night; the timber wolf would bark, and the panther scream in the woods and all this was a part of life to the red men of the Wabash.

Beneath the spreading branches of a linden tree, a dusky maid of the forest stood and listened to the music of the divine orchestra of insects, bees and birds; a squirrel sprang gracefully from a limb and barked with delight at her presence; the earth beneath her feet was carpeted in green and decorated with the various colors of the spring flowers; the clear water of a spring from the lips of mother earth in a stream nearby rippled and bubbled as it flowed over boulder, rock and pebble, and joined its voice in harmonious approval in the expression of the sweetness of life and the beauty of the earth and the scene that environed the maiden, the gentle zephyrs of the spring time played among the leaves of the trees and forests, and the sunshine fell between them. The maiden was alarmed by the plaintive cry of a doe, awakened from its restful sleep, and she moved noiselessly toward it when a large buck sounded the alarm of danger and it and the mother deer and the little one bounded away and disappeared in the forest. Then a young brave, perfect in form and feature, with cap and feather, bow and arrow, joined the maiden. And love was then abroad in

the Valley of the Wabash. And they plighted their troth and loved, and wooed, and married.

In after years, in another clime, on a western plain, ended the delightful enchantment of pleasant memories of their youthful romance. Ever they pondered on the beauty of the land of their childhood where they had wandered together beneath the trees of the forest and together they often journeyed thru the land of memory back to the Valley of the Wabash where they had joined their fortunes and their hands beneath a sky where the stars sang together, where the grass grew green and the water was clear; where the air was filled with the sweet perfume of flowers and the birds sang a joyous song.

Captain Schuyler LaTourette recently said: "When my mother and father were married in the state of New Jersey they arranged to start at once for the Wabash Valley, to take up land and make a permanent home. My mother bade farewell to her mother and father, her sisters and brothers, forever, and never expected to see them again, and, yet, they did not part with tear-stained eyes. She sparkled with young life, and was aglow with youth and joy, and gladly faced the future before her, taking her place as a helpmate to her

husband and life companion. And together they came to the Wabash Valley to take their part and bear their share of the toil, the patience, the love and the hope that comes in rearing a family. And together my father and mother did their part in winning the West and building an empire. They need no monument to beg memory to them for by their devotion, their friendships and the service, happily and gladly done by them in their day and generation, they have erected a monument to themselves in the hearts of their neighbors and their children more lasting than metal, more enduring than stone. And my parents were only one couple among the many who left a distant state or distant country to come to the Wabash Valley and the State of Indiana to take their part and their place as good useful citizens among the common folks in building a state and making a nation."

As the dusky sweethearts left the land of their youth forever, the pale-face and his bride came to clear the forest, cultivate the land, build homes, and schools, make townships, counties, cities and states, and lay the foundation for the civilization and culture that have made the state of Indiana and the Wabash Valley known the world over.

The Jesuit Priests and Father Gibault

It was my intention to write something of the French Jesuit priests among the first articles in these sketches but I found it rather hard to get the correct information and I am indebted to my friend, Ameil Weber,

who furnisht me with much of the material that I have been trying to get. Mr. Weber is a resident of Attica and a Wabash operator at Buck Creek; he was born and raised in Attica and is well posted on the history of the Catho-

lie church. And, whether one be a Protestant or a Catholic (or a monistic rationalist and unbeliever like myself) if fair-minded, he will hate bigotry, which not only destroys mutual friendly relations but undermines the very peace and tranquility of every community. Most bigotry in the world comes from ignorance and misunderstanding. Errors may be corrected, ignorance dispelled, and truth convincingly proven, and I know enough of the Protestant and the Catholic to know that if they understood each other better they would be less prejudiced toward each other.

The history of the Wabash Valley cannot be truthfully and accurately written without paying respect to the black-robed Jesuit priest.

Before the Northwest Territory was so designated, or even described or known the Catholic missionary was here and there were log chapels, surmounted by the cross, among the Indian villages in the Valley of the Wabash. Fifty years before Indiana was admitted into the Union as a state there were Catholic congregations, with priests who both preached and established pioneer schools, and they were first among the pioneers and among the principal actors in the great deeds of early history which gave the Wabash territory to the American republic. Perhaps the black-robed Jesuit priests were among the first white men to come into the Wabash Valley, and in this section they were active participants in the events preceding the Revolutionary war. To the fact that the Catholic missionaries and the pioneer Catholic laymen were here General George Rogers Clark was enabled to take the Northwest Territory from the British

and add to the domain of the United States what are now the great free commonwealths of Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Minnesota and Wisconsin, so the Catholics of the Wabash Valley naturally have intense interest in the celebration of Indiana's Centennial. In an early history of Indiana, written by Goodrich and Tuttle, the following paragraph appears: "The first white man who visited the territory, now Indiana, was a Jesuit missionary, who came from the old French mission of St. Joseph, on the shores of Lake Michigan, which was the oldest Jesuit Mission in the Lake region; this missionary came to the Miami Indians in 1675." There are those who claim, and I believe correctly, that the Jesuit fathers were visitors at Ouiatenon and Vincennes as early as 1666. The first record of a baptism at Vincennes was on June 25, 1749; and this record Bishop Alerding, in his book, declares is the earliest Catholic record in the state. It was signed by Sebastian Meurin, doubtless one of the early Jesuit missionaries. According to Jacob P. Dunn, in his history of Indiana, the countrymen of LaSalle and Joliet had penetrated the wilds of Indiana and the Wabash Valley as early as 1670. Doubtless there were many of the Jesuit missionaries wearing their robes of black, and with nothing but the open hand of friendship ready to clasp the hand of the red man and kindly administer to his needs in the Wabash Valley, whose deeds have been forgotten, and whose service is not recorded in its annals. I shall quote only a little from the voyage of Joliet and Marquette to show the motive that led them and the sentiment that inspired them. Marquette wrote:

"Our joy at being chosen for this expedition aroused our courage and sweetened the labor of rowing from morning to night, as we were going to seek unknown countries. We took all precaution that if our enterprise was hazardous it should not be foolhardy. For this reason we gathered all possible information from the Indians, who had frequented those parts, and even from their accounts traced a map of all the new countries, marking down the rivers on which we were to sail, the names of the nations, and the places thru which we were to pass, the course of the river and what direction we should take when we got to it." And again he says, in speaking of M. Joliet and M. Tallon, joining him in the voyage to make discoveries, "I was more enraptured at this good news as I saw my designs on the point of being accomplished and myself in the happy necessity of exposing my life for the salvation of all these nations. * * * * We were not long in preparing our outfit, altho we were embarking on a voyage, the duration of which we could not foresee. Indian corn, with some dried meats, was our whole stock of provisions. With this we set out in our two bark canoes, M. Joliet, myself and five men, firmly resolved to do all and suffer all for so glorious an enterprise." This is the spirit with which the Jesuit father carried his tidings of great joy to the untutored red men of the Wabash Valley.

A chief of the Fox Indians, speaking of the Franciscan missionaries, (who wore gray coats, while the Jesuit Fathers wore black gowns as the distinctivemark of their sect), said: "These graycoats we value very much, they go barefooted as well as we; they

scorn our beaver gowns, and decline all other presents, they do not carry arms to kill, they flatter and make much of our children, and give them knives and other toys, without expecting any reward. * * * * The fathers of the gown have given up all to come to see us, therefore you, who are captain over all these men, be pleased to leave with us one of these graycoats, whom we will conduct to our village, when we have killed what we desire of the buffalo." And this shows conclusively that the red men of the forest appreciated the kindness of the early Catholic priests.

The coming of Father Pierre Gibault from Quebec to the Wabash, in 1770, was not only an auspicious event for the extension of the faith of Catholicism but a fortunate circumstance for the young republic of the United States of America which was then not yet conceived even in the mind of Thomas Paine.

Pierre Gibault, the honored and beloved pastor of St. Francis Xavier Catholic church, Vincennes, Indiana, from the year 1785 to 1789, was born in the City of Montreal, Canada, on the 7th day of April, 1737, son of Peter Gibault and Mary St. Jean Gibault. In his early childhood he studied for the priesthood and became a missionary among the Indians and Canadians of the Northwest. As soon as he was ordained a priest at Quebec Seminary he started without delay for the Mississippi, Ohio and Wabash valleys. He arrived on Lake Michigan in July, 1768, stayed but one week and proceeded at once to Kaskaska, Illinois, arriving there in the fall. There he was welcomed by all classes and out of whatever chaos existed before his arrival

under his service soon union and harmony prevailed. In 1769 he reached Vincennes where the inhabitants received him with tears of joy.

Rev. Devernai had been kidnaped in the fall of 1763, and, to use Gibault's own language in his letter to the Bishop of Quebec, dated June 15, 1770, "On their knees they said 'Father save us, we are almost in hell.' " He stayed there almost two months. There were between 700 and 800 people in Vincennes at that time. He was a man of refinement and culture, very precise and exact in the discharge of the duties devolving upon him.

In the year 1808, a resolution was adopted by the legislature of Virginia whereby the service of Rev. Pierre Gibault to General George Rogers Clark was acknowledged. Next to Clark and Vigo the Wabash Valley, the State of Indiana and the United States, are indebted to Father Gibault, for the acquisition of the states comprised in what was the original Northwest Territory, and Father Gibault should share honors with Clark since the fact that Clark was successful in this enterprise, was largely due to the exertions and influence of this patriotic priest.

Before the coming of Clark, Father Gibault had spoken to large audiences in Vincennes, in the old fort, and set forth the possibilities of the new republic in such glowing terms that the natives were all ready to swear allegiance to the American cause. He himself administered the oath of allegiance for the first time in the Wabash Valley, and thru his influence the American flag was hoisted over the old fort in Vincennes in February, 1778. The English soldiers were not present when this happened and when the news

reached them a force under Gov. Hamilton was sent to take possession of the fort, which they did without opposition. On account of this action, having incurred the displeasure of the English, Father Gibault was forced to leave Vincennes and returned to Kaskaskia, which ultimately proved a great advantage to the American cause and was the means of wresting from England the entire northwest. It was fortunate indeed that Father Gibault was in charge of Kaskaskia when Clark approached that place on his expedition of conquest in July, 1778. Surrounding the town Clark met with no opposition and on the morning of July 5, 1778, according to Clark's memoirs, a few of the principal men were arrested. Soon afterwards however, Father Gibault and five or six citizens waited on Clark and asked permission to assemble in the church. Clark told the priest that he had nothing to say against his religion, that it was a matter that Americans left for every man to settle with his God. This pleased Father Gibault and nearly the whole population gathered at the church and selected their noble pastor to make all arrangements with Clark as to his intentions. The priest asked the favor of allowing the wives and children of the men to remain with one another and he was told by Clark that it was to prevent the horrors of Indian butchery upon women and children that he had taken up arms and penetrated into this remote stronghold of British and Indian barbarity.

Clark was not sufficiently strong to reach Kaskaskia and lead an expedition against Vincennes, and after a long conference with Gibault, it was decided that Father Gibault would visit Vin-

cennes himself, which was agreeable to all interested. Arriving in Vincennes he explained the American cause and all swore allegiance to the United States. Gov. Hamilton then set out from Detroit with a large force and once more occupied the fort at Vincennes. Again Pierre Gibault, the patriotic priest, was ready to sacrifice, and with his love of liberty and undaunted courage he furnished Clark with two companies of Illinois troops, all Catholics and members of his church; one under command of McKay and the other under the command of Francis Chareville. Francis Vigo, who was at that time a devout Catholic, was also enlisted by his pastor. Clark himself knew nothing concerning Vincennes, neither did any of his men, but Gibault, the patriotic priest, possessed the requisite knowledge and influence, and while it was winter and the streams were out of their banks the priest advised Clark to proceed at once. Accordingly, after the soldiers had listened to an address and received the blessing of the priest, in February 1779, Clark and his army of about 170 men started for Vincennes. When the expedition arrived there Gibault had provided for their crossing the Wabash River and also planned to have provisions furnished when the expedition arrived exhausted, weary and hungry. So successful was this expedition that George Rogers Clark captured the fort without the loss of a life.

Regardless of the splendid and valuable service rendered to the country by Father Gibault, he was never rewarded

in any manner by the government, and in 1790, after a life of toil and struggle, he resided in poverty and destitution at Kahokia, Illinois. In that year he petitioned Gov. St. Claire for the grant of a few acres of land near that place for a home to shelter him in his old age; unfortunately Father Gibault was refused even this slight recognition of his valuable services and the records are at variance as to when and where he died. The place of his burial is unknown. Thus ended the career of one of America's noble-hearted, zealous and patriotic heroes. His achievements may never be fully appreciated, his glory may go unsung, yet it is to be hoped that this patriotic priest of the Wabash Valley will be given this year the glory, the honor and the place in the history and conquest of the northwest, that is so justly his.

If I should leave out of these sketches a tribute to this gentle, untiring Catholic priest; if I should fail to recall his sainted memory, and link it with that of George Rogers Clark and the other noble and heroic souls whose labors were united on that victorious march to Vincennes, my story would be lacking in the truth, beauty and influence that makes history valuable.

Like a golden chain, linking the past to the present in the rosary of years, is the record of the pioneer missionary, the glory of whose labors rest like a benediction on every hill and stream along the Wabash Valley and whose names, like incense, are redolent with deeds of kindness, chivalry and valor.

Indiana's Admission to Statehood

The war of 1812 was concluded by the Treaty of Peace signed at Ghent, on the 24th day of December, 1814, and ratified by the President of the United States with the consent of the Senate on the 17th day of December, 1814. And on the first Monday of December in 1815 the General Assembly of Indiana Territory met at Corydon. The sickness of Gov. Posey, who resided at Jeffersonville, prevented his attendance at the seat of government on the opening of the session and he sent his message to the two houses by his private secretary, Col. Allen D. Thon. In this message, which was very brief, the Governor congratulated the members of the legislature on the termination of the war by an honorable peace. He alluded to the tide of immigration, which was then flowing into the territory, and advised the levying of taxes as light as might be compatible with the public interests. He invited the legislature to turn its attention to the promotion of education and the state roads and highways, and he recommended a revision of the territorial laws and an amendment of the militia system. The legislature, during the course of its session, which lasted about a month, passed thirty-one laws and seven joint resolutions. These acts were not, however, designed to make any material change in the existing laws of the territory. The attention of the members of the General Assembly was, indeed, engaged chiefly in the making of public and private efforts to change their territorial institutions for those of a state government.

A memorial, which was adopted by the legislature of Indiana territory on the 14th of December, 1815, and laid before Congress by Jonathan Jennings, the territorial delegate in Congress, on the 28th day of the same month, contains the following passages: "Whereas, the ordinance of Congress for the government of this territory (Indiana) has provided that whenever there shall be sixty thousand free inhabitants there this territory shall be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original states. And whereas, by census, taken by the authority of the legislature of this territory, it appears from the returns that the number of free white inhabitants exceed sixty thousand, we, therefore, pray the honorable Senate and House of Representatives, in Congress assembled, to order an election to be conducted agreeable to the existing laws of this territory, to be held in the several counties of this territory on the first Monday of May, 1816, for representatives to meet in convention at the seat of government of this territory the.....day of..... 1816, who when assembled shall determine by majority of the votes of all the members elected whether it will be expedient, or inexpedient, to go into a state government, and, if it be determined expedient, the convention thus assembled shall have the power to form a constitution and frame government, or, if it be deemed inexpedient, to provide for the election of representatives to meet in convention at some future period to form a constitution. * * * And whereas, the inhabitants of

this territory are principally composed of emigrants from every part of the Union and as various in their customs and sentiments as in their persons, we think it prudent, at this time, to express to the general government our attachment to the fundamental principles of legislation prescribed by Congress in their ordinance for the government of this territory, particularly as respects personal freedom and involuntary servitude, and hope they may be continued as the basis of the constitution.

The memorial was referred by Congress to a committee of which Mr. Jennings was chairman, and on the 5th of January, 1816, these gentlemen reported to the House of Representatives of the United States a bill to enable the people of Indiana territory to form a constitution and state government and for the admission of such state into the Union on an equal footing with the original states. This bill, after having been amended in some of its particulars, was passed by Congress and became a law by the approval of the President of the United States on the 19th day of April, 1816. In conformity with the provisions of this law an election for members of a convention, to form a constitution, was held in the several counties of the territory on Monday, the 13th day of May, 1816. The members of the convention were elected according to an apportionment which had been made by the territorial legislature and confirmed by an Act of Congress.

At this time there were thirteen counties in the State of Indiana, and their population was as follows: Knox 8,068, Franklin 7,370, Washington 7,317, Clark 7,150, Harrison 6,795, Wayne 6,407, Gibson 5,330, Dearborn 4,424, Jefferson 4,270, Switzerland 1,382, Perry 1,720,

Posey 1,619, Warriek 1,415. Total 63,897.

The Act of Congress of the 19th of April, 1816, to enable the people of Indiana Territory to form a constitution and state government contained certain conditions and propositions with respect to boundaries, jurisdiction, school lands, salt springs, and lands for seat of government. All of these conditions and propositions were ratified and accepted by an ordinance which was passed by the territorial convention at Corydon on the 28th day of June, 1816.

The convention that formed the first constitution of the state of Indiana was composed mainly of clear-minded, unpretending men of common sense, whose patriotism was unquestioned and whose morals were fair. Their familiarity with the theories of the Declaration of American Independence, their territorial experiences under the provision of Ordinances of 1787, and their knowledge of the principles of the Constitution of the United States was sufficient when combined to lighten materially their labors in the great work of forming a constitution for a new state. With such landmarks in view the labors of similar conventions in other states and territories have been rendered comparatively light, in the clearness and conscientiousness of its style, in the comprehensive and just provisions which it made for the maintenance of civil and religious liberty, in its mandates, which were designed to protect the rights of the people, collectively and individually, and provide for the public welfare, the constitution that was formed for Indiana in 1816 was not inferior to any of the state constitutions which were in existence at that time.

The officers of the territorial govern-

ment of Indiana, including the governor, secretary, judges and all other officers, civil and military, were required by the provision of the state constitution to continue in the exercise of the duties of their respective offices until they should be superseded by officers elected under the authority of the state government. The president of the convention that formed the constitution was required to issue writs of election, directed to the several sheriffs of the several counties, requiring them to cause an election to be held for governor, lieutenant governor, representative to the congress of the United States, members of the General Assembly, sheriffs and coroners, at the respective election districts in each county on the first Monday in August, 1816. At the general election which was held at this time in the several counties of the territory Jonathan Jennings was elected governor of Indiana. He received 5,211 votes, and his competitor, Thomas Posey, who was then governor of the territory, received 3,934 votes. Christopher Harrison, of Washington county, was elected lieutenant governor, and William Hendrix was elected to represent Indiana in the Congress of the United States.

The first General Assembly, elected under the authority of the state con-

stitution, commenced its session at Corydon, on Monday, the 4th of November, 1816. John Paul was called to the chair of the senate pro tempore, and Isaac Blackford was elected speaker of the House of Representatives. On Thursday, November 7th, the oath of office was administered to Governor Jennings and to Lieutenant Governor Harrison in the presence of both houses. Immediately after which Governor Jennings delivered his first message to the General Assembly.

The territorial government of Indiana was thus superceded by a state government on the 7th day of November, 1816, and the State of Indiana was formally admitted to the Union by a joint resolution of Congress approved on the 11th of December, in the same year. On the 8th of November, 1816, the general assembly, by a joint vote of both houses, elected James Noble and Waller Taylor to represent Indiana in the Senate of the United States. Subsequent joint balloting resulted in the election of Robert A. New, Secretary of State; William H. Lilley, Auditor of Public Accounts, and Daniel C. Lane, Treasurer of State. The session of the first General Assembly of the State of Indiana was closed by final adjournment on the 3rd of January, 1817.

The First White Settler of Fountain County

A hundred years ago the star of empire was moving westward with great rapidity and the new state of Indiana was being filled with the younger generation of the best families from the eastern states. As word came back

from those who had penetrated into the new country telling of the wonderfully fertile soil and the magnificent forests, the plentiful game and the rapidly growing settlements, others were fired with zeal and followed, so that for

many years the ox-trains of settlers continued to come. As the tide of settlement had started with the Ohio river it moved slowly but steadily north and west, and thus it was that the southern half of the state was settled first. At the time Indiana was admitted as a state, in 1816, there were 63,897 white inhabitants and not one of them lived in Fountain county; in fact, this county had not been laid out and was still virgin wilderness awaiting the coming of the settler.

I have determined beyond question that the first white man to take up his permanent residence in Fountain, Warren and Tippecanoe counties was Peter Weaver, whose descendants still live in the vicinity where he settled. His great-great-granddaughter, Miss Flora Weaver of West Point, furnished me with much of the following which she had used as a graduation thesis:

Peter Weaver came from Germany to Culpepper county, Virginia, before the war of the Revolution. He married in Virginia and most of his children were born there.

The Weavers were well-to-do, of aristocratic lineage, and brought considerable wealth from the Fatherland. Peter had wealth enough for himself and family to live in comparative luxury and to associate with the first families in that section of old Virginia. He married Martha Walker in Culpepper county. Martha Walker's mother was a sister of Patrick Henry, the orator of Revolutionary fame. Her father was a full-blooded Miami Indian, had a good education and held positions of trust in the Colony of Virginia, by appointment from the Crown. The union of the houses of Walker and

Weaver was considered promising for both the contracting families.

Peter Weaver was 6 feet, 4 inches tall and stood head and shoulders above the young men with whom he associated. He weighed 240 pounds, but was not fleshy, had blue eyes and was of a light complexion. His wife, Martha Walker Weaver, was of a dark complexion with dark eyes and showed her Indian descent.

In 1806 they sold their property in Virginia and moved to Wayne county, Indiana, in 1807, settling 3 miles south of Richmond. He was one of the wealthiest men in his community and had a good and well improved farm.

While in Virginia he had formed the acquaintance of William Henry Harrison and perhaps Harrison had something to do with his coming to Indiana.

In September, 1809, when Gov. Harrison left Vincennes for the Council House at Ft. Wayne to meet the Indians he traveled eastward to the western border of Dearborn county and from there he went to the home of Peter Weaver in Wayne county, arriving in the afternoon and staying all night. On this trip Gov. Harrison, afterwards president, gave to Patrick Weaver, the son of Peter Weaver, the first money he had ever owned, which was a silver 50c piece. Harrison arrived at Ft. Wayne September 15, 1809. After the battle of Tippecanoe, in November, 1811, Gov. Harrison again stayed over night with Peter Weaver in Wayne county and gave him an account of the march up the Wabash and the battle. Being naturally of an adventurous disposition, Peter Weaver became much interested in the Wabash Valley and the Tippecanoe battlefield.

He was a good shot and liked to hunt and when Gen. Samuel Hopkins began to raise an army of 1250 soldiers to march up the Wabash river to The Prophets Town, (Tippecanoe), Peter Weaver joined the expedition and was first lieutenant in Capt. Washburn's company of spies and sharpshooters. He went immediately to Vincennes and from there he marched with the Hopkin's army, in November, 1812, to The Prophet's Town. He was so delighted with the Wea plains that he decided if ever an opportunity presented itself, he would make his home on this beautiful prairie.

After he returned home he went on the bond of a friend who had been elected sheriff of Wayne county. This friend was a defaulter for a large sum. Peter Weaver was the only bondsman with property and it fell to him to make good the sheriff's defalcation. It took his farm and all his personal property. He had always been used to comparative wealth and luxury, and now to find himself approaching old age in poverty was to him a great embarrassment. He decided not to wait any longer, but to go at once to the Wabash Valley and the Wea plains which had appealed to him so strongly when he had crossed it in the war of 1812, so he and his son Patrick H., left the rest of the family to raise the crop on the farm he had sacrificed for his friend, the defaulting sheriff, and set forth on their quest for a new home in the Wabash Valley. They arrived at Vincennes in the spring of 1822 and built a skiff with two pairs of oars. This boat was large enough to carry their clothing and food, so they started up the Wabash.

Some of the Indians who were re-

lated to Peter Weaver's wife lived on what is known now as Flint Bar in Fountain county, They reached the Flint Bar with their boat the last of June or the first of July. Patrick H. was the first out of the boat, and with one of his oars killed a blacksnake 6 feet in length. They spent a month in hunting, fishing and visiting with their Indian relatives, and then began to select a place for a home altho the land was not yet open for entry. He built his log cabin across the road north of where Mr. Lewis Clement now lives; he commenced the building in August, 1822, and finished it that winter, but during the time that they were constructing their cabin they lived on the Flint Bar in Fountain county with their Indian relatives, and stayed there from July, 1822, until April, 1823.

Some time in the early spring Peter Weaver floated down the river to Vincennes and went from there to Richmond and got his family, leaving Patrick H. to look after the claim and the cabin, while he himself would bring his family out to their new home. In 1827 the land he had taken up was granted by the United States government to the Burnetts, the French-Indian family of which I have already written. He bought two sections of the reserve allotted to the Burnetts, one of them being the section on which the cabin was located. The other was the section in which the Patrick H. Weaver farm was located.

In 1823, when he came to make his permanent home on his claim, a French trader stopped at his home and had with him some oats which he fed to his horse. In consideration of a few bushels of corn, he traded Peter Weaver a portion of this cereal. The oats thus

procured were sown and in due time reaped, but in the following season all were surprised to see several different varieties of wheat spring forth from the stubble previously occupied by the oats. It was regarded as very mysterious, so Peter Weaver raised the first wheat as well as the first oats in the county.

In after years he had a grain elevator constructed on the east bank of the Wabash river at the Flint Bar. This elevator was put up in 1825, and was perhaps the first building for handling grain in Fountain, Warren or Tippecanoe counties. Afterwards Peter Weaver turned the elevator over to Wm. Sherry, his son-in-law. At one time there were four families living near this elevator and the place was known as Fulton. It was almost opposite the island of the same name and was probably the oldest village in either Fountain, Warren or Tippecanoe counties.

Peter Weaver brought with him from Virginia two negro slaves named Ben and Ran. Mr. Weaver believed in slavery and considered the negroes his personal property. Soon after they came to Tippecanoe county there was an effort to steal the negroes. Mr. Weaver grew very angry and protected his property rights in the negro boys, with his musket if necessary. One of them died in Tippecanoe county and was buried in the Weaver graveyard. The other was taken to Missouri about the time the Civil War commenced.

Peter Weaver was very pronounced in his political views. He cast his first vote in Indiana for Jackson in 1828, and for years was identified with the Democratic party. During the Civil War he was so much in sympathy with the South that his son, Patrick H.

Weaver, considered it unsafe for him to stay in Tippecanoe county any longer, and had him go to the home of his son, Mose Weaver, in Missouri and stay the entire winter.

At that time he was almost 90 years of age, yet he walked from his home in Missouri to the home of his son in Tippecanoe county and from there he walked to Culpepper county, Virginia, where he remained over winter with his twin brother. From Culpepper county, Virginia, he walked back to Tippecanoe county. These long walks, in spite of the fact that he enjoyed them, so weakened him that he never entirely recovered from the effects, and died at the home of Patrick H. Weaver, in 1863, at the age of 96. He was buried in the Weaver graveyard in Wayne township, near the home of Mr. Lewis Clement.

Peter Weaver was not only the first settler in Fountain and Tippecanoe counties, but was perhaps more widely and favorably known among the early inhabitants than any man of the upper Wabash. He served several years as county commissioner and was at the front in all movements to bring about a betterment of conditions. He killed more deer, more rattlesnakes, more wolves and more bears and caught more fish and found more bee trees, and entertained in a hospitable manner more land-hunters, trappers and traders than any private citizen between Vincennes and the mouth of the Salmonie river.

Patrick H. Weaver, the eldest son of Peter Weaver, was born in Culpepper county, Virginia, in 1803, and came with his father to the Wabash Valley in 1822. He was a stout, muscular man, 6 feet, 4 inches, in his boots, and weighed over 200 pounds. January 26, 1829, he married Elsie Dimmitt, whose parents

came from Tennessee and settled in Wayne county, Indiana, in the early part of the last century. During his early life he took an active part in politics and like his father, was a great hunter. While hunting he traveled over a large part of Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, going as far north as Minneapolis and St. Paul. For many years he received as much money from his trapping and the chase as he did from the farm. He raised a company of 100 men to take part in the Black Hawk war, and was made captain of the company. Gen. Walker was in command. Col. Davis and Captain Brown of the artillery, and Captain Weaver with his volunteers, mounted their war steeds and proceeded to join the army. A public meeting was held at the court house in Lafayette and 300 volunteers, mostly mounted men who had furnished their own horses, left Lafayette and started for the Grand Prairie. Capt. Weaver with his troops marched to Sugar creek, Benton county, and stayed a few days, but finding no Indians they returned by order of Gen. Walker. Some of the men, however, proceeded farther on. Capt. Weaver took his horse and marched on to Chicago where he joined Gen. Scott and his troops. Some of these troops died of cholera, but Patrick H. was not affected. He took part in the battle of Blue Mound, where Black Hawk was defeated, and also in the battle on the banks of the Mississippi, nearly opposite Upland, Iowa, where Black Hawk was again defeated.

Capt. Weaver conducted a militia muster and drilled the young men on the south side of the Wea prairie. His uniform was a blue wool shirt with a

red sash, and he wore epaulets. His large sword was fastened by his side, and on his hat a tall plume was waving in the wind. His company consisted of about 70 men who had reluctantly turned out to muster to avoid paying a fine. Some had corn stalks, some sticks, and a few had guns. The captain having had some experience in the Black Hawk war, understood his business better than his men supposed. He gave his commands in a clear, ringing voice and showed his men the maneuvers of war. He located on a tract of 162 acres in Burnett's Reserve, and eventually owned 500 acres. He died October 16, 1890, after completing his 87th year, his wife having died Jan. 28, 1884.

Virgil and Samuel Weaver, well known farmers of Wayne township, Tippecanoe county, are great-grandsons of Peter Weaver, as are also Mark Whicker, of Attica, J. C. and Chester Whicker, of Lafayette, Wm. Whicker, of Iowa, and Mrs. Ella Andrews, of West Point, Ind. There are numerous other descendants of this worthy pioneer still living.

Altho I have here given credit to Peter Weaver as the first white settler to locate permanently in Warren, Fountain or Tippecanoe counties, it should not be forgotten that Zachariah Cicot's father was a white man of pure French blood, and that he lived for many years and died where Independence, Warren county, is now located. Abraham Burnett, another Frenchman, also settled in Wabash township, Fountain county, and lived there for many years, having been killed, according to tradition, in one of the fights in this vicinity at the time of Gen. Chas. Scott's raid and the destruction of the

Indian town of Ouiatenon in 1791, long before Peter Weaver came. These men however, cast their lot with the In-

dians, intermarried with them and held their land as Indians, so that their place in history is really with the Red Man.

The Government Land Survey

In the first Congress of the United States, a committee of three was appointed to devise a method of laying off the public lands for settlement. Thomas Jefferson was the chairman of this committee and for this reason it is known as the Jefferson system of land surveying.

In all the new states and territories the land owned by the general government is surveyed and sold under this general system. In the state of Indiana, several offices, each under the direction of a surveyor general, were established by acts of Congress and districts assigned them. The general office for the surveys of all public lands in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin was located at Cincinnati. In the surveys meridian lines were first established running north from some prominent place. These are intersected at right angles with lines running east and west called base lines. There are five principal meridians in the land surveys of the West. The first and second of which are connected with the land surveys of Indiana. The first principal meridian is a line due north on the eastern boundary of the state from the mouth of the Great Miami river. The second principal meridian line is a line due north from a point on the Ohio river nine degrees and twenty-nine seconds west from Washington. From these principal meridians with their corresponding base lines the country is

divided into townships of six miles square, which are subdivided into sections of one mile square or 640 acres each; and these are again subdivided into quarter sections of 160 acres each. These divisions are designated by the surveyor by appropriate marks which can easily be distinguished from each other. If near timber, trees are marked and numbered with the section, township and range, near each section corner. If in a prairie, a mound is raised to designate the corner; and a billet of charred wood buried if no rock is near. Ranges are townships counted as east or west from principal meridians. Townships are counted either north or south from their respective base lines, as township 22 north, range 7 west. Sections or square miles are numbered beginning in the northeast corner of the township with No. 1, progressively west to the range line, numbered 6, and then below 7 progressively east to the range line is 12 and so on alternately, terminating at the southeast corner of the township with 36.

In the state of Indiana there were seven land districts with offices attached to each open for sale and entry of public lands as follows: The Cincinnati district embraced all lands east of the old Indian boundaries, viz.: beginning where the old Indian line strikes the Ohio river in range 13 east, thence with it N. N. E. to where it intersects the other Indian line in section 23

T-11 R-13 east, thence S.W. with another line in section 33, T-10, R-11, E., thence with the line N. N. NE. to its bend in section 11, T-21, R-13, E., and thence N. E. towards Fort Recovery to where it intersects the Ohio state line is section 36, T-23, R-15, E.

The Jeffersonville district, commencing on the Ohio river is bounded on the west by the second principal meridian as far north as the line between townships 9 and 10 north, thence east with the line between townships 9 and 10 until it makes the Indian boundary line on the south side of section 33, T-10, R-11, E., thence being the Cincinnati line with the Indian line northwesterly to the junction of the Indian line, thence to a line in range 13 on the Ohio river, thence with the river to the beginning.

Then came the Vincennes district, which embraced all the lands west and south of the following line, beginning on the Ohio where the second meridian first leaves the same thence north with the meridian line until it is intersected in section 1, T-9, R-1, W., by the old Indian line, thence with the old Indian boundary northwesterly until it intersects the Illinois state line and township 16 north.

The Indianapolis district, then the Ft. Wayne district and then the La Porte district, and then the lands in the Crawfordsville district. In the body of the old deeds for land in this locality used to be written, "in that body of land offered for entry at the land office in Crawfordsville," and we are more directly interested in this than any other. It was included in the lines beginning on the Illinois state line where the Indiana line strikes it in township 16, thence southeast with the

Vincennes line on the Indian boundary to intersect with the meridian lines in section 1, township 9, range 1 west, thence north with the meridian line to the corner of townships 9 and 10. Thence east with the line between townships 9 and 10 to the southeast corner of township 10, range 1 east, thence north with the line between ranges 1 and 2 east of the northeast angle of township 26, range 1 east, thence west between townships 26 and 27 to the Illinois state line and thence with the Illinois line to the beginning.

To get the entry of the lands within this line one had to refer to the books then in Crawfordsville. The entry of the land in this district made Crawfordsville the center not only of population but of everything pertaining to the early settlement of the country. The counties of Parke and Vermilion were surveyed and open to entry much earlier than Fountain and Warren counties. For some cause the first lands open for entry in Fountain and Warren counties were in ranges 6 and 7. The first settlers came up the river and old Maysville was on the range line numbered 6, so was Newtown and Wallace, and Hillsboro was very close to it. Wallace, Hillsboro, Newtown and Maysville were built on this line because of its being open to settlement first. And strange as it may seem, the land taken up six miles west from the Fountain county line or three miles west and three miles east of range 6 west, clear across Fountain and Warren counties and for quite a little distance up into Benton county was entered by people of Quaker descent who were all related by blood or marriage. Many of their descendants still live along the line of the land their grandparents and great-

grandparents took up from the government.

As the tide of emigrants flowed into Fountain county they came in two ways. Many came up the Wabash as did Peter Weaver and his son, but there were many others that came by wagons across the state, some of them having come the entire distance from their old homes in the eastern states in this manner following the old trail thru Strawtown and Thorntown, thence to Crawfordsville and on to this vicinity. The record of land entries for all this section was made at Crawfordsville and the records are still preserved there. The entries indicate that the land was opened up by ranges or strips six miles wide and extending at least the length of two counties. The land comprising what is now Fountain and Warren counties was taken up rapidly. It began in 1823 and within ten years all the best land was taken, altho occasional entries were made as late as 1840. Peter Weaver, it will be recalled, bought his land from the Burnetts, who had received it as an Indian grant. It was only by this means that he got in ahead of the survey.

The land survey in Fountain and Warren counties was a very poor one and has resulted in much trouble and inconvenience to land owners and survey-

ors. The government surveyor who surveyed most of this section thot the land would never be taken up and there is a story that has been handed down for nearly a hundred years to the effect that he and his crew were drunk most of the time while making the survey. Possibly they kept their hides full of whiskey as a protection against the Wabash ague so prevalent in those days, but whether this was true or not the fact remains that their work was very carelessly and inaccurately done.

It was in this first land rush that Maysville sprung into being and reached its greatest importance. Cicott's trading post at Independence was naturally the headquarters for the first settlers who came to the vicinity but the presence of so many lazy pilfering Indians, who when drunk made life about the place miserable, resulted in the erection of Maysville about a mile up the river and on the opposite side. Within a short time there were stores, a hotel, and a bank—the first to be opened in Fountain county. I shall tell of this in more detail later in a separate article. Maysville was located just east of where Riverside now is and all that remains to mark the site is a few stunted cedar and apple trees and some of the niggerheads which were used as foundation stones under the houses.

The Creation of Fountain County

On the 30th day of December, 1825, the Act of the Legislature of the State of Indiana, creating Fountain county was approved. It is in the following language:

“An Act for the formation of a new county out of the counties of Montgomery and Wabash.

Sec. I. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Indiana that from and af-

ter the first day of April, next, all that tract of country included within the following boundaries shall form and constitute a new county, to be known and designated by the name of the County of Fountain, to-wit: Beginning where the line dividing townships 17 and 18 crosses the channel of the Wabash river; thence east to the line running thru the center of range 6, west of the second principal meridian; thence north to where said line strikes the main channel of the Wabash river; thence running down with the meanderings of said river to the place of beginning.

Sec. II. The said new county of Fountain shall, from and after the said first day of April, next, enjoy all the rights, privileges and jurisdictions which to separate and independent counties do, or may, properly belong or appertain.

Sec. III. That Lucius H. Scott, of Parke county, William Clarke, of Vigo county, Daniel C. Hulst, of Hendricks county, Daniel Sigler, of Putnam county, and John Porter, of Vermilion county, be, and they are hereby, appointed commissioners agreeable to the Act entitled "An Act for Fixing the Seats of Justice in all New Counties Hereafter to be Laid Off." The said commissioners shall meet at the house of William White, in the said county of Fountain, on the first Monday in May, next, and shall immediately proceed to discharge the duties assigned them by law. It is hereby made the duty of the sheriff of Parke county to notify said commissioners, either in person or in writing, of their appointment, on or before the third Monday in April, next; and for such service he shall receive such compensation out of the County of

Fountain as the Board of Justices thereof may deem just and reasonable, to be allowed and paid as other county claims are paid.

Sec. IV. The Board of Justices of said new county shall within twelve months fix the location of the permanent seat of justice therein and proceed to erect the necessary public buildings.

Sec. V. That all suits, pleas, complaints, prosecutions, and proceedings, heretofore commenced and pending within the limits of said County of Fountain shall be prosecuted to final issue in the same manner, and the state and county taxes, which may be due on the first day of April, next, within the bounds of the said County of Fountain, shall be collected and paid in the same manner, and by the same officers, as if this Act had not been passed.

Sec. VI. At the time and place of electing the county officers for the County of Fountain, under the writ of election from the executive department, the electors of said county shall elect five justices of the peace, in and for said county, who shall meet as a board at the house of Robert Hatfield, in said county, on the first Monday in May, next, or as soon thereafter as they may be enabled to do after being commissioned, and then and there proceed to transact all the business and discharge the duties heretofore devolving on county commissioners at the organization of a new county, as well as all the duties required of boards of justices of such sessions. The circuit and other courts of said County of Fountain shall meet and be holden at the house of said Robert Hetfield until more suitable accommodations can be had at some other place in the said county.

Sec. VII. All that part of the county of Wabash lying north and west of said County of Fountain shall be, and is hereby, attached to the said county for the purpose of civil and criminal jurisdiction. This Act is to take effect and be in force from and after its publication in the Indiana Journal."

These boundaries have never been changed. They have remained the same as they were fixed by that far-away legislature on the 30th day of December, 1825. Tippecanoe county was created that same year but it was not until 1829 that Warren was brought into existence.

It has been said that Fountain county was so named because of the many springs that bubbled forth from the lips of Mother Earth—fountains of pure water—along the hills and terraces of the Wabash river and the smaller streams of the county. And another legend is that it was named for a Major Fontaine, who at that time lived in the State of Kentucky and afterwards moved to Terre Haute.

It is not my purpose in these articles to write a history of Fountain county. I am only aiming to write sketches of this part of the Wabash Valley, and in these sketches I will necessarily include incidents in which the adjoining counties to Fountain have as much interest as Fountain county itself. And for those sketches I am much indebted to Patrick Henry Weaver, of Tippecanoe county, Thomas Atkinson, of Benton county, John Pugh, of Warren county, Jesse Marvin, of Fountain county, and "Recollections of the Early Settlement

of the Wabash Valley" by Sanford C. Cox, and to Newlin H. Yount, who did more to preserve the local history of this locality than anyone who has ever lived in it. Judge Thomas F. Davidson, in his history of Fountain county, says: "The limits to which the writer is confined, as well as the press of other affairs, are such as to make it possible only to give a brief outline of the settlement and growth of Fountain county. It has for some years been the design of the author of these sketches to gather up the threads of personal history of the pioneer men and women of this county and weave them into a memorial that would do justice to their sterling worth and perpetuate the story of their toils, their perils and their virtues. This design cannot be carried out now, if ever it can be done. The hardships endured by the men and women who made the first openings in the forest and the courage and fortitude displayed in meeting them deserve to be permanently recorded." Judge Davidson wrote the best history that has ever been written of Fountain county and he was able to gather up the threads of personal history of the pioneer men and women of the county, more ably than any man who has ever lived in the county. We may thank him for the splendid work he did. But what a splendid gift to posterity had this scholarly jurist have taken the time to write a complete history of Fountain county! It is unfortunate that he failed to do this, and, as he himself says, "it will be still more unfortunate if it is not done before the few who are left to tell the story should pass away."

Taking Up the Homesteads

While it is pretty well settled that Peter Weaver and his son, Patrick Henry, were the first white men to come into this locality for the purpose of making their permanent home and that Peter Weaver raised the first crop of oats and the first crop of wheat that was raised in this vicinity, within a short time after his arrival other settlers began coming in to take up land and build cabins and make their permanent homes. Those settlers came very close together and located in pretty nearly every township in the county. Among them was William Forbes and James Graham, who settled in Wabash township. A little later came James Carlyle and Louis Phebus. Some of the descendants of these families are still living in that part of the county. Andrew Lopp settled on Lopp's Prairie and Jesse Osborn settled at Osborn's Prairie. Lucas Nebeker and George Steeley settled in Troy township near Covington, and the Duncans, Hemphills, Roberts, Chisums and Browns came into Davis township in the early twenties. After Peter Weaver, George Worthington was perhaps the first settler in Davis township. In Logan township the Milfords, Hintons, Stephensons, Campbells, Turmans and Peacocks settled in the early twenties. I am of the opinion that Casey Emmons was the first white man to make a permanent home in Logan township. In Van Buren township the Cochrans, Colverts, and Burchs were among the first settlers in the county, while in Wabash township was William White. He was a captain in the war of 1812, and the

first meeting for the organization of the county was held at his house. He was born in Tennessee and was a miller by trade. He built the Union Mills. This mill was sort of a combination. It had an up-and-down saw which sawed the lumber for many miles around and also a set of millstones that ground the grain for the early residents of that locality. It was built on Coal creek, was known as the Union Mills and afterwards owned by one Bishop, afterwards by Vandorn and still later by Samuel Cade. Among the first settlers in Cain township were McBrooms, Mendenhalls, Petros and Campbells. It is not my purpose to write the history of any of these townships at this time and there were many old settlers whose descendants are still living in these townships whose names I have not mentioned. I have not left them out by any design but of necessity. I am writing these articles in my own way, and I have not made the selections with the care perhaps that I should. And if Fountain county should make an effort to preserve its early history some one can be selected in each of these townships who can write a history of the township, giving credit where credit belongs as to who was the actual first settler of the township and where he settled. Outside of Peter Weaver I have not tried to determine the exact time of the settlement of any one individual. I hope that the rivalry of the school children in each township as to which township is entitled to first place will lead them this year to make investigations for themselves

and find who was the first settler in each township and when the settlement was made. By this means we might be able to secure a good history of the settlement of every township in the county. Believing it to be the duty of each township to preserve its own history for posterity, I shall leave this work to others.

When the first settlers came into Fountain county there were no highways and until 1830 all the roads of the county that were traveled to any great extent run to some good ford on the river. Most of these roads ran east and west because the Wabash river was the only means of transportation for their products and their furs. The first steamboat made its appearance on the Mississippi, as I have stated in a previous article, in 1811, just in time to get caught in the earthquake that did so much damage in Arkansas and Tennessee.

Soon after 1812 other steamboats were built for navigation on the Mississippi and Ohio and the Wabash river as far as Terre Haute. From 1824 to about 1826 there were some products of this locality taken down the river on flatboats to New Orleans. About 1828 a few small steamboats came beyond Terre Haute and if the river was high went as far north as Maysville or Lafayette. The early settlers of this locality continued to ship their produce on flatboats until the construction of the Wabash and Erie Canal. From 1828 until about 1845 almost every spring the water was high enough in the Wabash river that small steamboats would come as far north as Lafayette and carry the produce of this locality south to New Orleans. But the early settlers did not always wait

for the steamboat, several of them would quite often join together, build a flat-boat and take their produce down the river, so wherever there was a good ford and a good landing place for a flat-boat roads would lead from both sides of the river to the ford. The remains of many of these roads are plain in this locality yet. They have been deserted long ago but the loads hauled over the soft ground cut so deep that the marks of these highways still remain.

After the Wabash & Erie Canal was built the main roads of our county began to be marked out north and south, but from the early settlement of the county until 1845 there were very few north and south roads in Fountain county. In fact, there were no roads in the county anywhere that we would consider of any value today. They simply followed the highest and driest ground to a ford or boat landing on the Wabash river. And the steamboats which plied upon the Wabash did not only carry away the products of the locality and bring in some of the necessities of life but there was on board almost every boat that came up the river some pioneer with his wife and family in search of a home in the Wabash valley. Not only did the Wabash river furnish a means of transportation but it was full of fish and in the winter the wild game came to its sheltering hills and for this reason many of the first settlers in our county located in the hills along the Wabash river.

Sandford C. Cox, who was the first schoolmaster to come to this part of Indiana, left to posterity some of the most intimate sketches of the incidents of those early days. At the time Foun-

tain county was opened for settlement he was teaching school in Crawfordsville and with an appreciation of the fact that history was then in the making he observed with great interest the things going on about him. These impressions he wrote in his diary and years later—in 1859—expanded them into a series of articles such as these I am writing, which were published serially in the Lafayette Courier. They aroused so much interest that he was persuaded to issue them in book form the next year, and one of these books is a prized volume in my library. Mr. Cox came to Crawfordsville while it was a small village, in 1824, and in the book he reproduces from his diary the following description of the land sales at Crawfordsville, soon after his arrival there. Hundreds of acres of Fountain county land were bought in this sale and for that reason this account is of special interest:

Dec. 24, 1824.

Crawfordsville is the only town between Terre Haute and Ft. Wayne. The land office is here. Major Whitlock is receiver and Judge Dunn register. Major Ristine keeps a tavern in a two-story log house and Jonathan Powers has a little grocery. There are two stores—Smith's, near the land office, and Isaac C. Elston's near the tavern.

The land sales commenced here today, and the town is full of strangers. The eastern and southern portions of the state are strongly represented, as well as Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee and Pennsylvania.

There is but little bidding against each other. The settlers, or "squatters" as they are called by speculators, have arranged matters among themselves to their general satisfaction.

If, upon comparing numbers, it appears that two are after the same tract of land, one asks the other what he will take not to bid against him. If neither will consent to be bought off, they then retire and cast lots, and the lucky one enters the tract at Congress price—\$1.25 per acre—and the other enters the second choice on his list.

If a speculator makes a bid, or shows a disposition to take a settler's claim from him, he soon sees a score of white eyes snapping at him, and at the first opportunity he crawfishes out of the crowd.

The settlers tell foreign capitalists to hold on till they enter the tracts of land they have settled upon, and that they may then pitch in—that there will be land enough—more than enough, for them all.

The land is sold in tiers of townships, beginning at the southern part of the district and continuing north until all has been offered at public sale. Then private entries can be made at \$1.25 per acre, of any that has been thus publicly offered. This rule, adopted by the officers, insures great regularity in the sale; but it will keep many here for several days, who desire to purchase land in the northern part of the district.

A few days of public sale have sufficed to relieve hundreds of their cash, but they secured their land, which will serve as a basis for their future wealth and prosperity, if they and their families use proper industry and economy, sure as "time's gentle progress makes a calf an ox."

Peter Weaver, Isaac Shelby and Jehu Stanley stopped with us two or three nights during the sale. We were glad to see and entertain these old White

Water neighbors, altho we live in a cabin twelve by sixteen, and there are seven of us in the family, yet we made room for them by covering the floor with beds—no uncommon occurrence in backwoods life. They all succeeded in getting the land they wanted without opposition. Weaver purchased at the lower end of the Wea prairie, Shelby west of the river opposite, Stanley on the north side of the Wabash, my father on the north side of the Wea prairie.

It is a stirring, crowding time here, truly and men are busy hunting up cousins and old acquaintances whom they have not seen for many long years. If men have ever been to the same mill, or voted at the same election precinct, tho at different times, it is sufficient for them to scrape an acquaintance upon. But after all, there is a genuine backwoods, log-cabin hospitality, which is free from the affected cant and polished deception of conventional life.

Society here at present seems almost entirely free from the taint of aris-

toeracy—the only premonitory symptoms of that disease, most prevalent generally in old settled communities, were manifested last week, when John I. Foster bought a new pair of silver-plated spurs, and T. N. Catterlin was seen walking up the street with a pair of curiously embroidered gloves on his hands.

After the public sales, the accessions to the population of Crawfordsville and the surrounding country were constant and rapid.

Fresh arrivals of movers were the chief topic of conversation. New log cabins widened the limits of the town, and spread over the circumjacent country.

We read of a land of "corn and wine," and another "flowing with milk and honey;" but I rather think, in a temporal point of view taking into account the richness of soil, timber, stone, wild game and other advantages, that the Sugar creek country would come up to, if not surpass, any of them.

The Rise and Decline of Maysville

Among those who bought land at the first land sale at Crawfordsville in this immediate locality was my maternal great-grandfather, George Worthington. He was a son of Thomas Worthington, who was the first United States senator and the third governor of the state of Ohio. He and his father had disagreed and it was impossible for them to make up their differences; his father paid him in cash the portion of

his estate that he considered coming to him and with that George left the state of Ohio and his father's family. Learning of the land offered for sale at Crawfordsville he with Robert Milford, the Hemphills and a party of five or six others, came to the Wabash valley. He purchased four thousand acres of land in what is now Warren county; a portion of it is the old VanReed land, and a part of it the Hiram Bright land.

He bought two sections of land right near where the town of Linden stands, another section near Hillsboro, and eighty acres for his home place. The latter is now owned by John T. Nixon and known as the old James Beasley place. Worthington had been in the hotel business in Ohio and southeastern Indiana and thot he saw the possibility of a hotel someplace in this locality. The party of landseekers that he was with stopt for a while with Zachariah Cicott but there were so many Indians around Cicott's place that it made it very unpleasant for the settlers. Worthington talked the matter over with Cicott and his companions and it was decided to build his hotel across the river from Cicott's trading post, and this hotel was the first building erected in Maysville.

Soon hundreds of settlers, with their families, came across the country, over the Indian trail to Strawtown and from Strawtown to Thorntown, from Thorntown to Crawfordsville and from Crawfordsville to Maysville, while others came up the river, the majority of them stopping at Worthington's hotel in Maysville. Worthington did not take up the land upon which he built his hotel. He ran the hotel from 1825 until about 1830.

In the Spring of 1829 Judge Samuel B. Clark, (Orrie S. Clark's grandfather) operated a ferryboat between Maysville and Cicott's Landing. One of the Youngs had a very sick child, and Dr. Simon Yandes practiced medicine part of the time in Maysville and part of the time across the river, but was then at Cicott's Landing. Mr. Young and Clark went to Cicott's place after Dr. Yandes; the river was very high and all three started across in a skiff to-

gether. They got about the middle of the stream when the skiff upset and Mr. Clark was the only man who could swim. He placed Dr. Yandes and Mr. Young on the boat and told them to stay there and drift with it in the center of the stream and he would swim to the shore and get a boat and come after them; he left them, swam to shore, got the boat and other help and rowed back, but when he found the boat Young and Yandes had fallen off. A few days afterward their bodies were found along the edge of the water, and they were buried in the same grave in the southeast corner of Lars Anderson's farm, where a cemetery was then located. There were about two hundred persons buried there. A family by the name of Schlosser owned this land, and it was known as the Schlosser graveyard, and there were at one time many tombstones marking the graves. But there is not a tombstone left now and this graveyard is a part of a field.

When George Worthington left Maysville he built the house that now stands on the Beasley place, and this too was built for a tavern. After he died Dr. Worthington, his son, came into possession of this hotel and ran it for a while, selling the hotel at Maysville to a man by the name of Mortimore, who was the grandfather of Mrs. Albert McDermond, of this city.

The settlers who came to Maysville saw the possibility of a city there, and the first exclusive grocery store, the first dry goods store, the first bank, the first hotel, and the first saloons operated in Fountain county were in Maysville. There were soon eight hundred people living there, and the water power of Possum Hollow, then known as

Young's Run and Hemphill's Run, was utilized for a saw mill, a grist-mill and a distillery, all operated by the Hemphills. The Hemphill distillery was operated by James Hemphill and continued in operation until after the Civil war. Many loads of flour were taken from the Hemphill grist-mills to Chicago, and to White Pigeon, Michigan. The Duncans and Youngs packed pork at Maysville, and the town became the most flourishing center of commerce west of Crawfordsville. Many flatboats were built there, loaded with flour, whisky and pork and sent down the river to New Orleans, while many farmers would take their ox-teams, and after getting their corn and wheat ground or their hogs butchered, hauled the products overland to White Pigeon, Michigan, and Chicago, Illinois, and it looked very much like Maysville would be the center of commerce in this locality. It was the largest town on this side of the river north of Terre Haute for many years, almost to the time that the Wabash & Erie canal was built, but it was evident that Maysville, Williamsport, Independence, Attica and Portland could not all flourish, and when the millrace was constructed into Attica, to bring the water from the Stone Cut to the woolen mill which stood where F. K. Lemper's house now stands, Attica became the industrial center of this locality.

Jesse Marvin settled near Maysville coming into Davis township, January 1, 1829. He stopt with Mr. Sparr and Archibald Roberts, Mr. Roberts having come into the township in 1828. Mr. Marvin was a cooper by trade and soon after he came into Davis township married a Miss Clark, who lived at the south end of the township, and bought

from the government the one hundred and sixty acres of land known as the Marvin Stock Farm upon which C. Alfred Carlson now lives. There he began working at his trade, making barrels—flour barrels for the grist-mills, pork barrels for the packing houses and whiskey barrels for the distillery, and his was a flourishing business. In addition to his cooper shop he would occasionally take over flour, whisky and pork in payment for his barrels. He built the first flatboat that was ever built at Maysville and took the first load of products from Maysville to New Orleans; after that he took a flatboat load of products to New Orleans almost every year for many years. I have often talked to Mr. Marvin of the early days in Maysville and the locality. His wife was a very good housekeeper, saving and careful, and she handled the finances of the family.

Jesse Marvin soon became a wealthy man for that time. He bought land in Illinois and owned several hundred acres in Davis township; he was very pronounced in his religious views, being at that time an infidel, relying entirely upon reason for his religious beliefs and discarding the superstitions and prejudices of the early churches of that locality. Jesse Marvin was one of the best citizens this county has ever possessed and one time was commissioner and at another time represented Fountain county in the legislature. When he went to the legislature his election was a surprise to him and everyone else. He employed some of the best attorneys in this section, (among them Judge McCabe of Williamsport), before he went to Indianapolis, to help him prepare a bill to make the railroads responsible for the

stock they killed, to make them fence their tracks and put in cattleguards across the public highways and to make the engines sound the whistle when they approached the crossings to protect the travelers on the highways. He traded with everyone that he conscientiously could, voting for their bills with the understanding that they were to vote for his when it was presented, and at the very last of the legislature he tacked his bill onto some insignificant bill, gave those whose bills he had supported to understand that now was their time to pay their debt to him, and without knowing what his bill was, it passed the legislature almost unanimously and was immediately signed by the governor. A few weeks later it dawned on the railroad companies what had happened, and they called Marvin the "Whistling Representative," and that the "Whistling Legislature." Whenever Wabash engines reacht the line of Davis township they began to whistle and whistled clear across the township which ever way they were going, hoping that they could annoy Marvin. Arrangements were made to defeat Marvin if he ran for the legislature the second time, but Marvin, having gotten his pet bill thru, dropt out of politics, and I feel perfectly safe in saying that he made the best record for himself of any man who ever represented Fountain county in the legislature. He would attend church, listen to the sermons of the reverend gentlemen and challenge them to a debate. When they would have him fined for disturbing their meetings, he would pay his fine and be on hands to disturb the next meeting. When an old woman donated \$25.00 to the Baptist church at Salem and found she could not pay

it he learned of the debt, went to her and gave her the \$25.00 and \$10.00 extra with the understanding that she was not to let the preachers know where she got the money. He proposed building the Roberts chapel without any expense whatever to the congregation, provided they would put a scaffold in one corner of the church and hang the converts as quick as they "got religion." He wanted them hanged while "saved" so as to take no chance on their backsliding.

Teddy Layton and Mike Hullihan lived at Maysville and were young men when my Uncle James Whicker was the agent of the Wabash railroad at Riverside; I used often to see them at his store. These three men were all neat dressers and each tried to out-do the other in the value of their clothes and neatness of their dress. Teddy Layton is now living at Cheneyville, Illinois, and is a very wealthy man.

Mike Hullihan bought cattle, was a good trader and never worked. He had three brothers who worked for the Wabash railroad. John was a section hand, Jim and Tom watched bridges. All their earnings went into a common fund and was handled by Mike. From the profits of his trades and the earnings of his brothers Mike would buy pieces of land around Maysville, and by this means purchased between two and three hundred acres upon which he pastured the stock that he bought. He was very witty, careful in his trading and honest in his dealings. Tho still a young man when he died he had saved a very neat little estate for his family, and if he had lived would perhaps have become one of the wealthiest men in Davis township.

“Sear Face” Murphy owned eighty acres of land near Flint, but spent most of his time with his Irish friends at Maysville. He had a black horse that could run. The horse-racing took place on Sunday afternoons. A negro, Bill Scott, and an Irish boy, Tim Haniford, would occasionally get a horse and put up a race with “Sear Face” Murphy, but Murphy always won. There would often be a scrap and once in a while an Irish fight. They may have left the horse-racing full but they always left in good humor. I used to go to Sunday school with Uncle Steven Connell at the Olive Branch church, and with one or two of the other boys slip out of the church, across the canal, and go up the tow-path to Maysville to attend the horse races. A horse race on a Sunday afternoon suited me much better as a boy than a Sunday school. There would be a large crowd gathered to watch the race, money would be bet as to the horse that would win the race,

and usually Murphy came out with a portion of the stakes. The racing would be on a strip of road wide enough for the horses to run side by side, turn quickly and come back; sometimes there would be two tracks, side by side, for a half mile used for the racing. In the fall of the year this racing went on every Sunday afternoon. We finally learned that in Newton county there was a horse that could be purchased cheaply with a record as a running animal. Several of us boys chipt in, bought the horse, challenged “Sear Face” Murphy for a race, got a good rider who was light in weight and knew how to handle the horse. The stakes were the horses and a gallon of whiskey. Our new horse won the race and “Sear Face” Murphy gave us the running horse and a gallon of whiskey, and went to the county poor house where he lived for many years afterwards. This was the last horse race in Maysville.

The Beginning of Attica

In December 1824, when the land sale was made at Crawfordsville, George Hollingsworth and David and J. Stump attended the sale and purchased the river front for a half a mile where Attica is now located. The Stumps and Hollingsworth had come down the river in a canoe and stopped at the Sycamore ford, just above where the Wabash railroad bridge now is, and noticed what a splendid landing there was for boats. Here the banks were high at the river front and the hill sloped gradually back. At that time there was but one person living in this

locality and that was Casey Emmons. His cabin was just in front of Mrs. Amanda Reed's house, east of the city. Hollingsworth and the Stumps followed the road back from the ford to Casey Emmons' home and saw that the prairie came almost to the river here, and when they saw this ford, the splendid boat landing below it and Shawnee Prairie coming almost to the river with easy access to the prairie, they considered it a good location for a town, so they bought the land next to the river for that purpose.

Attica was laid out in 1825, the first

plat being filed by David Stump. Soon afterward an addition was platted by Hollingsworth. The original plat and this addition extended from the corner of Brady and Washington streets west on Washington street to the river front, thence north to Ferry street, thence east to the alley running west of the Hotel Attica. The first store was built and kept by Wm. Crumpton, first in a log house near the river, and afterwards in a one story frame house near the corner of Mill and Perry streets. Mr. Crumpton was postmaster and the mail was carried on horse-back from Indianapolis to Covington and from Covington to Attica, Attica having but one mail a week. The first tavern was kept by Harmon Webb in a log house, facing the river, at the western terminus of Main street. The house had additions built to it and remained standing until after the Civil war. At the close of 1825 Attica had four general stores, three saloons and one hotel. In 1826 a combined still-house and grist-mill was erected in "the ravine," now Ravine Park, just above where the high bridge is located. The burrs were large nigger-head stones. A cabinet shop and a tan-yard were added in 1826, and in 1827 Orin Arms manufactured fanning mills at his place, east of town, which he had bought of Casey Emmons. Joseph Peacock operated a blacksmith shop.

Soon after Attica was laid out Lafayette, Covington, Portland (now Fountain), Maysville, Independence, Williamsport and Rob Roy were platted, and there was quite a rivalry as to which would become the trading point of this section. As told in the sketch preceding this, Maysville and Cicott's Landing grew up as squatter towns before the land was surveyed.

In 1830 another hotel, known as the Indiana House, was built on Main street. This was larger and more commodious than the log cabin and for five years was the only hotel, all the stage lines making it their headquarters. In 1835 Delavan Bratt put up a two-story frame hotel where the Hotel Attica now stands and called it the Attica House. It was run by William Farmer first and afterward by Avey Tuttle. It finally came into the possession of a man named Thornburg and was destroyed by fire in 1846. The Indiana House stood until 1915, when it was razed to make way for an addition to the Thornton Garage.

Attica moved along slowly until about 1844, when John and Dan Yount, two brothers, (cousins of the late Newlin H. Yount), built a water race for mill power. They were men of large means and understood the woolen business fully. Their mill race caught all the water from the creek that runs thru Stone Cut and brought it to Attica. With the industries that were already here this mill race and the woolen mill which they erected and operated determined the race between Maysville, Independence, Williamsport and Rob Roy in favor of Attica. In the boom that followed several of the pork-packing and other industries of these rival towns moved to Attica. Ed Hemphill, the father of Thomas Hemphill, who was in the dry goods business here for many years, built the stone house, now Moran's blacksmith shop, for a dry goods store about this time. The mill race ran right in front of this house. Tom Hemphill told me that it was so near that as a boy he sat in the doorway and caught sunfish in the mill race. These Younts sold their woolen

mills here and later went to Montgomery county where they founded the town of Yountsville and erected the famous Yountsville Woolen Mills, which have been in operation ever since.

In 1846 the Wabash & Erie Canal was constructed to Attica and stopt here for almost two years on account of the water wasting thru the gravel beds below town. The steamboats could come up the Wabash when the river was high and with the splendid landing here, this being at the time the end of navigation on the canal, Attica became a boom town, forging ahead so fast that she threw dust in the faces of Maysville, Rob Roy, Independence and Williamsport. In a few years most of the industries of these places had moved to Attica. Their hotels lost their guests; their store rooms were stript of their merchandise; their manufactories of machinery; and their streets grew green with grass and weeds. Williamsport, with green-eyed envy, constructed at large expense the "side cut" across the river bottoms just below Attica, to connect them with the canal and open a watery highway to the outside world. When this "side cut" was finished there was great rejoicing over that enterprise in Williamsport. A big stalled ox was roasted whole and the residents of the country for miles around were invited to partake of the feast and listen to the congratulatory speeches on that occasion. The "side cut" gave Williamsport shipping facilities, but the superior advantages of Attica, being on the main line of the old canal, still continued to draw the trade. Then too, the water wasted so at the river and in the gravel deposits below the "Wide-water," where the "side cut" entered the canal, that the "side

cut" could not carry boats. The citizens of Williamsport brought suit in the Fountain circuit court against the canal company to force it to furnish water enough for floating boats in the "side cut." For answer the canal company showed that the supply of water for the canal itself was not sufficient and that they could not maintain the water for the "side cut." The canal company won the suit, the "side cut" got out of repair, the locks rotted down and were not rebuilt and it looked as tho the star of destiny was dropping below the horizon for Williamsport.

When the canal was completed to Attica, in 1847, ware-houses, docks, and landings were built along it, and the hum of traffic was heard. All the news came by packet boat and when a boat pulled up to the landing, it was greeted by a large percent of the inhabitants. The landing was at the foot of Main street, where there was a stone stairway leading to the wharf. Inasmuch as the boats could not get beyond Attica, competition soon began to arise with the people of Covington who got the idea into their heads that Attica wanted to keep the water from reaching that place. They could not understand the leakage of water in the gravel beds below Attica. Perhaps Williamsport encouraged them some and they took counsel from Maysville, Independence and Rob Roy. Anyway, after nursing their wrath for some time, they concluded that in the love of God and the kindness of their hearts they would visit Attica, take matters into their own hands, destroy the locks which were located here, and let the water flow down the big ditch to the town that had been blest with the county seat.

Like Austria, they demanded an investigation of the records and secret archives of the Athenians. To this investigation the noble Greeks of the north objected. Some diplomatic relations were carried on between the two contending towns. Covington sent her last note. The answer was not satisfactory and Covington declared war on Attica. Then, as now, Covington was Democratic. She stood not upon the order of going to war, neither did she parley as Mr. Wilson with Mexico, but called at once for volunteers. Three hundred mighty men of valor answered the call. They started up the tow-path under the leadership of Edward Hannigan—the eloquent “Ned” Hannigan who was afterward United States senator and later minister to the court of Prussia. Word reached Attica that her territory was being invaded by this hostile army from the south. Jehu Wamsley lived on the bluff across the river and from his elevated position and splendid view of the canal was the first person to see the invading forces. He hastily grabbed a couple of shot-guns and one or two pistols, jumped on his horse, rode as fast as his horse could run right into and across the river, yelling like an Indian to alarm the town. A crowd soon gathered about Jehu Wamsley—Attica soon learned the value of Preparedness and hastily gathered an army of defense. Ezekiel McDonald took command and the Athenians started out to do battle for their homes and their water-way. The Covington army besides being armed to the teeth with rifles, shot-guns and pistols, had an old cannon. The Atticans were well armed but had no artillery. The battle started at once. Ezekiel McDonald was knocked into the canal, and

tradition says “General” Hannigan also measured its depths. Henry Schlosser, John Leslie and others were slightly injured. A few of the persons from Covington had black eyes. The cannon was spiked early in the game; the boatmen, hearing the racket, came down the canal, well armed and swearing like pirates, to take a hand in the scramble. But the superior numbers of the invading army prevented them from shutting the gates of the lock and they were compelled to resort to strategy. Several of them slipped away and commenced hauling straw and pitching it into the canal above the locks. This soon had the effect of choking up the gates of the locks and the water ceased to flow. The canal war was carried on in threats for some time afterward but no open hostilities occurred. For a few years afterward there would be an occasional scrap between participants in the battle and even tho that scrap took place in 1847, the feeling still crops out in political contests, regardless of party affiliation. The two cities have ever since gotten along without physical collision, altho many red-hot controversies might be related.

But the growth of Attica was not permanent. The boom lasted only six or seven years and then things came to a standstill. Ten years later, in 1857, the Wabash railroad was built from Ft. Wayne to State Line. Its promoters proposed going to Covington and crossing the river. They wanted a bonus of \$5,000 to aid in the construction of a bridge across the Wabash at that place. Covington proposed to charge them \$5,000 for the right-of-way thru the town but a small appropriation was raised at Attica and they crossed the river here. The Wabash railroad soon began

to affect the traffic on the canal, altho there was an occasional boat plied locally along the canal until about 1875. I can remember very well when the Wabash railroad had no gravel ballast and the ties were very wide apart. The

rails were light and the road had little striped engines and it was very hard for them to pull a load of any size up-grade. These engines burned wood. My father owned a canal boat and I was born and raised right near the canal.

The Wabash and Erie Canal

As early as 1822 Indiana and Illinois jointly began to adopt measures, which were intended to make provisions for the improvement of the grand rapids of the River Wabash; and by 1823 the subject of connecting the Maumee river and the Wabash river, by canal navigation, had attracted the attention of the legislative authorities of these two states.

In a message addressed to the General Assembly of Indiana, in December 1822, Governor Hendricks said: "We ought to have free and unshackled as far as we can our resources for improvement purposes, which the interests of the state may hereafter require, if not at our hand at the hands of those who succeed us. Let us not lose sight of those great objects to which the means of the state should at some future day be devoted. The navigation of the falls of the Ohio river, the improvement of the Wabash and White rivers, and other streams, and the construction of the national and other roads thruout the state."

Governor Ray in a message, delivered before the legislature in 1836, said: "On the construction of the roads and

canals, then we must rely as the safest and most certain state policy to relieve our situation, place us among the first states in the Union and change the cry of hard times into an open acknowledgment of contentedness. We must strike at the internal improvements of the state or form our minds to remain poor and unacquainted with each other"—A fine compliment to our railroads, interurbans, public highways and automobiles!

Governor Noble in his inaugural address before the General Assembly, in 1831, said: "It is obvious then that while the general government is preparing the great national thorofares and creating consumption by fostering manufactories, it is our interest and duty faithfully and economically to apply the means placed at our control by the national government to their legitimate objects and to exert ourselves to call into request the latent resources and energies of the state, to improve our rivers and by making lateral roads and canals, to facilitate the conveyance of the various commodities of our state." And the construction of that part of the Wabash and Erie canal

which lies within the borders of Indiana was commenced in 1832.

In 1836 the financial affairs of the country seemed to be in sound condition, and the minds of the people of Indiana were fully prepared to regard with favor the commencement of an extensive system of state and internal improvements. The adjustment of the details of the system was, however, a matter of great difficulty and the legislature was, in some instances, forced to make special provisions for the construction of needless and costly works, in order to prevent the defeat of the general system. Ten millions of dollars was appropriated to carry on the system. In fixing the mode of organizing a state board of internal improvement and defining the duties and powers of this board, the General Assembly of 1836 committed several material errors. On account of the errors and for other reasons the internal improvement law of 1836 encountered strong opposition among the people of those counties thru which the lines of the proposed public work did not pass. These public improvements continued, however, until the summer of 1839 when a period of financial embarrassment thruout the United States caused the contractors on public works in the state of Indiana generally to suspend operations and soon afterwards to abandon their contracts. And the State bonds could not be sold.

In December 1839 Governor Wallace in his annual message to the legislature said: "The failure to procure funds, as we had a right to expect from extensive sale of state bonds effected in the early part of the season, has lead to great and unusual embarrassments, not only among the contractors and labor-

ers but also among the people. What shall be done with the public works? Shall they be abandoned altogether? I hope not. In my opinion, the policy of the state in the present emergency should be first to provide against the dilapidation of those portions of the public works left in an unfinished state; and, secondly, as means can be procured, to finish some entirely and complete others at least to points where they may be rendered available or useful to the country."

In order to provide means for the payment of the contractors and other public creditors, the legislature authorized an issue of state treasury notes to the amount of one million five hundred thousand dollars. These notes formed a circulating medium, which, for a brief period, passed at its nominal value. But early in the summer of 1842 when there was about one million of dollars of this currency in circulation among the people, it suddenly depreciated in value from forty to fifty cents.

At the close of 1841 the total length of the railroads, turnpike roads and canals embraced in the internal system of 1836 amounted to 1,289 miles, of which 281 miles had been completed. One million seven hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars had been spent for the construction of the Wabash and Erie canal.

In January 1847, during the administration of Gov. Whitcomb, provisions were made for the adjustment of the debt due to the holders of Indiana state bonds and for the completion of the Wabash and Erie canal to Evansville.

Work was immediately begun and contracts were let, surveys were made along the entire length of the canal.

The work was pushed rapidly from Ft. Wayne to Lafayette and from Lafayette to Attica. The building of the canal was let out in sections and a section of from five to ten miles would be taken by contract. The contractors employed thousands of men to excavate the channel for the great waterway. Most of the men, who were employed in this work, came from the green Isle of Erin.

The canal was finished to Attica in 1848. In the spring of that year Asiatic cholera appeared among the laborers and they died like flies in a trap. These laborers lived in camps along the waterway. There was a large camp at old Fulton, where Flint now is. Among those Irishmen there was a sturdy young blacksmith, named Hugh Martin, who sharpened the plows and shod the horses for the contractors. A Mrs. Donnelly had the contract for cooking for all the camps from the county line to Attica and among her most trusted aides was a handsome young Irish lassie, Ann Crouch. The camp below Fulton was Maysville and Ann Crouch did the cooking for her countrymen in the camp at Maysville. Their tools were taken up the river to Hugh Martin's forge to be sharpened, their horses were taken there to be shod and Miss Crouch went with them to get counsel from her mistress, Mrs. Donnelly. And Cupid was there, with his bow and quiver; and when Hugh Martin, from the county of Cork, and Ann Crouch, from the county of Killarney, met, Cupid sharpened the point of his arrow at Martin's forge. This Irish laddie and lassie loved and wooed and married, and lived their lives in Davis township. Mrs. Martin lived there from 1847 until she died, June 16, 1911,

and was one of the most interesting women that I have ever known. Her daughter, Mrs. Nels Lowry, still lives there. Mrs. Martin told me there were not nearly so many persons died from the cholera at Maysville and Fulton as there were further down the canal. As I have stated in a former article, many of those Irish made their permanent homes at Maysville.

There was another camp very near where the Fix schoolhouse now stands. There were about six hundred men, women, and children in this camp, about four hundred of whom died of cholera. About two hundred of them were buried in the old graveyard at Attica, and then a long trench was dug in a marl bed near the camp and the rest were thrown into this trench as they died and covered with a soft lime or marl.

By the fall of 1848, in spite of the cholera and other misfortunes that befell them, the contractors finished the canal and boats began to ply upon it, —packet boats, carrying passengers, gaudily decorated, and pulled by horses with some speed, also tug boats and heavy boats for mercantile purposes, pulled by mules and heavy horses. Soon this waterway was lined with hundreds of boats carrying all kinds of merchandise, freight and passengers. Warehouses, mills, packing houses and many other houses of commerce were built along its banks. Some of these old structures are still standing and in use yet today, the Jones elevator and the Stafford elevator being notable examples. The old Martin elevator, torn down three or four years ago, was another, and the foundation outlines of another can be traced in the sod across the street from the office of the

Fountain Produce Co. It was, indeed, a waterway of much importance and served a splendid purpose. When it would freeze over in the winter it would be as smooth as glass and hundreds of young people would gather along this waterway to skate. In the winter time skating parties were very common. There was an elopement that attracted considerable attention at Maysville—a young couple gliding away one night on their skates from a skating party, down the canal to Terre Haute, where they were married before the irate father of the bride could overtake them.

I recall a little incident that will illustrate the attitude of the people toward these imported laborers, and as it happened just below Attica it will be of local interest. The greatest difficulty which the builders of the canal encountered in this vicinity was getting thru the great gravel beds south of town, where the Carmichael and other pits are now located. The difficulty was to get the canal to hold water as it wasted thru the gravel very rapidly. In order to overcome this a feeder dam was built at Shawnee creek and the entire volume of water from that stream turned into the canal. The remains of this earthwork can yet be seen there. The contract for building that portion of the canal from the gravel beds to Portland, (now Fountain), and for building the feeder dam on Shawnee was taken by Col. McManomy of Covington; and Douglas Trott, father of John Trott now of Williamsport, worked for him. While completing the approaches of the feeder dam and the waterway from the dam into the canal, one Monday morning they found their Irish laborers

coming late to work. Mr. Trott reproved them and a dispute arose. Still arrogant from the effects of their Sunday carousal, a big Irishman took a position on a gangway scaffold across which they had been wheeling dirt and disputed Mr. Trott's right to pass. Without arguing the case Mr. Trott struck the fellow with his fist and knocked him off. When he landed at the bottom he failed to arise and when Mr. McManomy and Mr. Trott went to help him imagine their surprise to find that his neck was broken and that he was dead.

Word was sent to the camp, where the dead man's wife was one of the cooks. She came down and at once set up a great lamentation. But the burden of her grief was not in the loss of her husband but in the fact that he had nothing but an old dirty shirt in which to be buried! Mr. McManomy had on a new shirt—just put on that morning—and without hesitation he pulled it off, gave it to the weeping widow and with the aid of some of the Irishmen it soon graced the dead man's form. A grave was dug and he and the boss' new white shirt were buried near the canal. His wife went on cooking for the workmen and doubtless eventually acquired another husband.

This story came to me from the lips of a gentleman to whom it was related by Mr. McManomy himself, so there is no doubt of its authenticity. The death of the Irishman was never investigated by the coroner nor the grand jury.

The Wabash & Erie canal was found a much more convenient and rapid means of conveyance of the products of the farm and the output of the factories within its reach than were the

river and the wagon roads which had preceded it.

In 1850, after it had been in operation two years, there was a census taken of the town of Attica, now in the possession of Charles Haller, on the first page of which is the following statement:

“CENSUS OF THE TOWN OF ATTICA—An enumeration of all the males over 20 years of age in the Town of Attica. Also, the number of married

males and females, the number of unmarried males and females over the age of 18, and the number, in-so-much of each school district as lies within the limits of the town, of children of both sexes, between the ages of 5 and 21 years. Taken by W. McK. Scott under authority of the Town Council, March 20, 1850.”

This record finished with the following statement in regard to the canal and river:

Shipments by Canal and River up to March 20, 1850.

By Canal	Corn Bu.	Wheat Bu.	Oats Bu.	Flour Bbbs.	Pork Bbbs.	Wool Bbbs.	Lard Bbbs.
E. Hemphill Wilson & Co.	77,664	5,000	2,317	202			
P. S. Veeder.....	80,000	7,100	549	13	1,200	30,000	410
Coleman & Lundy.....	63,724	5,431		507	558		227
Wm. Worthington.....	20,000			1500	20	6,000	15
McDonald Spears & Co.....	20,000	9,000		140	1,345		445½
By River			Pork Bbbs.	Lard Bbbs.	Grease Kegs	Flour Bbbs.	
Coleman & Lundy.....			946	724	89	70	
McDonald Spears & Co.....			1,383	234			
In addition to the above, Coleman & Lundy shipt 178,437 pounds of hams and shoulders, 10 barrels of tallow and 95 pounds of cured beef.							
“Hogs packed by McDonald, Spears Co.4,800							
“ “ “ J. & J. Hemphill & Co.1,800							
“ “ “ Kiff & Co.....2,800							
Total - 9,400							
Whisky manufactured at Standart & Co.'s distillery.....3,000 bbls. yearly							
Whisky shipt from Standart & Co.'s distillery2,500 bbls. yearly							

This statement of Mr. Scott shows conclusively that the canal met the expectations of its most sanguine supporters as a means of increasing production and facilitating transportation. For ten years it had no competition in the way of transportation; it was ten years before the Wabash Railroad was built and during these ten years the canal

prospered. The exact population at that time, according to this census, was 1,006. On the side of the canal next to the river was the tow-path, and the other side was known as the heel path. The horses and mules which drew the boats walked the tow-path. The packet boats were usually two stories, had a captain who looked after the fares and

general interests of the passengers of the boat and the welfare of the boat, and a pilot whose business it was to stand on the top of the second story and operate the steering gear, which was on the back part of the boat. Many a householder, with his family, who had left the eastern country, came over the lakes to Toledo or down the Ohio to Evansville and took passage on the canal boat for some point in the Wabash Valley where they would make their home.

Lottie Wolfe and Gus Lief came with their father from Sweden to New York, and from New York to Toledo by rail, and from Toledo to old Granville, in Tippecanoe county, on the canal boat. They had tomatoes on the canal boat as an ornament, which the children called love apples. The children of this Swedish family became interested in those tomatoes and were going to taste them but were told by the officials of the boat that they were poison. Many of the first Swedish and German families who came to Attica came in a canal boat. After the railroad came the passenger traffic first left the canal, and many a packet boat stood tied up along its bank going down into decay.

I remember one very well that was attached for some reason and pulled ashore near where Ignatz Pritscher lived, about three miles above Attica, and stood there until it finally rotted away.

The freight boats lasted until about 1875 or 1876, and an occasional scow was in use up to that time. I remember my uncle, George C. Worthington, and John McKnight, who died recently, at Veedersburg, built a scow on land that was afterwards owned by my father. I was very much interested in

the construction of this boat and when they finished it they called in the neighbors to turn it up-side-down to calk the bottom; I watched the process with great interest. They calked it with hot tar and some kind of lint, dipping the lint into the hot tar and driving it into the cracks of the bottom. I was present when this boat was launched and watched them lay down the plank and slide the boat into the canal. Mr. McKnight had a daughter by the name of Aetney, who now lives somewhere in Minnesota, and this boat was named the "Aetney" for Mr. McKnight's daughter. So far as I know, this was the last boat built for use on the old Wabash & Erie canal.

The merchant boats were much larger than the scows and were built with a cabin on the back and a place on the back of the cabin for the pilot to stand as he worked the steering gear. My father purchased a boat of Douglas Trott; it was called the "Hoosier Boy." In the spring of 1883, the men of the neighborhood east of Attica hitched a team to this boat and went to Covington to pay their taxes, and I went with them. This was my first trip to the county seat. I remember that my father talked with three men on this trip, one of whom was Homer Sewell. John Glascock was teaching in The Bend school near the Nebeker place, and Frank Glascock, a relative of his, was with us. We stopt for a short time and Mr. Glascock went to the schoolhouse to visit with his relative. The other man was Mr. Haupt. John Glascock is still living and each of these men looked exactly the same to me the last time I saw them as they did the first time.

Homer Sewell, after I came to man-

hood, became one of my best friends, and we often talked of our first meeting. I was not yet ten years of age and was frail in health, and my family and the doctors had concluded that I could not weather the storm. However, owing to the truthfulness of the old adage that the good die young, even then I was assured of a ripe old age.

In the fall of that year I made two trips to Lafayette with my father on the "Hoosier Boy." On the first trip we took cordwood and the entire neighborhood had cordwood on that boat. It was body hickory and brot \$7.50 a cord in Lafayette. A few weeks later I took another trip and we took potatoes. The weather was cold. We covered the potatoes with straw and reached Lafayette all right, about six o'clock in the evening. That night it froze and the next morning I helpt in gathering the frozen potatoes off the top of the cargo. The men worked very rapidly to get the potatoes out of the boat before night. About five o'clock they finished unloading and we started back home at once for fear that the canal would freeze over. We got as far as Riverside, aiming to take the boat to near where Ignatz Pritscher lived, but there was so much ice in the canal that we left the boat in the "widewater" at Riverside, about where the Independence road now crosses the canal. So far as I know this was the last trip taken by a canal boat to Lafayette. Soon after this the canal went down and my father's boat stood for many years in the "widewater" at Riverside. We finally tore it to pieces and used it in making cribs and bins about the barn.

It is recorded in a history of Fountain county publisht in 1883 that the last boat to clear from Covington for

Lafayette was the "Goodman," on Nov. 13, 1875. The last boat that cleared thru from Lodi to Toledo was the Rocky Mountain, under command of David Webb, which toucht at Attica October 26, 1872.

Near Flint there was what was called "The Aqueduct" where Flint creek ran under the canal and then there were locks at Flint and at Attica; in going to Covington we went thru the locks at Attica, and in going to Lafayette we went thru the locks at Flint. The Attica lock was located just back of where the old handle factory building now stands.

I remember very well of the boat being pulled into these locks and the gates shut back of them, and the water being turned in from above, until the boats were raised from the level of the water below the lock to the level of the water above the lock. In coming the other way they would let the gates down first, fill the locks with water, run the boat in, raise the lower gates and let the boats go down to the lower level. The canal was level from one lock to another and the fall of the canal was all taken up in the locks.

I would stand at the back of the boat and watch the fish swim from under it, and then there was a green moss that grew in the canal in long ropy strings, and as a boy I enjoyed very much watching those strings floating behind the boat.

The town of Riverside was named for the Riverside schoolhouse, now known as the Fix schoolhouse. They used to have subscription school there in the summer, and when the boats would come up or down the canal the teacher would let us children go to the canal and watch them pass. This was a great treat for

us and we kept a sharp look-out for the boats.

The farmers along the water-way would have rafts made of two logs fastened together, and with a pole one could get on these logs and push across the canal. Every farm had a raft.

In summer the canal would be full of frogs and turtles and always full of mudcat and sunfish, with a few other varieties. Of an evening one could easily catch in a few hours a large string of fish. I used to nearly keep the family in fish in the spring and fall. The canal ran close to the Riverside school and our principal sport in winter was skating on its glassy surface. As quick as school was dismissed for recess or noon every pupil gathered his skates and with the teacher made for the canal to skate during the short period of rest. In the summer we boys would hunt the gravelly fords and bathe and swim.

While the canal had its uses and its pleasures it had its faults too. The mosquitoes were a great pest along this waterway, and every fall one shook with ague. We were not as well acquainted with the mosquito and his habits then as now, and did not attribute the malaria to his bite, but with the passing of the canal the malaria and ague passed from the Wabash Valley.

The canal company kept a dredge and a gang of men with it, who worked continually dredging the canal to keep it deep enough so that the boats could travel on it. I became well acquainted with the family that operated the dredge and spent many a pleasant day with the other boys on the dredge, watching it dip mud from the bottom of the canal. The good lady whose husband was the boss of the dredge cooked for the hands and when we boys wanted

to spend the day watching the work she was very kind to us. Often she would have a soft shell turtle out of which she would make soup and we were very fond of this. With fish and turtle soup she won the affection of every boy along the canal.

As the Wabash railroad improved the canal grew less and less of service until at last the bond-holders closed their mortgage and the canal was sold in the United States Circuit Court. The Fountain county right-of-way was purchased by Nebeker & McManomy and they sold it to the Wabash Railroad company from the towpath to the low water mark of the canal. That portion of it below the low water mark was sold to the farmers along the way, who finally cut the banks and let the water out and it eventually reverted to farm land. When they cut the "widewater" near the Pritscher place, the farmers in that locality took out tons of fish.

Had man known of the gasoline engine the canal could have been maintained and made profitable for boats propelled by gas engines, and the mosquito pest could have been overcome with oil. I believe that this waterway would have been of value enough to the commonwealth in different ways to have justified its maintenance.

The flint from the flint bar was hauled to Lafayette for the improvement of that city's streets on canal boats from the opening of the canal until it went out of use. They would often gather boat loads of boulders and haul them to Lafayette and Attica to make gutters for the streets.

There was a very dense undergrowth in a swamp near Flint; Henry Butts was driving the horse on the tow-path that pulled a boat for my uncle, James

Whicker. One evening when they passed this swamp they heard a panther screaming. Henry's hair stood on end and he ordered a halt, but my uncle told him to drive right on as no one was in danger but Henry himself, as the an-

imal would either have to fly or swim to get the rest of them. Henry obeyed and as the panther probably was scared as badly as he was he is still with us today to verify this incident.

The Wabash Railroad

At the same time that the legislature of the State of Indiana and the State of Illinois began legislating for the interests of canals and waterways they began legislating for railroads. Among the improvements of 1836 in Indiana was the National Road—a wagon road, running clear across the state which makes the principal street of Richmond, Washington street in Indianapolis, goes thru Greencastle and makes Main street of Terre Haute.

There were several railroads under construction which were, each and all, a part of this general improvement, and several canals, other than the Wabash and Erie canal. The Wabash and Erie canal was only a part of the general improvement in Indiana intended to facilitate transportation. Along its entire length in the state the Wabash and Erie canal was the principal means of transportation and principal thoroughfare for about ten years, and during that time it was adequate to the needs. But soon after its completion arrangements began to be put in operation for the building of a railroad and the railroad in which Attica and this locality was most interested at this time was the Wabash railroad which paralleled the canal from the state line east of Ft. Wayne to Attica. And I shall only deal

with that portion of it which extended thru Indiana. The Wabash railroad as we know it now was built and for a number of years operated by three separate companies and was really three roads instead of one. One corporation operated between Toledo and Ft. Wayne, another between Ft. Wayne and State Line City, and the third across Illinois. The road was built under the name Toledo, Wabash and Western.

There was some question as to whether the road would cross the Wabash river at Attica or Covington. The promoters preferred Covington, but asked a donation of \$5000 or more from Covington if they crossed there. Covington refused to give them anything and proposed making them pay at least \$2,000 for going thru the corporation. They tried by argument to show the town officials the value the railroad would be to them but argued without avail. The citizens of Covington gave them emphatically to understand that no railroad could enter their sacred precincts from the north without first making peace with them with a substantial donation. Finally the committee from the city of Covington passed beyond the argumentative and reasoning period and grew angry and told the

Wabash officials who had met to confer with them that they could go straight to hell.

J. D. McDonald met the railroad officials on their return to Attica; asked them how much they would want to cross the river here, and they told him they would want \$1,000. He told them he would give them \$1,000 to come thru Attica and cross the river where they pleased; that he had some little interest in Williamsport yet and perhaps would be personally benefitted if they passed thru that town. But whether they passed thru Williamsport or Covington he would give \$1,000 to the railroad. The residents of both Williamsport and Covington knew that J. D. McDonald was the wildest man who had ever settled in the Wabash Valley and he was very severely criticized for his interest in this railroad by the inhabitants of both these places. On account of the attitude at Williamsport the railroad went north of the town. It crossed the river, however, at Attica, at the most convenient place. J.D. McDonald proposed giving \$1,000 more to cross a mile further down the river, and tried to get Williamsport to donate toward this proposition. But the people who lived in Williamsport gave Mr. McDonald to distinctly understand that they did not care where the railroad crossed the river, and that if it ran thru their corporation, they would also expect it to pay for such willful intrusion. As a result of this perverseness the next generation was forced to move the town, courthouse and all, to the railroad, thus expending many thousands of dollars which might have been saved had it not been for the attitude taken when the railroad was built.

The Wabash railroad was completed in 1858, thru the State of Indiana. When the first engine passed Attica a great demonstration was held and thousands of people came to take part in it. That was not the Wabash railroad of today. The engines were small, striped engines; the body of the engine was the color of engines of today, but bands of brass ran around the boiler and these brass bands looked like harness on the engines. And this was the style of all the locomotives. These engines burned wood, beech being preferred. The engineers claimed that beech made the best fire for steam heat, and for this reason they were very much interested in getting beech wood to fire the engines. The fact that these engines burned wood gave a new source of distress to many persons who feared that these engines would soon use up the timber and that our country would be cursed with drouth and wind. It was several years before they began burning coal in the engines.

The railroad rails were small and fastened together differently from the way they fasten them now. The ties were all made from large trees and only the very best of large white oak and burr oak were used, and only ties that were split in two, and these ties were placed very far apart sometimes two and three feet. There was no ballast on the road, and the engines ran very slowly as they pulled their train of cars up the grades. There was a steep grade from the "Stone Cut" east and a steep grade at Maysville, east of Riverside. I have seen many trains of cars stall on those grades, and they would have to send for extra engines or cut the train in two, taking half of it at a time when they went east; but

they would run very fast down these grades going west.

Alf Boots, a blind man, lived on my father's place, near the railroad tracks in a log cabin. He raised tobacco and made cigars, raised broom corn and made brooms on about two acres of land that the railroad cut off from the rest of the farm. I have known the trains to stop, and the trainmen go to his place and buy cigars and brooms from Mr. Boots as they went east. In fact they were his best customers and there was enough of them that they took just about all the cigars and brooms that he could make. There was no stop at this place but the front brakeman could get off, run over to his cabin, get his supply of cigars and brooms, pay for them and make the caboose as the train passed if the train was loaded. So the train crew would chip in at Attica with their funds, buy the stock Mr. Boots had on hands and make the train easily.

The passenger trains ran much faster. They run fast enough that they soon put the Wabash & Erie Canal out of commission and let the packets stand idle and decay. But the freight traffic on the canal continued for several years in a desultory way. But as the grades were cut down and the road ballasted the Wabash fast became a much more convenient and rapid means of transportation than the canal. Many of the Irishmen who had helped to construct the canal were yet living when the Wabash railroad came thru and the Irish at old Maysville worked as industriously to construct the Wabash Railroad, to dig its cuts and make its fills as they had worked in the years before on the construction of the Wabash & Erie Canal. And many of their descendants are still with us.

Uncle Neddie Harty helped construct the Wabash railroad, to dig the cuts and make the fills, and continued in the employ of the Wabash Railroad Co. here in Attica from the time the first shovel full of dirt was thrown in the state for the construction of this road until he was too old to work. He was a very interesting man and a good citizen. Among the pleasant memories of my early life is my association with the old section man from the Emerald Isle, Ned Harty, of Lafayette, Steve Harty, and the indomitable Mike who plays the keys at the C. & E. I. depot, are his sons. Mike Layton's children of Tippecanoe county are his grand-children. The story of the Wabash railroad could not be written well with Ned Harty out.

When they were putting the railroad thru and after it was finished there was a young Irish boy who began his labors on this road; first he carried water to the section hands. Then he wielded the shovel with the grace of an older hand, and one did not have to look at his face for a map to tell what country he had come from if they watched him ply the pick and bar. He may have grown tired for a while of the Wabash railroad but he never grew tired of work. He sold cigars for a while, driving a wagon for Dick Bros. and then in the early sixties, out in Central Illinois, he raised a company of soldiers and served our country well. When the war was over, with the well-earned title of general, he returned back to Bloomington, Ill., and read and practiced law, and a few years later, when the Wabash railroad needed an attorney there, he was given the appointment and they found him as capable in this capacity as they had found

him with the water bucket in Attica. And when financial troubles came for the railroad the Irish laddie who had been a water boy on the section at Attica was made the receiver of the Wabash system. There was hardly any one who lived in this vicinity twenty years ago who did not know Gen. McNulty, of Bloomington, Ill., well enough to call him John, and a few of the citizens of Attica yet living have many pleasant recollections of the industrious, witty Irish boy who carried water and worked on the section of the Wabash railroad in ante bellum days.

The terminus of this division of the Wabash railroad was at the state line and as this ended the holdings of two companies, plans were made to build a city at State Line. Not only was it the division point of both the railroads but their roundhouses were placed there. It looked for a while like State Line would become a city, but Danville was the countyseat of a splendid county and coal was discovered near that city in paying quantities. In spite of all that both companies could do Danville showed a tendency to grow beyond the most sanguine hopes of its friends. In spite of the railroads and not with their help Danville was able to gather to

itself the glory and fame that was intended for State Line City.

In Davis township there was a switch called Nebraska right near Grindstone creek. This station was put in for the purpose of an elevator and with the intent of making a town, and all the horses, hogs and cattle shipped from the West were stopped at Nebraska and watered and fed. But in spite of all the railroad company's efforts to build a town Nebraska refused to grow, and when Jesse Marvin, who lived near Nebraska, got thru the legislature an act to compel them to pay for the stock that they killed, to fence their right of way and to put in cattle guards, they pulled up the switch and abandoned the last vain hope of a town there.

It is useless to say that the coming of the Wabash railroad marked a new era in transportation for this portion of the Valley; that it is now and always has been of great value to us. Poorly managed perhaps a good deal of the time; its profits have been taken to maintain in luxury some European prince and silly girl, born of wealthy parnts. If the company can succeed in ridding itself of these leeches, of these European barnacles, it can easily become one of the best and most useful railroads in the country.

In Fountain County in 1826

For the benefit of some of my friends in the central part of the county who have been reading these articles with interest, I shall include among them a letter written from the forks

of Coal Creek in 1862 by Sanford C. Cox, the first school master of this vicinity, to whom I have already referred and from whose book (Recollections of the Wabash Valley,

1860) I have already quoted. The letter was written to his cousin at Richmond and the young school master had the faculty of description so well developed that he gives us a very interesting account of the vicinity around Veedersburg at that day. Following is his letter:

Forks of Coal Creek, Fountain Co.,
April 13, 1826

Dear Cousin Bob: In my last letter from Crawfordsville, I promised to give you a description of this region of country, shortly after our arrival here. I shall now attempt to redeem my promise, tho I confess that there is but little to write about here, except the country, which is in general in a wild, unreclaimed state, just as it came from the hands of God, and the Indians.

You recollect seeing, while on your visit to our house in Montgomery county last Spring, how the outside walls of the settlers' cabins were covered with stretched coon skins, muskrat, and mink skins, and the eaves of the houses were surmounted with buck horns, and other trophies of the chase. The same can be seen here on a more extended scale, and as fast as they become dry the skins are taken down to make room for more.

We have in this neighborhood a blacksmith named John Simpson, a most excellent man, who is a perfect Nimrod in the hunting line. He kills more deer and turkeys in a week with his old gun "Betty," than your favorite hunter, Phin. Thomas, would in a month with his yager. But it may be because game is more plenty here than in Montgomery county, where Phin did his hunting.

It is a heavy timbered country here,

and some of the settlers have a few acres apiece cleared, and under cultivation. I want father to move to the Wea prairie, on the Wabash river, where he owns prairie lands, which are much the easiest improved, but he thinks the country there entirely too new to move to, for a year of two to come. I don't see for my part how it could be much harder to get along any place than it is here; for after we are thru with our day's work—clearing, making rails, or grubbing—we have to put in a good part of our evenings pounding hominy, or turning the hand mill. But it gives us a relish for our hoe cake, and there is no dyspepsia amongst us.

It is very thinly settled around the Forks of Coal Creek, and, indeed, throughout this new county of Fountain. I believe I know every family around us, and as it will take but three or four lines of my letter, I will give you their names and localities:

East of the Forks live Wm. Cochran, Hiram Jones, Benjamin Kepner, and the Browns. Further up the south Fork of Coal, lives Hester, Esq. Mendenhall, Wade, Peter Eastwood, Ball and Gardner. Below the Forks, in our neighborhood, live Abner Rush, Samuel Rush, John Simpson, John Fugate, Jacob Strayer, Bond, Wm. Robe, Barney Ristine, Evans, and Leonard Lloyd, a bachelor, who lives in his cabin alone, "monarch of all he surveys, and lord of the fowl and the brute," on his own premises, at least.

On the south side of the creek there are four families, namely: Dempsey Glascock, Joseph Glascock, John Blair and Patton. Down the creek is another settlement, composed of

Whites, Bryants, Forbes, Medsekers, and a few more families. Up the north Fork of Coal Creek, in the vicinity of the Dotyite Mills, live Osborn, Loppe, Helms, Jonathan Birch, and Snow.

There is quite an excitement about the location of the county seat. The lower end of the county is in favor of Covington; but folks around here prefer a more central point. The Forks here are near the geographical center of the county, but the arguments in favor of a county seat on a navigable river, may prevent our getting the county seat located at this place.

Lest you might think there was danger of us becoming semi-barbarous in this wild region, I will here state that we have circuit preaching every four weeks, by old Father Emmett, a veteran minister of the Methodist denomination, who has been a faithful watchman on the walls of Zion for more than forty years. He is beloved by all who know him—old and young, saint and sinner. His preaching is of the plain, practical, but effective kind, that reaches the hearts of hearers. He has three preaching places within reach of us, viz: at John Simpson's, Kepner's school house above the Forks of Coal creek, and in White's neighborhood in the direction of Covington.

I have found two species of birds here, different from any I ever saw on White Water—the sand hill crane and parroquet. This new species of crane is quite different from the common blue crane, being much larger, and of a sandy, gray color. They go in large flocks like wild geese, but fly much higher, and their croaking notes can be distinctly heard when they are so high in the air that they cannot be

seen. Parroquets are beautiful birds, and fly in flocks of from twenty to fifty in a flight. In size they are some larger than a common quail, and resemble small parrots, from which they derive their name. When full grown their plumage is green, except the neck, which is yellow, and the head red. The heads of the young ones continue yellow until they are a year old. When flying, this bird utters a shrill, but cheerful and pleasant note, and the flash of their golden and green plumage in the sunlight, has a most bewitching effect upon the beholder; who, for a moment, deems he is on the verge of a brighter sphere, where the birds wear richer plumage, and utter a sweeter song.

As time hung heavy on his hands Schoolmaster Cox kept a very interesting diary and from it I shall reproduce another incident that is of interest to residents of all this vicinity, as it shows how the fear of the Indians was hanging over the settlers at all times. The following is verbatim from his diary, written at the time:

July 14, 1827

A report reached here yesterday by a messenger despatched from Osborn's prairie, that the Pottawatomie, Miami and Kickapoo Indians were massacring the white population on Tippecanoe river near the Pretty prairie, and on Wild Cat and Wea creeks, and that they were hourly expected at Shawnee prairie, where the inhabitants were gathering into forts, and making preparations to repel their murderous attack.

We were advised that prudence dictated that our neighborhood should also fortify forthwith.

A general panic seized the people

hereabouts, a minority of whom were in favor of gathering into a fort as quick as possible; but others, more used to frontier life and Indian alarms, and among them my father, thought it best to first send out a few scouts to reconnoitre and report the actual state of things. Accordingly my father, eldest brother and Mr. R.—, accompanied the messenger on his return to Osborn's neighborhood.

Without assembling together, the neighborhood awaited their return. Mother, thinking that Mrs. R.—, (who was left at home with two little children during her husband's absence,) would be alarmed for her and her children's safety, sent her word to come down and bring her two little boys, and stay with us until her husband returned. But Mrs. R.— returned in answer to mother's kind invitation, that "she had made up her mind to stay at home and defend her house to the last extremity—that she would fight in blood shoe-mouth deep, before she would leave her cabin to be burned by the red-skins."

I thought if Mrs. R.— possessed such true grit, that I certainly had pluck enough to go into the watermelon patch and get some melons. So I told the family that I would slip out thru the corn field and bring in a few melons for us to eat. Mother at first remonstrated against my going, but finally consented, on condition that I be prudent, and keep among the growing corn, going and returning. Just as I reached the patch and was stooping to pull a melon, bang! went a rifle about thirty yards distant in the corn. I straightened up—clear miss, thought I; a stupid, bewildered sensation crept over me for a moment. But the

thought that the enemy would soon be upon me with tomahawk and scalping-knife, dispelled the stupor that momentarily bound me, and I instantly sprang out into the growing corn and made for home with all possible speed, meeting mother about half way; she had heard the rifle, and run to the rescue without any weapon to screen me except a mother's impulsive heart.

Mrs. R.— also heard the gun, and supposed that the work of death had already commenced in the neighborhood. But her intrepid spirit was rather intensified than depressed by the proximity of danger; and her husband's axe, which she had brought in from the wood-pile, looked as tho it was ready and willing to be sunk to the helve in the skulls of half a dozen Indians.

During the afternoon it was ascertained that one of our neighbors had discharged his gun at a squirrel in the field, and that he knew nothing of my being in the melon patch at the time, nor of the panic produced by the sound of his gun.

This morning our scouts returned, and brought the news that it was a false alarm; that the Indians were peaceable; that no depredations had been committed, and that the story and alarm originated in the following manner: A man who owned a claim on Tippecanoe river near Pretty prairie, fearing that some one of the numerous land hunters that were constantly scouring the country, might enter the land he had settled upon before he could raise the money to buy it, seeing one day a cavalcade of land hunters riding in the direction of his claim, mounted his horse and darted off at full speed to meet them, swinging his

hat and shouting at the top of his voice, "Indians! Indians! The woods are full of Indians, murdering and scalping all before them!"—They paused a moment, but as the terrified horseman still urged his jaded animal and cried, "Help, Longlois—Cicots, help;" they turned and fled like a troop of retreating cavalry, hastening to the thickest settlements and giving the alarm, which spread like fire among stubble, until the whole frontier region was shocked with the startling cry.

The squatter, who fabricated the story and perpetrated the false alarm, took a circuitous route and returned home that evening; and while others were busy building temporary block houses, and rubbing up their guns to meet the Indians, he was quietly gathering up money, and slipped down to Crawfordsville and entered his land, to which he returned again, chuckling in his sleeve and mentally soliloquizing—

There is a Yankee trick for you—done by a Hoosier.

This incident as narrated by Mr. Cox was a favorite story of the late Newlin H. Yount, who was the last surviving participant in the panic described. At the time he was one year old and his parents lived on what is now the Ignatz Pritscher farm, and they fled to the cabin of a family named Hushaw, on what is now the Will C. Clapham farm, and this cabin stood in what is now the farmhouse yard. John R. Latta, sr., who is remembered as one of Attica's most important men of his day, was notified but he received the warning too late to go. He spent the night in anticipation of an attack upon his home, and was under such a strain that when he saw his own shadow behind him on the wall he whirled and struck it so hard he hurt his hand and bore the scars of the injury long afterward.

Williamsport in 1829

In his journeyings up and down the Wabash valley as a district schoolmaster during the decade following 1825 Sanford C. Cox, to whom I have referred before, visited Montgomery, Fountain, Clinton, Tippecanoe and Warren counties. The schools in those days being purely private affairs organized by the teacher among the patrons, who erected a cabin for a schoolhouse and paid the teacher's salary, Schoolmaster Cox traveled about considerably looking for the most thickly populated communities. Often it took three of the largest

neighborhoods to furnish enough "scholars" for one good school. From Cox's "Recollections of the Early Settlement of the Wabash Valley," I shall quote his description of early Williamsport. Readers should remember that the Williamsport which he describes was located down near the river—the section now known as "Old Town." Main street, to which he refers, is the one which runs east and west past E. F. McCabe's residence, and the date of his first visit is about 1829. He wrote as follows:

“On my first visit to Williamsport, the county seat of Warren county, I stopped with William Search, who kept a boarding house on Main street, near where the Warren Republican, an excellent newspaper, is now (1859) printed and published by my old friend, Enos Canutt, Esq.

James Cunningham, the clerk and recorder of the county, boarded and kept his office in Search's house; and as the most of his time was occupied in building a couple of flatboats to carry corn to the New Orleans market the next spring, he employed me to write in his office of nights and on Saturdays, which would not interfere with my school hours.

The town then consisted of five families, viz: William Harrison, the proprietor of the village, who kept the ferry, and a little tavern and grocery at the foot of Main street; Dr. Jas. H. Buell, Ullery, Search and a man called Wild Cat Wilson. Two only (Harrison and Wilson) of the families above named had children large enough to go to school. The rest of my patrons lived in the country, some two or three miles from town, and consisted of John Semans, sheriff of the county, Wesley Clark, Robb, Hickenbotham, and one or two more.

At this time Warren county was but thinly settled. Perrin Kent, county surveyor, Tillotson, Clinton, and a few other families lived down towards Baltimore and Mound prairie.

On Redwood, and sprinkled thru the woods, and on the edge of the Grand prairie, lived John B. King, Shanklin, Jameson, Hall, Butterfield, Purviance and a few other. On Kickapoo, a small stream lying north of Big Pine creek, was a settlement composed

of Boggs, Enoch Farmer, Samuel En-sley, John and Joseph Cox, Seavers, the widow Mickle, McMahan, the widow Cox, Hollingsworth, Solomon Munroe, Isaac Waymire and Zachariah Cicot, the French-and-Indian trader.

Up Pine creek, in the Rainsville neighborhood, lived James Gooden and Benjamin Crow, county commissioners, William and Jonathan Rhode, Dickson Cobb, Ridenour, Seymour Rhode, William Railsback, Isaac Metsker, Esq. Kearns, McCords, and a few others. Above Cicot's were Judge Samuel B. Clark, Fenton, Magee, Edward Mace (father of the Hon. Dan Mace), Jerry Davis, John and Gabriel Reed, Thomas Johnson, Dawsons, Orrin Munson, Sino Munson, James Stewart, Moores, Bowyer and John Stevenson, alias “Jack Stinson,” who in his earlier and palmer days, taught school in the Reed and Davis neighborhood, and perpetrated none of the eccentricities which filled the last twenty years of his life.

The natural scenery around the town of Williamsport is romantic and beautiful, well worthy the pencil of the painter or the pen of the poet. A range of hills surrounded the original town, on the north and west, crowned with amphitheatre ranges of trees, whose tops rose above each other in such regular gradations that in the spring time when robed in green, or when attired in their variegated hues of autumn, they reminded one of a good comely mother, surrounded with her bevy of lovely daughters, bedecked with green, scarlet or yellow, according to the age, taste or caprice of the wearer. A few clumps of tall evergreen pines are intermixed with these trees, along the steep cliffs that overhang the south bank of Fall branch, a small stream that meanders

thru a narrow and fertile valley which lies on the north side of town. This little stream takes its name from a cataract, where its pellucid waters are precipitated over falls some eighty or one hundred feet high, into a deep chasm, resembling the deep, narrow bed of the Niagara river. Near the falls is a deep chasm, or fissure in the earth, produced no doubt by an earthquake, or some great convulsion of nature, along which pedestrians can walk single file, from the top of the hill thru this subterranean passage to the foot of the falls. Any person fond of the marvelous, or desirous of being reminded of the dark valley of the shadow of the valley of death, can gratify their curiosity by taking a lonely ramble down this dark, deep descent. The interest of this little Niagara is greatly enhanced during the spring and winter freshets, when the accumulated waters of Fall branch leap and thunder over the rocks, throwing up foam and spray that form a mimic rainbow above the

heads of the shrubs and bushes that line the banks of the noisy streamlet, which laughs and leaps along in the sunlight a few hundred yards until it is lost in the placid bosom of the Wabash river, which rolls its broad, clear current along the eastern margin of the town. At the Falls, and in the hills around the town is to be found some of the best sand and free stone in the state. A few huge specimens, about the size of the ordinary courthouse, can be seen lying around on the surface of the ground in several places near the town as if nature had placed them there to direct the attention of man to the rich quarries that lie imbedded beneath. About half a mile below town, surrounded by a broken and romantic landscape, is a large mineral spring, whose chily-beate waters are but little inferior to the celebrated artesian well at Lafayette, which is fast becoming a popular watering place for invalids and excursionists."

"Underground Railroad" Station at Bethel

Among the very first settlements made in Fountain County was that of Bethel. The majority of the first settlers, of this neighborhood were Quakers, who had come from North and South Carolina to Ohio and from Ohio to Indiana. On the account of their religion they were bitterly opposed to the institution of slavery and almost as soon as land was opened for entry at Crawfordsville, (December 1824), they had selected their lands and

taken their claims in the Bethel neighborhood. A quarter of a mile north of the Bethel church, in the north-east quarter of section 35, was very dense timber and some three or four very large buttonwood swamps. These swamps covered five to ten acres of ground, water stood from knee-deep to waist-deep in them the year around, and they were full of tussocks. The buttonwood brush grew so thick on the tussocks that its shade covered the en-

tire surface of the water. The brush grew about eight feet high and was so dense that the sun could not shine thru it. In addition to the buttonwood brush, there grew on the tussocks a giant fern. The leaves often grew six feet long and four feet wide and completely covered the space below the brush and limbs of the buttonwood.

The Quakers soon conceived the idea of making use of these swamps and they located in those woods one of the "stations" for the negro slaves, who could flee the Southern states and make their way up the Wabash river toward Canada, even that early. Almost immediately after the entry of the land in that locality there were a few negro cabins built at the edge of these ponds, perhaps twenty or twenty-five, and hundreds of negroes who had stolen away from their masters in the South were hidden in the brush and ponds during the days of "the underground railroad." When the negroes got into these ponds the bloodhounds could trace them no further and the Quaker settlement to the south furnished them food and clothing and started them on their way for the next "station."

There were at one time as many as one hundred negroes living in these woods and they continued to come from the Southern states to this settlement from about 1826 until the breaking out of the Civil war in 1860; some of them continuing to live there until about twenty years ago. "Jim" Jackson, Dan C. Reed's trusty chauffeur and handy man, is the last remaining representative of this community of colored families that lived about these swamps. All have vanished and he

alone is left—like the last of the Mohicans! His grandfather's name was Alec Simpson, a man of great physical strength, and his Grandmother Simpson was a preacher. I have heard Mrs. Simpson preach a few sermons to the negroes of that settlement when I was a bare-foot boy. She would preach Sunday afternoons in some of the cabins.

Then there was a negro called Billy Jefferson. He and Simpson, and some eight or ten other negro families, were among the very first to settle in that community and they stayed there and religiously protected their colored brothers and sisters who had escaped from the slave states and were on their road to Canada. If a negro could reach one of their cabins in this great wood, he was safe. While hundreds of them were pursued and chased, not one was ever taken captive in that negro settlement. Al Edwards came into that locality about the close of the war and the Scotts probably ten years later, but the negroes who first settled in the woods back of the Bethel church, and who came in with the Quaker families, moved out of that neighborhood after the Civil war. They did not care to live there only so long as they could be of service to their race.

Billy Jefferson, while hunting in Davis township, let his gun slip, so it went off and the load went thru his hand mangling it so that he had the hand amputated. At the close of the Civil war his son killed a negro by the name of Cy Adams. Billy Jefferson felt so bad about this that he moved away, going to Danville, Illinois.

Not only did the negroes have

preaching and revival meetings of their own but they had dances and picnics, and it was nothing uncommon for them to have a campmeeting that would last for three or four weeks. The campmeeting would be interspersed with dances and the music would be made with violins, banjos and tambourines. There were very few but what could play some kind of musical instrument. When a boy, I attended all their entertainments that my parents would permit and enjoyed them very much.

Among those negroes was one worthy of particular note. His name was Ben Moore. He was one of the most perfect specimens of physical manhood who has ever lived in this county. He was 6 feet 4 inches tall, weighed 316 pounds, and was raw-boned; without an ounce of surplus flesh. He got boisterous in Attica one day and Reuben Beamer, who was then marshal, attempted to arrest him. He enlisted four or five deputies; a general fight ensued and Beamer testifies today that Moore was the most powerful man who ever walked the streets of Attica.

At the siege of the Alamo, when the massacre of March 6, 1836, occurred in the war for Texas independence, the fort was held by about 140 men, under William B. Travis. On February 23d it was infested by a Mexican army, of probably four thousand, under Gen. Santa Anna, who at once began a bombardment which scarcely intermitted for the next ten days. The little garrison, compelled to man the defenses day and night and too few to relieve each other, sent desperate appeals to their outside comrades for help. But to break thru the dense

Mexican forces was so difficult that the only re-inforcement received was 32 men on the first of March. At last a breach was made in the walls, and shortly after daylight, March 6th, the general assault was ordered. Twice the storming party was repulsed with petty loss of life. The third time it gained the parapet and entered the enclosure. No surrender was offered and the result showed that the Texans knew their foes too well to expect quarter. Worn with fatigue and privation, they fought to a finish until only five were left. And among the splendid men who died there was David Crockett. And of the 180 inmates three women, two white children and one negro boy were the sole survivors of this historic siege. That one negro boy was Benjamin Moore, who was a body servant of Crockett. When he got away from the Mexicans he went back to Tennessee and Kentucky and lived there until just before the Civil war broke out, when he started with his family to Canada. When he reached the negro settlement in the woods north of the Bethel church he concluded to go no farther and lived in Davis township and Tippecanoe county and near this settlement the rest of his life.

He had four sons, all powerful men. Two of them died of consumption in the community north of Bethel. One of them worked for Azariah Leath and was a good hand. His youngest boy was the strongest man who was ever an inmate of the reformatory at Jeffersonville. He was placed in jail at Covington, accused of stealing \$20 of Gid. Leak along with William Scott. Judge Milford and myself defended

these negroes in this trial. Moore concluded one day when an election was on in Covington to bid farewell to the bastille. Robt. Miller, the sheriff, locked him in the cell to take part in the election. About 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon, when he knew all the politicians of Covington (every man in Covington is a politician) were engaged in the election, he took hold of the iron door of his cell, easily broke the powerful lock, then with the strength of a Sampson he broke both hinges to the doors, took the heavy door of solid iron and smashed thru the stone floor. He loosed the prisoners to follow him, dropt into the cellar of the jail, pulled out the cellar windows more easily than Sampson broke down the pillars of the Philistine temple, and he and all of the prisoners, with the exception of William Scott, escaped and crossed the river on the Big Four railroad bridge into Warren county. When it was discovered that they had broken jail, a large posse of men followed and recaptured all the escaping prisoners. If you should ever happen to step into the jail at Covington, you may still see the heavy iron slab covering the hole Moore broke thru the stone floor with the iron door.

Near the negro community was a spring known as the "Poison spring."

There was a great deal of milksick in these woods and the cattle and sheep and horses, which got away from the farmers and wandered into the woods, would get this peculiar disease and go to this spring or the stream that ran from it for water. Its banks were continually lined with dead and dying stock and on account of this it was known far and wide as the "Poison spring." It is now the spring near Marion Morgan's house and since the timber has been cut off and the swamps drained it is considered a spring of fine water.

The forest of which this quarter section was a part was about three miles in width and about nine miles long and contained the largest deciduous trees that I ever saw growing in America. A few white oak and burr oak trees in these woods grew as much as six and a half feet thru at the stump, while the yellow poplar, or northern tulip, would grow seven feet six inches thru at the stump. They would grow tall and hold their bodies well. This forest is about all gone and much of the garden truck with which Attica is supplied is grown near the "Poison spring" and the site of the negro village. The milksick and the negroes have been gone from that locality more than twenty years.

Bethel Church

In 1826, when Fountain county was organized, Davis township extended two miles further west than it does now, a two-mile slice being taken off

in 1833 and added to a portion of Shawnee township to make Logan township.

In 1825 there was a Methodist class,

with a few members, scattered over Davis township. One of the active members in this class was a man by the name of Linn. Mr. Linn owned ten acres of land where Bethel church now stands and was a member of the Methodist organization. In 1827 a log church was built in what would now be the Bethel graveyard, and a class was organized, known as the Davis Township Methodist Association. Linn's cabin stood where Bethel graveyard is and this location was selected because it was near the center of Davis township. This class ran along in a desultory way for about two years when the Campbells, Pearsons, Parnells, Waldrips, who were Quakers, received recruits enough to share half the time with the Methodist Association.

In 1828 an United Brethren preacher held a revival meeting in the Bethel church. He did not try to get joiners; he simply tried to make converts, and succeeded in getting nearly every family for miles around interested in his work. At the close of this meeting he advised that they have but one denomination. The United Brethren and Methodists were ready to vote on this but the Quakers, who seemed to be in the minority, refused to leave their faith. They continued to have their Quaker meetings every two weeks, and ran along for probably three months after the revival had closed. It was the custom of the Quakers in their meetings to have two class-leaders, and the members spoke only when the spirit moved them. When the spirit moved both of the class-leaders to dismiss at the same time they arose and shook hands, and this closed the service. John Campbell and Jonathan Campbell,

two brothers, were the class-leaders in the Quaker congregation. Once a few weeks after the evangelistic services closed John felt moved to dismiss early in the meeting. He arose and extended his hand to his brother Jonathan, but the spirit had not yet moved Jonathan, and John took his seat. About ten minutes later Jonathan arose and extended his hand to John but the spirit did not move John then so Jonathan sat down and waited. After about fifteen minutes had passed he concluded that the spirit was not going to move his younger brother to close the meeting that evening. Then he arose and announced to the congregation that he would cast his vote to unite with the Methodists as soon as he got an opportunity. Jacob Turman, a pioneer Methodist preacher, who had been one of the first preachers to move into the Bethel neighborhood, was in the congregation. He immediately arose and announced that there would be such a meeting the Sunday following, and the vote was taken as between the Quakers and the Methodists. In the meantime John canvassed the community for the Quakers, while Jonathan canvassed for the Methodists and when the vote was taken, with the United Brethren voting with the Methodists, they carried the election in favor of all uniting as Methodists by only one vote. After the Methodists won all the Quakers joined the Methodist church. This John Campbell was the grandfather of Mrs. Ed Purviance and his brother Jonathan was the grandfather of Tom Campbell and Mrs. Connell. They had an older brother by the name of Henry Campbell, who lived in the Bethel neighborhood and Mrs. Waldrip was a sister

and my Grandmother Whicker a niece of these Campbells. They are all buried in the Bethel graveyard.

After this community decided to organize and maintain a Methodist church the church throve for a few years like a green bay tree, and by 1829 was one of the largest Methodist congregations in the state. Some of the best preachers in the state were sent to this class. They built a parsonage in which the ministers who were in charge lived for many years. As soon as the question of what denomination would have control of the religious matters of the community was settled, they purchased the ten-acre tract of Mr. Linn, and nine acres of it was laid off for a graveyard, one acre being reserved for the church and the schoolhouse. Really the township has no interest whatever in the land as it was purchased by the people, nine acres of it for a graveyard and one acre set apart on which to build the church. The people of the neighborhood by common consent built the first schoolhouse on this lot and it came into control of the township when the subscription schools ceased. Under the present law it would be the duty of the township trustee to take care of the Bethel graveyard, and in-as-much as the people who have been interested in that ten acres of land have given the township a place for a schoolhouse, without expense nearly 90 years, the township could afford to take care of this graveyard and take care of it well.

The schoolhouse erected there years ago burned down last summer and a handsome new one, of bungalow design, was built on the old site.

Jacob Turman, the pioneer Methodist

preacher, who took advantage of the disagreement of the Campbell brothers, was a grandfather of Samuel Turman and a great-grandfather of the Ross Brothers who edit The Ledger. His father settled in a very early day on Turman was born near there. He Sullivan county, Indiana, and Jacob Turman was born was born there. He joined the Methodist church when about twenty years of age and went to Illinois as a missionary, among the Indians, traveling and preaching among them for four years. Jacob Turman went home to visit his father while preaching among the Indians in Illinois, and there were still numerous Indians in Sullivan county. The Indians had planned to murder the elder Turman, drive away his stock and rob him of his property, but on the first night of Jacob's return his father invited him to conduct family devotions. While Jacob was praying the Indians surrounded his home and looking thru the windows saw the family at prayer. On account of their superstitions they felt that it would be an offense to the Great Spirit to disturb them at that time and they withdrew, crossed the Wabash river and attacked a house in which there was a woman, with two or three children, alone for the night, and brutally murdered them. It was not Jacob's prayer but the Indians' superstition that saved the Turmans. The old pastor used often to relate this incident in his sermons, and give it as an instance of the power of prayer.

Jacob Turman's wife, before her marriage, was Susan Rollins of Lexington, Ky., a distant relative of Henry Clay, and the mother of the Ross Brothers was named for her. They settled in

the Bethel neighborhood in October, 1824, making one of the very first settlements in what is now Logan townships. The Campbells, Pearsons, Waldris, Burches and Robert Clapham came the next spring.

Jacob Turman died in the Bethel neighborhood in 1840. He was a very devout Methodist all his life and felt that his greatest achievement was in establishing the Methodist class at Bethel. This Methodist class furnished forty-six preachers to the Methodist Church. I shall give the names of a few of them: Pierce Rhodes, who founded the college at Onarga, Ill., and also the Methodist college at Baldwin, Kansas; Zenas Turman, of Nebraska; John Spray, of Oregon; William Campbell, James Campbell, Jerry Campbell, Samuel Campbell, Wilson Campbell, Mary Ward, Augusta Tullis, (who did effective work as a missionary in Africa), Henry Benson of California, Robert Clapham, two brothers who preached in Iowa by the name of Williams, Wiley Jones, and Edgar Tullis. Some of these preached for the United Brethren Church and some for the Free Methodists, but out of the forty at least thirty of them begun their work early in life in the Methodist church and were of great value to that denomination. William Campbell, Pierce Rhodes, Samuel Campbell, Henry Benson and Augusta Tullis-Kelly are deserving of special notice because of their accomplishments in after years.

In 1825 a campmeeting was held by the Methodists at a large spring known as the Campbell Spring, near the Bethel Church. These campmeetings were held annually for many years. They lasted about four weeks, usually began about

the first of September and thousands of people attended. For perhaps fifteen or twenty years many Indians camped with the Methodists and took part and it was a boast of the church that many Indians were converted at these meetings from 1826 to 1836. The last campmeeting held at this spring was a two-days meeting. I was a boy about nine years of age, but remember quite well attending the meeting. Richard Hargrave was the preacher; he stood very high, not only among the Methodists but among all classes. Not only was Richard Hargrave a good preacher but he was a splendid man and all who knew him loved him. The splendid personality of Hargrave made him more than a local character. He was the father of Carrie Campbell, the wife of Jonathan Campbell, and grandfather of Mrs. Ed Purviance, Will Campbell, Ora Grant, Mrs. G. Parnell, John, Richard and Grant Campbell.

The Bethel neighborhood furnished a few good singers, among them being William Waldris. I listened with great pleasure to Jonathan Campbell as he sang in the choir at Bethel with clear voice when he was near eighty years of age. Jonathan Campbell's sweet voice on this occasion, I remember as I remember the voice of my mother, whom I believe, without prejudice, can be classed as one of the rare voices which our county has produced.

I perhaps am a little prejudiced because of the interest of our family there, and yet in its late days the Bethel community developed too much of caste and I would prefer now, as I did in my boyhood, the association of the Swedish community, east of Attica; of the Germans, with their beer

parties; or of the Irish at Maysville. I took part in all of them. I was in no way related to the Germans, the Irish or the Swedes and I speak only with the experience of years in concluding that, had the Methodist church at Bethel become a part of the great American Melting Pot and tried to assimilate the German, the Swede and the Irishman, and to direct and cultivate their course in life away from the clannish ideas of Europe instead of becoming a clan itself with a caste almost as iron-clad as those of India,

the Bethel church could and would have been one of the greatest factors for good and real Americanism in this locality. They lost this opportunity, and losing it lost the blessing of the Angel with whom they had wrestled.

Altho the old church still stands the congregation and the community is now but a memory, but indeed, it is a pleasant memory. Not only has its touch been of value to the Methodist church, it has been of value to this community, of value to all who have come in contact with it.

The Mills on Shawnee Creek

The first settlers in Fountain county realized the value of water power, particularly the water power of Coal creek and Shawnee creek.

Bloomer White built the first mill on Coal creek south of Veedersburg and soon after this the Mallerys built a mill near the lime crushing plant on Shawnee creek. This was the first grist mill built on Shawnee. It was a good mill and prospered for many years. Afterwards the McMillens, Bookwalters, Greenwoods and Burbridges had grist mills on this stream. The proprietor of the McMillen mill was the grandfather of Mark and Dan Briney and great-great-grandfather of Mrs. Fred S. Purnell. The Mallery mill was run by water power gathered from two large springs on the hill just above the lime plant. This mill was a very well built small mill and was operated by the Mallerys for perhaps thirty years when the mill and dwelling houses about it burned. These mills

were all of them of advantage to Rob Roy.

Rob Roy was laid out in 1826 by John Foster and he and Mr. Lopp operated a saw mill on Shawnee creek, near the town. Hiram Jones afterward platted an addition to the town. It is said that Mr. Foster was an admirer of the writings of Sir Walter Scott and named his town in honor of the Scotch outlaw Rob Roy, who figured in one of Scott's tales. Mr. Foster afterwards moved to Iowa and Rob Roy became a prosperous place and finally the largest town in Fountain county. At one time it had a row of brick business buildings and people went from Attica and Covington to Rob Roy to trade; in fact, it became the center of the merchandising in the county. The town at that time (about 1836) had five dry goods stores, four groceries, a hotel, three doctors, and was the center of a very active community. Some fine horse shows were held there

in those days and Rob Roy was a very promising town. When it was laid out a public square was platted with avenues running diagonally from each corner—really the best plat of any of the towns of Fountain county. But “the best laid plans of mice and men, gang aft agley” and now there remains no trace of the square or the avenues. Even the business houses are gone and there remains on the old site only a few residences. Like Maysville, Rob Roy met its Waterloo when the Wabash and Erie canal was built and Attica had its first boom.

The mills along Shawnee did a flourishing business. There were no more than four of them in operation at one time. At the mouth of Shawnee a man by the name of Smith erected a wharf for loading boats on the Wabash river and the products of the mills along Shawnee were hauled to this wharf and loaded on the flatboats and steam boats and sent to New Orleans, while many loads of flour were taken overland to White Pigeon, Michigan, and Chicago, Illinois. In connection with this wharf Mr. Smith had a storehouse or elevator and bought all kinds of grain. About 1830, he built a distillery near the Trott bridge and a packing house further down the creek near the river. About this packing house were a few buildings and they called the place Table Rock; this name was in honor of the large table rock on Will Young’s place south of Attica. Near the distillery Mr. Smith laid off another town, which he christened Jamestown but the community insisted on referring to it as “Yankeetown;” “Yankeetown” really included both Table Rock and Jamestown. In addi-

tion to his distillery at “Yankeetown” Mr. Smith also built a packing house and the packing house, distillery and grain elevator operated at the mouth of Shawnee made “Yankeetown” a flourishing place. They had a hotel, dry goods store, grocery, a saloon and a general store, and all the industries at the mouth of Shawnee prospered, particularly the packing house and distillery. Many hogs, cattle and sheep were slaughtered and shipt down the river to New Orleans, or hauled overland to the lake from “Yankeetown” at the mouth of Shawnee. They would throw the offal from the packing house in the brush near where the Wabash gravel pits now are, and the wolves would cross the river when it was frozen over, from the Warren county side, by the hundreds to feed upon the offal from this packing house. Their mournful howls could be heard at night at Rob Roy and Attica and it was not considered safe to travel the road from Attica to “Yankeetown” after sundown.

The distillery burned and Mr. Smith closed his packing house and moved to Auburn, N. Y. He had made a comfortable fortune at the mouth of Shawnee and went to Auburn to educate his children. He died there a wealthy, respected man.

It was thru Mr. Smith that Jacob, Griffith and William Town came to Attica. Jacob Town was the grandfather of Theodore and Horace Brant and Griffith Town was the father of Mrs. Draper and grandfather of Mrs. David Benson Sr., of Independence. Smith bought 240 acres of land, including the Gus and Ed Leaf place and the Vester place, for the Town brothers.

The latter divided it, each taking 80 acres. As long as Jacob Town and Smith lived there was nothing but a letter sent by Smith to Town to show Town's title to the land; and this letter was his only evidence of title for 20 years. Both he and Smith died near the same time. The children of Town wrote the children of Smith, stating the condition of their title; and, knowing all the facts of the transaction the Smith heirs aided the Town heirs in every way they could to perfect their title, feeling in honor bound to make good their father's obligation, Lewis Town, a son of Jacob Town, platted Town's Addition to the City of Attica.

It was in the waters of Shawnee, that the late John W. Bookwalter, who at his death was probably the wealthiest citizen Fountain county ever produced, conducted the experiments that afterword won him fame and wealth. His father was a progressive man and his mill was equipt with the best machinery of the time. When a man named Lefel in Springfield, Ohio, put out a turbine wheel Mr. Bookwalter used them in his mill. Young John W. was of an inventive turn and after numerous experiments devised a very important improvement. With his father's approval he went to Springfield and laid his plans before the manufacturer. The latter recognized the value of the improvement and took the young man into his factory where the invention was utilized. Later Lefel took him into partnership and Bookwalter married his only daughter. It was thus that the experiments in the waters of Shawnee creek were the foundation upon which was built the fortune of fourteen million dollars, which Mr.

Bookwalter left at his death.

The Bookwalters built the old stone house below Rob Roy and south of the house a little way the Bookwalter boys built a large telescope and many people came from miles around to the Bookwalter place to look thru the telescope at the moon and the moving planets.

I remember well going to the Bookwalter mill when a boy with my father, and going with some of the Bookwalter boys to the telescope to take a look at the moon. And I remember going with my father to the Burbridge mill and his talking with Wilson Claypool, one of the first settlers in the county, on the road to the mill. After I was grown I took a grist of wheat for flour to the Bookwalter mill on Shawnee and it was then operated by Lon Swank, our illustrious drayman, and Ab Donovan, now druggist to his honor, the citizen of Williamsport. Frank Hatton had charge of the mill the day I took the grist to be ground and while the miller watched the wheel roll 'round grinding out his wealth, Frank and myself pitched knives into the door of the office. I was poor at knife pitching but Frank could stick the knife in the door every time.

We went down early in the morning and the roads were frozen, but thru the day the roads thawed and it was almost impossible to get thru the Nave lane from Frank Nave's to George Stafford's on our return. This was the worst piece of road I ever traveled over, in my life. I cannot describe it; first one horse and then the other would go down in the mire and I am sure I was two hours in driving that distance. This was my last trip to Shawnee creek with a grist for the mills.

The Greenwood mill was at first only a cornercracker but when Harley Greenwood purchased it he built additions and made it a flouring mill.

F. W. Macoughtry, now postmaster of Attica, and A. A. Greenwood operated the Greenwood mill at one time and it prospered under their management, the demands upon them being so great that they had to run day and night. Frank Simmons, father of Rural Carrier Charles Simmons, was their miller. Harley Greenwood, the builder and owner of the mill, was not only a good miller but a good citizen. At the present time we call Tom Leif "king of the Swedes," and Paul Hoste "king of the Hollanders," and in his day and generation Harley Greenwood was called "The king of Shawnee." "The king's highway," leading south from Attica past Riverside cemetery to Rob Roy, was so called in honor of Mr. Greenwood.

Postmaster Macoughtry recalls that in 1870 he and Mr. Greenwood made a trip to the Shenandoah Valley for a visit with his wife's folks and from there to Maine, where his own people were. When they left Rob Roy Mr. Greenwood took with him \$8,000 in

currency and distributed this among his relatives and those of his wife. When they reached Toledo, Ohio, on the return trip he had to borrow \$10 from Mr. Macoughtry to have enough to get back home. While in New York on this trip Mr. Macoughtry and the old gentleman saw "The Black Crook" a noted play which was then having its first run, and which created a sensation thruout the country.

The grist mills on Shawnee were an important industry until about thirty years ago. Some of the old frames are still standing but there has been no flour made on Shawnee for many years and the water power which was considered so valuable in the early settlement of our country is no longer of any use; in fact, the flow of water has diminished so that it would no longer afford the necessary power the greater part of the year. The mills have gone the way of all the earth, yet occasionally there lingers with us one of the millers who watched the turning of the stone that ground the grist in the old water mills. The small mills have been caught between the upper and the nether stones of modern commerce.

Ravine Park

Ravine Park in Attica has always been an interesting place and to it and its springs is partly due the location of the city. The earliest settlers found it a favorite camping ground of the Indians owing to the fine springs and the shelter which it afforded in winter. Fresh water was always a

consideration not only with the Indians but with the white man as well and so we find that the trail from the Shawnee Prairie led past these springs to the old Sycamore ford, near where the Wabash railroad bridge now spans the river. It was the presence of this ford and the trail leading up from

it that first attracted the attention of Hollingsworth and Stump to the possibilities which this location offered for a town site.

The springs were much used by the early settlers and Joseph Peacock, one of the city's pioneers, spent the first winter after he came to Attica in a log cabin which he found vacant near the big spring where the old reservoir is located.

The grounds where the chautauqua is held, was a brickyard in the early history of the city and the brick for the first brick building in the town—a small store building located where Borst Bros. meat market is now—was burned there. The old brick house just south of the chautauqua grounds also contains brick burned there. The yards and kilns of this plant were located just south of the automobile entrance to the chautauqua grounds, near the old orchard there, and the presence of half-buried brickbats still testifies to the fact. The clay was obtained in the ravine where the chautauqua pavilion is located and later the yard was operated there. The hillocks about the building are monuments to this pioneer industry. M. V. Chapman, who afterward operated a photograph gallery in this city, burned brick on this site for many years in his younger days. Nearly all the brick for the older buildings in the city were made there.

Very early in the history of Attica, (about 1830), a stillhouse or distillery was erected by Joseph Collyer just above the springs, about where the little log cabin used as a park tool-house is now located. The distillery was also a rude mill, two large nigger-

head stones being used as millstones. Remnants of the foundations of this old building can still be seen. This stillhouse and mill was operated at one time by a man named Hickson. Later Armsby Green, the grandfather of A. P. Green, ran the plant and the latter's father lost the sight of an eye while playing there as a boy. It is interesting as measuring the growth of changing conditions in the community that C. Lewis Green this year managed a chautauqua in the same park where his great-grandfather managed a distillery. The distillery in those days was considered almost as necessary as the mill and whisky, it must be remembered, was sold as freely in those days as is vinegar today. In fact, it was sold in much the same way, every grocery having a barrel of whisky on tap, just as they have vinegar today, and nearly every family kept a jug of it in the house.

Not far from where the chautauqua pavilion stands was once located another factory where all kinds of woodenware were made. The man who ran this industry selected his woods very carefully and turned out some very fine wooden bowls, ladles, butter prints and other articles of that character. There was no aluminum or granite-ware in those days, even crockery was scarce, and these wooden utensils were much in favor with the pioneer women of Attica.

Another interesting industry now long since forgotten except by a few of the oldest Atticans, was a lime kiln operated at a point where the high bridge at Canada street is now located. The sides of the hill there contain large deposits of marl which can be seen

cropping out about the springs just above the old reservoir, while below the bridge are two large chunks of it at the side of the drive. These are probably fragments excavated while the plant was in operation and thus remain as a monument to a dead industry. From this marl the lime was obtained by burning in kilns located in the hillside. Many of the older brick houses in the city were built with lime obtained from this place. It was used too in plastering the walls of the first frame houses and in building the chimneys and daubing the chinks of the log cabins of the earliest settlers. For a time this was quite an industry.

Soon after J. D. McDonald came to Attica from Williamsport he acquired possession of the ravine and other adjacent land and owned it for many years. He erected the large residence opposite the high school building where James Scribner now lives. In 1835 Levy Hollovy leased the springs of McDonald and undertook to establish a waterworks system for the town. He built a dam in the lower part of the park, near where Marshal Beamer's barn now stands, and there he water-seasoned logs, which he later bored by hand and used as pipes. He brought the water down as far as McDermond's corner in this way and served a number of patrons, with the clear cold spring water. After a few years Hollovy sold his lease to a stock company which extended the lines thru the main streets of town and this served until 1858. A part of these pipes were above ground and rested on wooden supports a couple of feet high. The faucets were simply holes in the pipes stopt with a wooden plug, and one could pull out a plug

and get a refreshing drink or fill a pitcher from these holes. Thus we see that the principle of the new-fangled bubble fountains is an old one after all. The system of log pipes soon fell into bad repair. As they began to rot they were neglected and were never replaced and the enterprise was allowed to fall thru. Marshall Milford, Luke Whicker and a few other citizens, at their own expense, bought and laid iron pipes from the spring to the top of the hill in order to keep the water flowing and thus preserve the lease for the city.

In 1873 the City Council took up the matter and laid iron pipes from the Milford house down town and located a number of hydrants for the use of the public. This stimulated the desire for a real waterworks system and two years later the city bought the springs. The two stone reservoirs were built, one at the bottom and the other on top of the hill, and a pumping station was created near the lower one. The foundations of this old pumping plant still stand beside the driveway just east of the lower reservoir. Pipes were extended over the principal part of the city and many of the pipes then laid are still in use today. This system served until 1901 when the City bought the electric light plant and moved the pumping station to the river front, where the two were combined. Deep wells were driven for the water supply and the water from them was pumped into a new and larger reservoir constructed on higher ground at the eastern edge of the city. The fine springs which had quenched the thirst of the people of Attica for nearly seventy years were abandoned to the bullfrog.

The old dam built by Hollovy endured for many years and in spite of the coolness of the water it rivaled the canal as a swimming place for the boys of that generation, some of whom are still living. Samuel Mentzer, who had the contract for sprinkling the streets in those days, filled his tank there and kept up the dam for that purpose. He rigged up a simple bathhouse there, with a showerbath, towels, soap etc. and realized quite a revenue from it, the bathers being charged 25c each. Marshal Beamer in his youth was a patron of this establishment, and remembers it well.

Some of the most interesting history in connection with Ravine park relates to the fairs which were held there for a number of years. The fairground occupied the same site which the chautauqua does now and the old racecourse can still be traced as it circles around the grounds. It was only a fifth of a mile around but some good races were put on there. There was no grandstand but nature had provided one in the hillside at the south side of the grounds and on big days its grassy side was covered with an interested crowd of spectators, and many of the older men and women of Attica recall the happy days they spent there as boys and girls. Four fairs, I think, were all that were held there.

The first bicycle ever seen in Attica was exhibited at the fair and it created much interest. The machine was of the style with a wheel four or five feet high in front and a little one behind with the saddle directly over the big wheel. The rider was a Miss Lottie St. Clair. She rode about halfway around the ring when she met with a

mishap of some sort and took a header, which ended the exhibition. I recall seeing an "appaloosey" pacing horse belonging to Ed Schlosser, of Warren county, stumble and fall in a race on this track. Mr. Schlosser was riding the animal and was caught under him and injured when he fell.

William Clapham Sr. raised fine, Red Durham or Shorthorn cattle, having the finest herd in the state and one of the finest in America. He took great pride in his cattle and great interest in the fair, and carried away many prizes. His neighbor and friend, John C. Campbell, raised white Durham cattle, and he took pride in his cattle, he and Campbell being strong competitors at all the fairs. This contention was entered into by Mr. Clapham and Mr. Campbell with enthusiasm and earnestness but always in good humor. They would take their stock to the fairs together, and if one of them had to leave the other would take care of all the stock. Both were really interested in having better stock in this country, and no one has done more to improve the stock in this locality than Mr. Clapham. In one contest for sweepstakes Clapham won as to the best male and Campbell won as to the best cow. Will Clapham was a boy then but recalls as well as tho it were yesterday how he helped show off the stock.

James Cassell and James Tullis, of the Bethel neighborhood, contested at these fairs for first honors on hogs and sheep; they were as enthusiastic in improving the stock of this locality as Clapham and Campbell and added their mite to getting rid of the razorbacks, while Campbell and Clapham were driving out the pennyroyal.

Thomas Birch and William Waldrip were usually at the gate to take in the tickets and the fairs proved a success for several years. They became as widely patronized as is the chautauqua and many of the grandparents of those who attend the chautauqua attended these fairs. They were looked forward to for family reunions, a week of recreation and renewal of old acquaintances with as much enthusiasm as is the chautauqua. The fair flourished and things moved nicely until the management decided in their great wisdom and kindness to have a balloon ascension and charge 25c extra. Nearly every one would buy a badge for the entire family and go every day, with the understanding that these entitled them to all the privileges and entertainments on the grounds, so the 25c extra charge for the balloon ascension caused a tempest in a teapot. The farmers who came from Fountain, Warren and Benton counties rebelled and refused to pay. H. J. Green was one of the directors and he opposed the increase so strongly that he took up a position at the gate and paid the extra quarter for those that objected until he had paid out over \$300 from his own pocket. The crowd finally got too big for him and he gave up. The 25c extra was resented with a stubbornness that amazed the fair management.

About the time that the contention had reached its height and hundreds of farmers were arguing with the management while their families waited in their wagons and buggies, our illustrious "Please God" Jacky Bethel drove up in a one-horse shay, with two smiling damsels, dressed in their best bib and tucker. Jacky drove proudly

past the crowd to the entrance all unconscious of the dispute. When the gatemen insisted on charging him 75c extra he regarded it a personal insult and expostulated volubly with Burch and Waldrip. The dispute continued while the crowd outside increased in size and impatience.

To prevent blocking the gate Jacky finally told the gateman to pass his girls on in and he would fix it with the ticket-sellers. When the rig and the ladies were safely inside he went to the ticket office, took off his coat, hat and watch, and declared his intention of licking the gateman. He sailed in and in spite of the fact that the gateman had a cane Jack soon had him bested. Waldrip called the policemen but Jack had his fighting blood up by that time and as the policemen came running up he backed up to the fence and knocked down several of them as they attempted to arrest him. Finally Howard Glasscock, a big strapping fellow who was in the crowd outside, shouted "Come on boys, we'll have to see Jacky thru in this." By this time the crowd was ready for anything and scores of men eagerly followed Glasscock's lead. Charging upon the gates the farmers tore them off their hinges but not content with that tore down sections of the fence and piled it in a heap. Rallying around Jacky they defied the management to arrest him and Glasscock advised Burch and Waldrip not to attempt it. They were too old, he told them, and the atmosphere wasn't calculated to sweeten the disposition of good Methodist deacons.

No further resistance was made, the gates were not replaced and no more entrance fees were collected. Jacky

found himself an unintentional hero. This was the last day of the fair and it proved to be the last fair in Attica. The balloon went up—and so did the fair.

Early Land Prospecting on the Wabash

This story is rather out of place in the series at this time and should have been written in connection with articles telling of the sale and settlement of the lands in this vicinity, but as it contains many points of interest to some of the older families and gives a glimpse of things as they were at that time I am going to include it here.

It was thoroly advertised over the eastern states that the land in the Crawfordsville District would be opened to entry on the 24th day of December, 1824. The various expeditions that portions of the United States army had made into the Wabash Valley had given the soldiers an opportunity to see something of the country which was to be opened for settlement. Some of the soldiers had marched with General Scott, some had marched with Wilkinson, some had come with Hamtramck, and some had come with Harrison and Hopkins and all gave glowing accounts of the rich soil and splendid possibilities awaiting the settler in the Wabash Valley. These accounts inspired many persons who intended to take up or buy land from the Government to make journeys into the new territory to locate their claims or the land they would purchase. In one instance at least quite a large company of men from Warren and adjoining counties in Ohio, left Lebanon, Warren county, Ohio as soon as their harvest was over, the

grain stacked and corn laid up, and came to look over the lands for entry in the Crawfordsville district. This was in the autumn of 1824.

Henry Campbell, Steven Covert Berry Whicker, Alfred Fisher and several others came into this vicinity landing in what is now Fountain county about the last of August. They made their headquarters with Enoch Farmer with whom they were acquainted and who had squatted on land that is now the Robert Milligan place. When Warren county was afterward organized the first court was held at the home of Enoch Farmer. He had the county named Warren for Warren county, Ohio, from which he had come, and tried to have the county seat located on his farm. He laid out a town which he called Warrenton for the county seat of Warren county. While he was privileged to christen the county he could not overcome the opposition from Williamsport and the county seat got away from him. Warrenton never amounted to anything and the plat was vacated in after years.

This colony of land-seekers had known Mr. Farmer in Ohio. The four men that I have named went from Mr. Farmer's place with a band of Potawatami Indians, Topenibee being the chief of this tribe at that time. Among those Indians were some who were cousins to Alfred Fisher and

Berry Whicker. These Indians were really Shawnees or Miamis, and when the Potawatamies came down from the north they hunted with them, so the land-seekers joined the Indians' hunting party and marched from Kickapoo thru what is now Warren and Benton counties, making their first stop at Beaver lake. The blue stem grass grew so high in Benton county that one of the party rode out a few feet into the blue stem from the party on the Indian trail and the rest of the party passed without seeing him. My grandfather (Berry Whicker) was riding a large, strong horse and he could tie the blue stem over his head, sitting on his horse, so tall was it in Benton county. There were a few buffalo, many deer and a great many wolves in the prairies of Benton county, and the white men in this party thought that the prairie would never be taken up. Alfred Fisher took up his claim near where Pine Village is and Henry Campbell took his claim in the Bethel neighborhood east of Attica. My grandfather afterwards came back and settled in the Bethel neighborhood but did not take up land at that time.

When they left Beaver lake they went to Chicago and stayed around Chicago for a week or more and from Chicago they started on their home trip, stopping at South Bend. Steven Covert took land from the government adjoining the town of South Bend; soon afterwards he moved onto this land and raised his family there.

The woods about Mr. Farmer's place were filled with timber wolves, panthers and bears. There were a great many wild turkeys and deer in this locality and the Wabash river was full of fish.

Henry Campbell and Alfred Fisher came back in December to Crawfordsville and registered their claims and soon afterward moved on to them. Mr. Covert moved on to his claim near South Bend about the same time.

I am of the opinion that Topenibee and the Indians who were related to Mr. Covert's wife had something to do with their locating at this time on the St. Joseph river, as Topenibee's home was Topinabee, on the St. Joseph river in Michigan. The Shawnee prairie attracted their attention on account of its beauty. It was interspersed with timber, small tracts of prairie and with a great many ponds of water.

This party spent most of their time with Mr. Farmer because of the fishing along the Wabash and the splendid opportunity to hunt while they were in this locality. Mr. Farmer was enthusiastic as to the future of the west side of the Wabash and he thought that some day the vast prairies of Benton county would be settled and that their products would come to some town along the Wabash to be shipt.

Soon after Henry Campbell settled in the Bethel neighborhood east of Attica many of his friends and relatives came into that locality. Isaac Waldrip, a brother-in-law, and later his brother Jonathan Campbell settled in this neighborhood. John Campbell, another brother, settled in Jackson township but his wife and some of his stock died there of milksick, and he moved to the Bethel neighborhood where his brother and sister had settled. There were only a few of the party that made the trip to Chicago and back thru South Bend. Some of the Birchs and Colverts were in this party, having come into the

county the year before. Jesse Birch took up the land where Watt Morgan now lives, and his brother took up the Clayton Todd farm land near Bethel.

The prospectors who made the trip to Chicago saw no land that they considered as valuable or desirable as the Wabash Valley, with the exception of Covert. On the trip to Chicago there were a hundred Indians or more in the party and only a few of the white people, and the Indians killed what game they used for food until they reached Beaver lake. Beaver lake was at this time a beautiful body of water, very clear and rather shallow, a delightful place for the Indians to hunt, fish and bath. It was one of the principal camping grounds of the Potawatami Indians, and with the exception of the visit with their friends along the Wa-

bash the white men who were with this party enjoyed the stay at Beaver lake better than all the rest of the trip. The Wabash Valley was considered a long, long way from eastern Ohio, whether they came down the Ohio to the Wabash or whether they drove thru the dense woods and mirey swamps where they could see the shy deer by day and hear the scream of the panther by night. It was a long journey but the pioneers who had come to take a look at this promised land went back with accounts as promising and delightful as did the spies of old, who had gone into the land of Canaan. They could tell the story of the wild grape growing in profusion, of the wild plums and berries and the Wabash Valley impressed all who saw it as a land flowing with milk and honey.

The Redwood Bandits

Among the first settlers of Warren county were certain brothers by the name of High, who came from Pennsylvania and were thrifty, industrious people. One of the brothers, Henry High, went the farthest out on the prairie of any settler of his time and made his home just across the road east from where the Soul Sleepers church in Jordan township was afterward built. Another brother settled on Redwood creek and Isaac lived at Redwood Point in front of where stands the house now belonging to John Hunt on the south side of Redwood. Still another brother lived farther down the creek.

The Highs came into Warren county

between 1826 and 1830, took up their claims from the government and became well acquainted with all the government lands on the prairies north of Redwood so their homes soon became the centers for the home-seekers who came into Warren county from the East. They were very hospitable and accommodating and very valuable to the home-seekers in finding locations for them, and on account of their hospitality they soon drew about them a very extensive acquaintance. Apparently it was not their aim or object to become interested in any way in lawlessness.

Isaac High's oldest son was George High. He had black eyes, was fully

six feet tall with a fine physique, and was an entertaining talker, every way an interesting individual and leader of men. Soon among the many settlers who had learned of the hospitality of the Highs there came many persons from the East and the South, who were criminals running away from the law of the eastern and southern states. George High became acquainted with many of those persons. Some of them as they came thru would steal horses in Ohio, Kentucky and other states and bring them into the Redwood neighborhood. Soon George High and his brothers and sisters became not only interested in protecting these horse thieves but George became the leader of an organized band of horse thieves and counterfeiters. They would bring their horses to near Portland, and cross the river in the neighborhood of Hanging Rock at the mouth of Redwood. Redwood was bordered by a dense thicket from where it empties into the Wabash river to the prairie, and if a horse once got across the river into the brush of Redwood the High organization was able to so secrete him that he would never be found. This organization grew until it had ramifications in almost every state in the East and South. Some of their members were on almost every boat that went down the Ohio or Mississippi rivers. They had a rendezvous on the Salt Fork of the Vermilion river and one at Bogus Island in what is known as the Gifford swamps in Jasper county. All the horses were first brought to Redwood Point. Some of them were taken from there to the Salt Fork of Vermilion and some were taken to Bogus Island. If they were taken to the Salt Fork

of the Vermilion river they were then taken to Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska and sold; if taken to Bogus Island they were taken to Chicago, Wisconsin or Michigan and disposed of. All of the organization carried and dealt in counterfeit money.

Many farmers in Fountain county and Montgomery county began early to deal in fine stock, and among the very first stock to be improved in this locality was horses. My grandfather, Berry Whicker, and his wife's uncle, Henry Campbell, who lived on the John Kerr place in the Bethel neighborhood, went to Ohio in 1837 and purchased two Cleveland bay mares each and a stallion. This horse was a fine animal and after the death of Henry Campbell this property passed to his son Henry D. Campbell. My grandfather and his uncle, Henry Campbell, employed a relative of the Campbells by the name of Owen to take care of their horse. This horse was kept part of the time at Henry D. Campbell's, a part of the time at Williamsport and a part of the time at Redwood Point. Mr. Owen came over one time and informed Mr. Campbell and my grandfather that the horse was stolen. Henry D. Campbell immediately called together about one hundred men, rode over to Redwood Point, taking Owen along, and demanded the return of this horse. The Highs saw that the followers of Henry Campbell were in earnest and told him that on a certain day in the following week the horse would be in the stable at Williamsport. Henry D. Campbell went over to the Williamsport stable on that day and the horse was there. Owen soon after took charge of the Bogus Island rendezvous and he and

George High became the sworn enemies of Campbell.

It was several years before they had further trouble but after the death of his father and my grandfather Henry D. Campbell took over all the horses that both of them had owned; among them a fine matched gray team of which Henry became very proud. One night one of his nephews ran away from home and stopt at the Campbell home. He was induced to stay over night and about 11:00 o'clock, after everyone else was in bed, Mr. Campbell arose with the intention of going to the boy's home and informing his parents where he was so that they would not be worried about him. As he started to the barn he saw a light thru the cracks of the stall where the gray team was kept. At first he thought the building was on fire but when he saw the light move about he knew that thieves were after the team. Hurrying back to the house he grabbed up a rifle which he had borrowed from a neighbor a few days before to kill a beef, and ran back to the barn. He had on a white hat but threw this off as he neared the barn, so that he could not be seen in the darkness. He demanded to know what the men were doing in the barn and for answer one of them fired a revolver at him. The man who fired had on a white shirt and taking aim at this Mr. Campbell brought the rifle into play and the fellow fell to the ground. Campbell then retreated to the house from where he watched the other two men carry the man he had shot to a buggy waiting in the road and drive off. The next morning it was found that they had taken a shovel from the barn, the general supposition

being that the man was killed and that they took this along to bury him in some secluded spot. The barn where this occurred still stands, on John Kerr's place, four miles east of Attica. This occurred about 1856.

Owen was never seen or heard of after this incident but many times after that shots were fired thru the house of Campbell. Finally a letter was pushed under his door informing him that he would be given six months in which to leave the state of Indiana; that during that six months he would not be bothered, but that if he was still at the place where he then lived he would be killed. They did not care how far he went or how near, he must leave the state. Having had all the trouble he cared to have, Campbell sold his farm to a Mr. Pyle, father of Marion Pyle, and moved in 1861 to Rossville, Illinois, where one of his daughters still lives. He was sure that the letter received had come from George High.

George High owned a very fine black stallion which he called Truxon, which was probably the finest horse ever owned by any one in Warren county. He was very fond of this horse and like the horses of Arabia this splendid animal returned his affection. He would ride Truxon across the prairie to Bogus Island and over to the rendezvous on the Salt Fork at Vermilion.

Many thousands of dollars of counterfeit money was circulated from Redwood Point, the Salt Fork and Bogus Island; it has even been suspicioned that some members of this organized band lived in Attica, and that much of "the queer" was disposed of here. Many of the horses too were secreted

in Attica before being taken to Redwood Point.

Finally Sant Gray, of near Wesley, in Montgomery County, organized the Horse Thief Detective Association whose object and aim was to break up the horse thieves and counterfeiters of Redwood. He kept steadily at work until he had organizations all over Fountain, Warren and Montgomery counties. A store was broken into not far from Chicago in the spring of the year, a light snow fell and the trail of the thieves could be easily followed. They were trailed to the home of George High at Redwood Point, and some of the goods were found. The Horse Thief Detective Association was immediately notified, Mr. Gray took charge, assisted by Nevel Stephenson, (a brother of Harry Stephenson) who lived on the Barnhart place on the Bethel road just east of Attica, Mr. Helms and some of the Cronkhites of Warren county. They arrested George High, tied him on a horse and started to Williamsport with him. When they came to the steep bluff near the Sulphur Springs below Williamsport, George High, by some ruse, managed to get free from his bonds, leaped off his horse down the embankment where a confederate had his splendid stallion, Truxon, waiting for him, and mounting his horse he started west. The members of the association followed and the chase was a thrilling one. Out past his headquarters at Redwood High went but did not stop there. Heading straight for the state line he soon crossed it. Undaunted his pursuers followed and clear across the state of Illinois the chase continued, with scarcely a stop for rest. When High

reached the Mississippi river he was five hours ahead of his pursuers and Truxon was still so strong that his master did not hesitate to attempt to swim him across the great river. He was seen to enter the river near Nauvoo, Ill., but nobody knows whether he ever reached the opposite shore. This was the last ever seen or heard of George High.

Upon their return the members of the Detective Association went to Redwood, called together Dan Claflin, the brother-in-law of George High, and some of his brothers and sisters, and gave them notice to no longer harbor the horse thieves or counterfeiters. After this however counterfeit money continued to be passed and finally minor depredations were traced to Claflin. The detective who was pursuing him shot him thru the hips. Some of the High family were sent to state's prison. Claflin and one of the High girls moved to Attica and afterwards Claflin moved on to a farm near Independence where he lived for many years. Claflin's wife was a beautiful girl, with black eyes and fine features and soon after they were married they made their home on the prairies where the town of Pence now stands.

This organization of counterfeiters and horse thieves was a great menace in Fountain, Warren and Montgomery counties for many years. It was perhaps not the intent of the Highs at first to become a part of the organization of outlaws but as the profits from the proceeds of the horses stolen and the counterfeit money came into their hands they by degrees became more and more involved until at last they had built up an organization of outlaws

that had its ramifications in many of the Eastern and Southern states, and its operations were almost colossal. Some of the best fortunes now enjoyed in Fountain and Warren counties had their foundation in this organization of outlaws. It has even been suspicioned that it had never entirely been broken up but after the capture and escape of George High and the penal sentence of his brothers and sisters

there was never the continued operation of an organization. The breaking up of this organization is due entirely to the Horse Thief Detective Association and was its first and perhaps greatest accomplishment. It has since that time become a national organization of great value and has become so active that lawlessness as known to our fathers is practically a thing of the past.

The Stone Quarries, a Local Industry That Flourished and Died.

The first settlers in this locality were satisfied with the log cabin but it was not many years until they began to have desires for more substantial dwellings. With the advent of the up-and-down sawmill operated by water power, the settlers began building more substantial houses and barns and their frame houses and brick houses made more substantial foundations necessary. Soon they began operating stone quarries in the various parts of Fountain, Warren, Tippecanoe and adjoining counties to secure stone for foundations.

One of the first quarries in the vicinity of Attica was about a mile west of Riverside on the Wabash railroad on land now belonging to Lars Anderson, but for many years the home of Jacob Fix. The site of this stone quarry is about a mile east of Fix schoolhouse and it was operated by Rev. James Killen. Killen was a Methodist exhorter, and he operated the

stone quarry on a large scale, but his particular business was making tombstones. In almost every cemetery in western or northern Indiana there are tombstones that were made in this quarry and many of the young men in the Bethel neighborhood learned to be stonecutters in Killen's quarry.

My uncle, Luke Whicker, who was in the tombstone business in this city for many years with Harry Brant, learned his trade in Killen's quarry, and became a fine workman. Jonathan Campbell, who for years had a tombstone shop where Horace Brant's store now stands, learned his trade in the same quarry.

Cy Grovenor, who worked at the various shops in this city before the Civil war and who died during the war at Springfield, Illinois, on his way home, learned his trade in the Killen quarry, and Hutchinson Barnett, Mahlon Hall Pearson and Newlin H. Yount all worked in this quarry, cutting and

polishing stone. After the advent of the canal marble came into use as tombstones and the Killen quarry no longer could be worked profitably. I helpt my father to quarry the last stone that was ever taken out of this quarry for the foundation of a brick house which he built about three miles east of Attica near the Fix schoolhouse. About the time my uncle, Luke Whicker, finished his trade Harry Brant and his brother Theodore began cutting stone from across the river for tombstones. They got out their rock near where the wagon road intersects with the Williamsport road at the top of the hill across the river from Attica.

Killen sold his land and quarry to Dr. Doublebee of West Point and Ed Mullen, Dr. Doublebee's son-in-law, took over the property. After that the quarry was no longer operated.

My uncle, Luke Whicker, and Hutchinson Barnett, began working a stone quarry on Pine creek near the Shideler mill and they worked there for many years until Hutchinson Barnett died. Newlin Yount worked in this quarry as long as it was operated, overseeing the men who took the stone from the quarry. After the death of Barnett my uncle formed a partnership with Harry Brant and then all the Whickers and all the Brants worked for many years together, making tombstones in the city of Attica. The firm was then known as Whicker & Brant and was a partnership, with Harry Brant and Luke Whicker owning the shop. It was located in the room now occupied by Minniear's barber shop.

When the Wabash and Erie Canal was built the stone for the aqueducts and locks and other purposes was quar-

ried in the river bottoms near Gus Leaf's place on land belonging now to Adolph Johnson. The stone taken out of this quarry was very good quality of sandstone; in fact, the best sandstone that has ever been taken out of any quarry in this locality. When found along the canal now it is in as good state of preservation as when taken out.

The Wabash railroad for a while used stone taken from this quarry and later from a quarry of freestone near Riverside, but the company finally purchased forty acres of land now popularly known as Stone Cut and opened up a large stone quarry. They ran a switch up the hollow to the quarry and erected a large boarding house. Lewis Town was the foreman in taking the stone out of this quarry and his wife ran the boarding house which stood just across the railroad tracks from the house on the old Town place.

They employed at one time from seventy-five to one hundred men in this quarry and all the stone work on the Wabash railroad for many years came from this quarry. It was superseded by Stinas Barnhart, who first began contracting in a small way with the company, and whose honesty and splendid work won for him a reputation so that finally the Wabash railroad, recognizing his work and his knowledge of the business, turned their contracts over to him. He opened up a stone quarry on the Barnhart place across the river along the C. & E. I. tracks. This stone was a sandstone, not first-class but better than that taken out of Stone Cut, altho not so good as the stone in the river bottom near Stone Cut. Mr. Barnhart's quarry

was operated until the stone quarry at Williamsport was opened and operated by W. P. Carmichael and others, and the Wabash railroad transferred its business to them. Mr. Carmichael continued to operate the Williamsport quarry until the use of stone was superseded by cement, when he turned his attention to it and in that connection took the lead in developing the gravel business that at this time occupies the important place among Attica industries once held by the stone quarries.

In 1890 contractors of Lafayette, realizing the quality of the stone in the Wabash canal locks that had come from the quarry in the river bottoms near Stone Cut, concluded to find that quarry and operate it. When they found the quarry they were afraid of the river, considered the place almost inaccessible, and began taking out stone near Riverside. Many buildings in Danville and Lafayette were constructed of this stone. Two companies operated it, and one of them made money very fast for a while. There was one layer of bad stone in its quarry. Had this stone been thrown out the company would have continued in business but on account of using this stone, which did not last, its managers ruined the business in this locality. Of course, cement coming into use would have affected it and probably put many of the stone quarries out of business but it would still have been used had the men who operated the quarries used always the best stone in their quarries.

In Warren county, north of Black-rock, was a stone quarry of red sandstone. Samuel Martindale built a

residence of this sandstone many years ago which still stands near Mound cemetery, six miles northeast of Attica. The house has been a landmark for many years, and the stone in it has a very beautiful color.

There were two stone quarries opened on Shawnee creek, one of them a red sandstone and the other a white sandstone; the trimmings of the Farmers & Merchants State Bank building came from Will Young's place, then known as Table Rock, and is very beautiful white sandstone; this was used quite extensively for a while.

Southwest of Portland (now Fountain) was a quarry of red sandstone and there were several minor quarries operated in and around Attica. It looked for a while as tho the stone industry would become one of the leading industries of this locality, and it may be that the valuable stone of this locality will yet be utilized. The last effort made has been to crush this stone for sand for various purposes where sand is used. There are large deposits of it along the river, Pine creek and Big Shawnee. In the early settlement of the country a stone quarry was considered a valuable asset to a piece of land, but in the last few years it is considered a detriment.

At one time quarrying stone was the most valuable industry in this locality and the Killen quarry perhaps brought more money into this vicinity than any other one industry up until the Wabash & Erie Canal was constructed. This canal ruined the Killen quarry. Perhaps the tombstones made in the Killen quarry, were distributed over a larger territory than any other one product that has ever been taken

from the soil of this locality excepting that of the Poston brick plant.

There are some very nice window-sills, lintels and doorsills in some of the old buildings of Attica, and in the old graveyard some fine old monuments that were chiseled by skilled hands who learned to hold the chisel and strike the mallet with touch exact in the old stone quarries that were operated in this locality.

I think perhaps Attica possessed some of the most skilled men in lettering and designing markers for graves that there were in the state. In most of the old graveyards all over Indiana one can find gravestones that were made in Attica by the deft hands of these craftsmen.

I can tell at once who has lettered the stones that were taken from the native quarries. I can tell the lettering of the Brants from that of Jonathan Campbell, and I can tell the lettering of any stone that my uncle chiseled. The making of monuments was quite

an industry in Attica for many years. Brant & Whicker prospered and people came for many miles to get monuments from their shop on account of the artistic sculpture work which surpassed that of the workmen elsewhere.

Stop some day when you are in the grave yard and look at some of the old sandstone monuments and read the epitaphs. As you read notice the lettering and if you have an eye for art and for sculpture you will perhaps see what I see in them, the touch of true craftsmanship and a beauty that surpasses most of the lettering on the granite stones of later years. If we have gained in durability from the use of granite we have lost the beauty of the sculpture in the lettering of the sandstone.

The stone is still here, it has hardly been touched, but the men who operated the quarries have long since gone to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler e're returns.

Social Community Experiments

About the beginning of the 19th century both Europe and America began dealing philosophically with social problems. Robert Owen was England's first socialist, and Frederick Rapp who had emigrated from Wittenburg, Germany, to Pennsylvania was the first socialist in the United States of America. The majority of Rapp's followers were German Lutherans, and located at New Harmony, Indiana in the year 1814. Many persons over widely distributed

territory in the United States became interested in the socialistic movement of Owen in Scotland and Rapp on the banks of the Wabash in Indiana. Among them was a group in Warren county, Ohio, who concluded to establish a community. They began their organization about 1820 and finally decided to locate near Stone Bluff, in Fountain county. They adopted a constitution for their government and named their organization "The Coal

Creek Community and Church of God.” In Deed Record number 1, page 121, in the office of the recorder of Fountain county, Indiana, can be found a copy of their constitution, but for the purpose of this article, I am interested now in article 27 thereof, which is as follows: “This constitution by unanimous consent and agreement of every member who signed the Original Manifest of the Church of God is by unanimous consent adopted in lieu of said Manifest, and all rights, immunities and benefits held by any member in the former Church of God, concerning property of any kind and the means to promote happiness is and shall be held by every member as in the principles contained in this constitution, and the society formerly known as the ‘Church of God’ shall hereafter be known by the name of the ‘Coal Creek Community and Church of God.’ In Witness Whereof we hereunto set our hands and seals this fifteenth day of December, eighteen hundred and twenty-five. Signed:

JONATHAN CRANE	(Seal)
OLIVER OSBORN	(Seal)
HAZIAH CRANE	(Seal)
MATHIAS DEAN	(Seal)
ISAAC ROMINE	(Seal)
WILLIAM LUDLOW	(Seal)
ELIZABETH ROMINE	(Seal)
ANN LUDLOW	(Seal)”

The following were also members of the community: Kaziah Crane, Hulda Crane, Ruth Crane, Hannah Chadwick, Phoebe Crane, Harry Crane, Chester Chadwick, Hulda Osborn, Jacob Crane and Enoch Boling.

On the fourth of February 1832 William Ludlow, one of the members of

the society, filed a complaint in the Fountain Circuit court in which he says that sometime in 1823, in the County of Warren and State of Ohio, he entered into an agreement with Jonathan Crane, Mathias Dean, and Enoch Boling, who were all of them residing in Warren County, State of Ohio, in which a constitution was agreed upon to form a society which was known as “Church of God” and “Coal Creek Community.” That their object in forming such a constitution was to ameliorate the condition of men by destroying individual aspirations for wealth, and establishing a system of equal rights and privileges upon the principle of the golden rule; to hold all property, both real and personal, in common; in short, to inculcate and foster every principle calculated to increase the sum of human happiness, in this world of strife and conflicting wants. He further declares that in order to more effectually increase the operation of the society it was agreed that each individual should furnish whatever money he could raise for the purpose of purchasing land, which land should never be held or descended individually. It was expressed in said constitution, he says, that not only those who were but those who might become members, might enjoy ownership of the property, both real and personal.

That an application was made to the United States government for the entry of land with the request that patents should be issued according to the membership and all who should become members of the society, which was refused by the officers of the land office on the ground that no corporation existed and the land must be entered

in the name of one or more persons. Individual entry was made of fourteen tracts of land in the name of Jonathan Crane, Isaac Romine, Enoch Boling, Olive Osborn, and Mathias Dean, on behalf of said society. The lands thus entered were situated on Bear and Coal creeks, in Fountain county, State of Indiana, in all 1182 acres. Immediately after purchasing the land the members of said society expressed their determination to remove to the lands entered in Fountain county for the purpose of going into practical operation, in giving their children practical information according to agreement. That the constitution, on account of some omission was rescinded and a new constitution by unanimous consent adopted, not changing in the slightest the original design of the society but containing clauses calculated to carry the designs more completely into effect.

Mr. Ludlow further says that he moved with his family to said lands with the firm conviction that the original agreement would be carried out, and that his family would be provided with a comfortable home in which he could spend a comfortable life, secure from the buffetings of adversity and removed from the reach of avarice and strife.

March 31, 1832, Jonathan Crane and Olive Osborn filed an answer to this complaint in which they say that an association was formed in 1823 as described in the complaint, and that the agreement under which such society was formed in writing and signed by the members was called "The Manifest of the Church of God." They set out the names of some of the signers and say; "It was expressed in said

manifest that no person should be considered a member whose debts exceeded the amount of stock brought by him into the community, altho he signed the manifest, and further say that they do not admit that all members of the society were to be entitled to equal ownership of property, real and personal, that it was the true intent of the society and so expressed by the members that members should, while they continue such, be entitled to an equal participation of comforts and benefits with a right when anyone ceased to be a member to receive back the property by him advanced in kind, quantity and quality of its value, and nothing more unless gratuitously given by the society, of all property or money brought into the society by each member, which was so kept and the members who lived upon the community's land were to contribute labor and skill for the common benefit. But it was contrary to every understanding, principle or agreement of the society that these services should form the basis of a claim upon any member upon his withdrawal." They admit the purchase of the fourteen tracts of land mentioned. The entry was made variously in the names of some or all of the members not individually, as charged but as trustees or members of the said community, and the answer states that on January 18, 1830, the complainant, William Ludlow, pursuant to the provisions in said constitution to that effect, broke off his connection with said society and moved to New Harmony, with all the male members of his family, where he remained nearly a year. The female part of his family in the meantime were supported out of

the funds or property of the society pursuant to the philanthropy upon which the constitution was based. On the return of the complainant, at his urgent request, it was granted to him out of pure charity and not as yielding to any right of his that he might go upon a portion of the lands of the community, that since his said withdrawal he has never according to the constitution been received as a full member and has never brought any money or added stock into the common fund; and that on October 9, 1830, said Ludlow by act and decision of community, being no longer a member, in effect had tendered to him the amount of funds by him contributed, which had not been entirely repaid to him before concluding his interest; and shows further that the fifth article of the constitution providing a person ceasing to be a member should be paid what he has contributed in kind, quantity, and value within a certain time after it is demanded, and they deny that it is not now nor never was their intention to enrich themselves by getting into their hands property of any other person and deny departure in their behalf from the true ends of the association and all fraud or conspiracy among the society or among other persons but show that on the contrary several members have withdrawn since the association has been formed, and have been reimbursed pursuant to the constitution: That on April 24, 1824, shortly after the formation of the society and before the new constitution and indenture was entered upon the records of the society signed and sealed by all the members thereof expression of a relinquishment of any apparent

individual interest, or title which they might have in lands by fructuary interest which all the members were intended to have under the manifest and which deed or indenture was made in accordance with said manifest and its true intent explained by the constitution afterwards adopted. The community and equality of interests in the property of the members and not the ownership, the economy and mode of operation of the labor, and thereafter it was expressly provided what each should be entitled to upon his withdrawal.

A separate answer made by Enoch Boling on same day sets up the same facts and further says that on the 15th of June 1827 he formally withdrew from said community and received what he had advanced to his satisfaction, and that he received the north-east quarter of section 26, town 20 N. range 8 west and has no further connection with said society. He states further that to some of the defendants the constitution has been a continual expense, while others derived more than their share of benefits from the society.

In 1850 Isaac Romine, who had been a member of the society, associated himself with John Wattles, Esther Wattles, A. L. Childs, Alvin High, Thomas Scott, George Brier, John Gass, Washington Waltz, Lucy Waltz, Leroy Templeton and Edgar Ryan and organized the Grand Prairie Harmonial Association. Mr. Romine had been a member of the Coal Creek Community and Church of God in Fountain county, and still thinking that such a community might be successfully conducted to the advantage of its members and to society in general donated two thousand dollars in trust for the use of this

association and placed it in the hands of John Wattles to be by him expended in the purchase of real estate, and in the erection of buildings, and after such purposes and labor the whole to be deeded to the trustees to be held in trust by them for the uses specified in the constitution and by-laws; and it was provided that all property like that of the Fountain County Community of which Mr. Romine had been a member, should be held in common, controlled by a board of trustees, and that conduct and labor should be regulated by constitution and by-laws.

The following is a copy of the deed of the trustees of the Warren county society:

Know all men by these presents, that we, John O. Wattles and Esther Wattles his wife, of Tippecanoe county, State of Indiana, in consideration of the premises and one dollar to them in hand paid, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, do hereby give, grant, convey, bargain and sell, to Horace Greeley, of New York, Thomas Trusdale, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Edgar Ryan, Charles High and James R. N. Bryant, of Warren county, Indiana, trustees, and to their heirs and assigns the following real estate to-wit: The north-east quarter of section 5, township 23 north, range 9 west, containing one hundred sixty acres more or less; also the north-west quarter of the south-east quarter of said section, containing forty acres more or less, also the east three-fourths of the south-west quarter of the south-east quarter of the same section, containing thirty acres more or less; also the north-east quarter of the south-east quarter and the east half of the south-west quarter

and the east half of the north-west quarter of the north-east quarter of section 8, in the aforesaid township and range, containing 120 acres more or less, amounting in all to 350 acres more or less, together with all the privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging, to have and to hold unto the said Greeley, Trusdale, Ryan, High and Bryant and their heirs and assigns forever in trust to and for the uses named viz.: For the occupation of an association for educational and social reform purposes.

In a short history of Warren county it is said that among the promoters of this scheme were Carpenter Morey, who donated two thousand dollars, and Isaac Romine, who also aided with a considerable gift, giving two thousand dollars or more. Two buildings were erected, fences and other improvements made and at one time it seemed that the question of cooperative education and labor would be fairly tested. The land was open prairie and lumber to erect the buildings was hauled from a saw-mill near West Point. The plan was countenanced and its projectors encouraged by such men as Robert Dale Owen Robert Brisban, and other advanced thinkers. Dr. Childs, a finely educated and talented man, was brought from the East and placed in charge of the school, but the people in the vicinity looked upon the whole plan with distrust, and after a few years the school was abandoned for lack of money and pupils. The enterprise is more notable for the character of the men that were engaged in it however than the success or failure which followed the effort. It had its inception during the period when social reforms were agitating peo-

ple to a very considerable degree.

Harry Evans, superintendent of the Warren county schools, had an article on the Grand Prairie Harmonial Institute in the Indiana Magazine of History for December 1916 which I give here in full:

"In 1851 a company of people who felt that their best interests could be better served by a community form of living, organized 'The Grand Prairie Harmonial Institute or, as it was generally known 'The Community Farm.' This was located in Prairie township, Warren county, Indiana, where William Goodacre now lives. This farm at one time comprised about three hundred fifty acres. It was the intention of the founders of the institution to teach handicraft, especially blacksmithing, carpentry and allied trades, and to allow students to work their way thru school.

"The country was entirely new, much of the soil was still covered with the native verdure; game was plentiful, deer, geese, ducks, cranes and prairie chickens could be seen in great numbers at almost any season of the year. Their attempt at this distance, seems unique. An unimproved country where there was little need of skilled labor was to become the seat of an institution of learning where the pupils were to be taught various trades. To us it seems that such an attempt was the limit of the visionary. The Transcendentalists at the Brook Farm in Massachusetts and the Owen experiment at New Harmony seem now to have been as vague as this little colony set down in the midst of a vast prairie country with no neighbors and no demand for their work.

"The first president and one of the moving spirits in the enterprise was John O. Wattles, a man who had a more than ordinary education and who had spent some time at New Harmony, where he may have imbibed some of the communistic ideas of the Owens. The Wattles family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Wattles and their three daughters, Lucretia, Harmonia, and Pheano (or Theanna as it was spelled in a deed). Lucretia was born at 'Fryback Hall' an institution similar to the Harmonial Institute and located in Pine township, a few miles east of the 'Community Farm.' She had a right to such a name, for her mother had traveled all day in the rough conveyance of that time, and had reached 'Fryback Hall' in the evening. That night (during a most severe storm, the little one made her entrance into the world about two o'clock.

"Horace Greeley was said to have been a silent member of that Grand Prairie Harmonial Institute company, one deed showing him to be a trustee. John Gass, father of Will Gass, formerly of Attica, was another prominent member and at one time the treasurer. Alvin High, Cyrus Romine and a number of others were connected with the movement. The school was managed by a board of trustees, of whom Ida Greeley, Thomas Truesdale, Alvin High and John Gass were the last to hold office. For a time a number of families seemed to have lived a communal life, but, like all such experiments, it failed. While the race is gregarious, there must be a certain amount of rivalry to make life a success. We seem to need the stimulus of competition to spur us on to do the best that is in

us. Whatever the cause of failure in this experiment of community living, it lasted little more than a year.

"The property remained in the hands of the trustees for nearly twenty years, when an order from the United States District Court for Indiana gave possession of the land to Mrs. Wattles. The family had been away for some time, going to Kansas, where Mr. Wattles had again tried to carry out his favorite idea of communal living. After his death, which occurred about the beginning of the Civil war, his widow, desiring to educate her children, moved to Oberlin, Ohio, where she placed them in the college at that place. Later she sold to Isaac C. Anderson and James McDaniel the land that the court had decreed to her and thus ended another altruistic experiment.

"For years the 'Community House' was a noted landmark. Its site on the top of what was the highest ridge of land anywhere near made it conspicuous. Then there is always a sort of charm and at least a little air of mystery about such a place. Fancy may build golden dreams of higher forms of life where competition shall be forever banished, rivalry unknown and the Golden Rule the measure of our actions."

As a matter of fact the leading person in the founding of the Grand Prairie Harmonial Institute was Isaac Romine, who had been a member of the Fountain county association. His friend, Robert Dale Owen, of New Harmony, was perhaps instrumental in interesting John O. Wattles, of Tippecanoe county, (with whom he had become acquainted while Mr. Wattles was living in New Harmony), Col. James R.

Bryant, of Williamsport, and Horace Greeley, of New York. William Ludlow, of the Fountain county association, and the male members of his family had spent a whole year at New Harmony with the Owen community, and Robert Dale Owen was an occasional visitor at the homes of the Romines and Cranes in Stone Bluff as well as at the home of Bryant, Park Hunter, Dr. Clark and Mr. Gass in Warren county, so that there was a bond of friendship which united the New Harmony colony of socialists with the socialistic movement in Fountain and Warren counties, which I have been more interested in showing in this article than anything else.

When in 1851 Indiana as a state had decided to adopt a new constitution, those people with socialistic views from Fountain and Warren counties who would be favorable to the cause and who would support Robert Dale Owen as a leader in the convention backed the candidacy of Colonel James R. Bryant as the delegate from this district, to which position he was elected. That Mr. Bryant was a man of more than ordinary ability and local reputation is shown clearly in the fact that he was held in high esteem by Judge David Davis and Abraham Lincoln. Whitney says in his life of Lincoln:

"Judge Davis often delegated his judicial functions to others. I have known of his getting Moon, of Clinton, to hold court for him in Bloomington for whole days; Lincoln to hold an entire term, and frequently to sit for short times; and I even knew of Col. Bryant of Indiana, to hold court for him at Danville."

It was perhaps due more to the liberal views of Col. Bryant and Robert Dale Owen than to any other cause that our state constitution has endured so long. It is a significant fact that Robert Dale Owen and the New Harmony colony became spiritualists, as did the founders of the socialist community in Fountain county and the "Community Farm" in Warren county. The Church of Progressive Friends in Shawnee township and the "Free Hall" at Carbondale in Warren county were built by the same people with the same community interest. The old sawmill and gristmill at Stone Bluff, as well as many of the old barns and houses in that portion of Shawnee township, were constructed by the communistic society in Fountain county.

After Robert Owen, the father of Robert Dale Owen, purchased the interest of the Rappites of New Harmony for one hundred fifty thousand dollars the Rappites moved out and the Owenites moved in. Mr. Owen went back to England and sent back three hundred of his people, including Robert Dale Owen, then twenty-five years old. He was a philosopher and not an economist, and did not inherit the business qualifications of his father. Elbert Hubbard wrote of the New Harmony colony:

"For the first few weeks, all entered into the new system with a will. Service was the order of the day. Men who seldom or never before labored with their hands, devoted themselves to agriculture and the mechanical arts with a zeal which was at least commendable, tho not always well directed. Ministers of the gospel, guided the plow and called swine to their corn instead

of sinners to repentance, and let patience have her perfect work over an unruly yoke of oxen. Merchants exchanged the yardstick for the rake or pitchfork, and all appeared to labor cheerfully for the common weal. Among the women there was even more apparent self-sacrifice. Those who had seldom seen inside of their kitchens went into that of the common eating house and made themselves useful among pots and kettles. Refined young ladies who had been waited upon all their lives took turns waiting upon others at the table. And several times a week all those who chose mingled in the social dance in the great dining hall.

"But notwithstanding the apparent heartiness and cordiality of this auspicious opening, it was in the social atmosphere of the community that the first cloud arose. Self-love was a spirit which could not be exorcised. It whispered to the lowly maidens, whose former position in society had cultivated the spirit of meekness—"you are as good as the formerly rich and fortunate, insist upon your equality." It reminded the former favorites of society of their lost superiority, and despite all rules tinctured their words and actions with 'airs' and conceit. Similar thoughts and feelings soon arose among the men; and tho not so soon exhibited they were never-the-less deep and strong. Suffice it to say, that at the end of three months the leading minds of the community were compelled to acknowledge to each other that the social life of the community could not be bounded by a single circle. They therefore acquiesced, tho reluctantly, in its division into many. But they hoped, and many of them no doubt believed, that tho social

equality was a failure, community of property was not. Whether the law of mine and thine is natural or incidental in human character, it soon began to develop its sway. The industrious, the skillful and the strong saw the product of their labor enjoyed by the indolent, the unskilled and the improvident and self love rose against benevolence. A band of musicians thought their brassy harmony was as necessary to the common happiness as bread and meat, and declined to enter the harvest field or the work-shop. A lecturer upon natural science insisted upon talking while the others worked. Mechanics, whose single day's labor brought two dollars in the common stock, insisted that they should only work half as long as the agriculturist whose day's work brought but one.

"Of course for awhile, these jealousies were concealed, but soon they began to be expressed. It was useless to remind all parties that the common labor of all ministered to the prosperity of the community. Individual happiness was the law of nature and it could not be obliterated. And before a single year had passed, this law had scattered the members of that society which had come together so earnestly and under such favorable circumstances and driven them back into the selfish world from which they came."

The writer of this sketch has since heard the history of that eventful year reviewed with honesty and earnestness by the best men and most intelligent parties of that unfortunate social experiment. They admitted the favorable circumstances which surrounded the commencement; the intelligence, devotion and earnestness that was brought

to the cause by its projectors and its final total failure. And they rested ever after in the belief that man tho disposed to philanthropy, is essentially selfish and a community of social equality and common property an impossibility.

Robert Dale Owen became a naturalized citizen of the United States and for several years was a member of Congress. At the time of the death of his father he was minister to Italy, having been appointed by President Pierce. At the time he was in Wales, and announced the passing of Robert Owen to the family at New Harmony, Indiana, in a letter dated Nov. 17, 1858.

The Rappites located in New Harmony in 1814 and sold to Robert Owen in 1825 so they remained in Indiana eleven years. The Coal Creek Community in Fountain county bought its land and came to this county in 1823 and continued as a socialistic community about ten years. The Owen community lasted only about one year in New Harmony when Robert Owen divided his holdings among his children and immediate relatives and, as he said, a few of his "staunch friends who have such a lavish and unwise faith in my wisdom."

The "Community Farm" in Warren county also was short lived, lasting less than two years. Those reformers failed to see that the second generation of communists did not coalesce and as a result that thirty-three years was the age limit for even a successful community; and that if it still survived it was because it was organized under a strong and dominant leadership. All of these socialistic communities are made up of two classes, those who wish to give,

and those who wish to get, and in-as-much as they have usually been composed of about seventy-five percent of

those who wish to get and a very small percent of those who wish to give they have failed.

A Mormon Visitation

In a preceding sketch of this series I have told at some length of the unusual religious spirit in the territory east of Attica, of the important part it had in the growth of this section, and of the numerous men of ability that it produced. Because of its strong religious character it was frequently the scene of efforts at proselyting. One of these is notable because of the prominence of the leader, who was no less than Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism itself. His visitation to this section occurred in the thirties, when the church was but a few years old, and it is a fact, tho not generally known, that many men that afterwards became prominent in the organization were gathered from the Wabash Valley.

The Mormon Church—or, as it is officially known, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints—was instituted by Joseph Smith, Jr. at Fayette, Seneca county, N. Y., in 1830. On account of persecution in that vicinity the Mormons began to move westward and within the year they began to locate in Jackson county, Missouri. That county was extremely Democratic and the Mormons did not believe in human slavery. The Democracy of Missouri would not tolerate any religion that would not openly advocate the cause of negro slavery, and in 1833, for no other reason, they drove these new immigrants from their midst. Some of them stopt

in Clay county for awhile but in 1838 Governor Boggs of Missouri, a very earnest advocate of negro slavery, issued an order of expulsion against them.

During this troublous period Smith made numerous missionary journeys into the older settled district and on one of these came into this section. He was accompanied by Sidney Rigdon, one of his influential followers, and they held meetings in many sections of Fountain and Vermilion counties. On this journey they got many converts, some of them from among the best of those sturdy old pioneer families. They made many converts in Troy, Wabash and Fulton townships and in Davis township. It was in the meetings in Davis that Joseph Smith made his strongest efforts.

This series of meetings was held in a schoolhouse that stood just back of where Salem church now stands in what is now the Salem cemetery. There Smith and Rigdon held forth for some time and lined up about fifty followers, about thirty of whom went with them to Missouri. Andrew Wilson was one of these converts but he did not leave Fountain county. Samuel Trollinger was another. The latter owned about a thousand acres of land comprising the old James Williams farm, and the Washburn farm now belonging to John T. Nixon and counted among the best

tracts of land in the county. Others were Simeon and Joseph Curtis, and two families of Harriers, all of them respectable citizens and well-to-do. Three young men named Lancaster were also among those who espoused the Mormon faith. Samuel Trollinger and Simeon Curtis became Mormon elders and engaged in the ministry, and went thru all the persecutions visited upon the sect in Missouri and Illinois.

While the Davis township meetings were in progress an incident occurred that caused much comment thruout the vicinity and possibly had some effect in weakening the influence of the new sect. A man named Dolyhide lived about a mile from the place where the meetings were being held. He was badly crippled with rheumatism, his limbs being drawn and twisted from the effects of the disease. The Mormons preacht faith healing by the laying on of hands, the gift of tongues, the unction of the Holy Spirit and other things preacht and practised by the early Christian church, just as many other Christian denominations still do. Dolyhide was taken to the meeting, professed conversion and was baptised as a Mormon. The preachers laid hands on him and held a prayer service for him but Dolyhide was not cured, perhaps not much benefited. Those who were opposed to Mormonism seized upon this incident and it has been handed down in local history as the principal reason why the Mormon influence waned in that community. This is hardly just to the Mormons for if they are to be condemned for failure to receive answer to their prayers surely the same rule should be applied to every other denomination.

After the Mormons were expelled from Missouri they crossed back into Illinois and founded the city of Nauvoo, over which Smith had extraordinary civil and ecclesiastical authority, very much like that a Fountain county man, Wilbur Glenn Voliva, now exercises over Zion City in northern Illinois. It was to Nauvoo that the converts from this vicinity went and by 1840 it is said that in the neighborhood of three hundred from the Wabash Valley had joined the colony, at least fifty of these being from Davis township.

The city of Nauvoo flourished and soon there were more than two thousand houses and there was under construction a beautiful temple built along the plans that Smith claimed had been given him in a vision in 1844. A discontented member of the church issued a newspaper at Nauvoo assailing the prophet and threatening to expose alleged immoralities and misdeeds. The City Council passed an ordinance declaring the printing office a nuisance and it was destroyed by officers of the law. Smith was blamed for this and a warrant was issued for his arrest. He was taken to Carthage and on June 27, 1844 a mob, including members of other Christian denominations, attacked the jail, over-powered the guards, killed Smith and his brother Hiram and wounded several others. So-called Christians for nineteen hundred years have put to death and tortured by every known means those who did not believe as they believed even tho they all professed to be following the teachings of the same Christ.

After the death of Smith Brigham Young became the head of the Mor-

mons and he was a man of great executive ability.

In the winter of 1846 Nauvoo was again attackt by those who loved the Lord more than their fellow men and the Mormons were driven out. Even women and children were driven from their homes in the dead of winter and were forced to cross the Mississippi river on the ice. Many of the men were killed in defense of their families. They went from Nauvoo to Council Bluffs, Iowa and from there to Salt Lake City.

Wilford Woodruff, fourth president of the Mormon church and the man whose manifesto abolisht polygamy among the Saints, was related to the Woodruffs in Davis township. The three Lancaster brothers and many others that joined the church in Davis township, became prominent in the work and extension of the Mormon church.

After they reached Salt Lake many missionaries were sent to various parts of the world and their growth has been steady. When they moved to Salt Lake City they moved out of the United

States and into old Mexico and they adopted polygamy under the Mexican government. After the Mexican war the border lines of the United States were extended southward and they found themselves again residents of the United States. The church claims a membership of over three hundred thousand and has flourishing communities in other countries besides the United States. Among their missionaries and most active members often appear the names of families who joined them while Joseph Smith was proselyting in Vermilion and Fountain counties in the Wabash Valley.

I am not a Mormon, neither do I believe in polygamy, but I do believe that we should all be tolerant. The story of the Mormons, no difference how black it may be, cannot be lookt at from any angle that it is not more beautiful than the story of the persecutions that were inflicted on those people by those who disagreed with them in religion in every community in which they have lived.

The Clark Family

About the year 1700 Samuel Clark of Scotch-Irish descent, emigrated from England or Scotland to America, and settled on the eastern coast of the northern part of the Carolinas. He had six sons—Samuel, Thomas, William, James, John and Henry. The youngest son, Henry, was born in 1713, died March 30, 1797 and was buried in the family cemetery near Page's Mills, Dillon county, South Carolina. He was

the only member of the family that remained in the county where his father settled. This Henry Clark was an uncle of George Rogers Clark of Revolutionary fame, and of William Clark, who with Captain Merriweather Lewis, explored the North-west Territory, lying between the Mississippi river and the Pacific ocean. Henry Clark had a family of four sons and five daughters. His daughter Hester married John C.

Campbell, whose children settled in the Bethel neighborhood, and around Pine Village. One of the daughters married a Benson, the common ancestor of the Bensons in Warren and Fountain counties, and one of the girls married a Birch, whose decedents also settled in Fountain and Warren counties. One of Henry Clark's sons settled in Warren county, Ohio, and one at Clarksburg, Ross county, Ohio.

One of Henry Clark's brothers settled in Pennsylvania and moved from there to Clarksburg, Ohio. In 1824, when the land was being taken up in this part of Indiana, many of the decedents of these two brothers came into Fountain and Warren counties, and about twenty years ago, the families in these three counties related to the Clarks comprised perhaps the largest relationship in western Indiana.

I shall now present the history of Judge Samuel B. Clark, as compiled by his son, Samuel Clark, and grandson, Orrie S. Clark, of Attica.

Samuel B. Clark was the son of John and Mary Blair Clark, the fifth of a family of ten brothers and one sister, and was born in Bedford county, Pa., April 27, 1794. He married Elizabeth Bready on June 5, 1813.

To this union was born four sons and five daughters—Mary Ann, born April 18, 1819; Saraline, Sept. 22, 1820; Elizabeth, Sept., 22, 1821; John Wesley, Aug. 27, 1824; Mariah, Nov. 31, 1828; Samuel, Dec. 6, 1830; Thos. A., June 5, 1834; Miranda, Feb. 5, 1837 and Andrew Jackson, June 25, 1842.

The following extracts were taken from a book of Old Settler's Reminiscences published by Sanford Cox in 1860. This work is considered reliable

and at the outset gives a good idea of the conditions in Warren, Fountain and other counties. These extracts will have to do with brief mentionings concerning Samuel B. Clark.

Mr. Cox, in writing of Peter Weaver, the first settler of Fountain county, who located near Flint on the east side of the Wabash river, says that "near Weaver lived Lewis Thomas et al—they all owned and worked land on the lower end of the beautiful and fertile Wea Plains. Southwest of this neighborhood near Clark's Point, now Pin Hook, resided Samuel Clark."

It was thought by early investigation that Clark's Point and Clark's Prairie was the first place that Samuel B. Clark resided and that these places were named for him but later investigation leads to the belief that there were two Samuel Clarks in this part of the country and that the one at Clark's Point came a little before Samuel B. There is no question now but what Samuel B. Clark located at a south point of the Wea Plains, on or near the Wabash river on the east side, first. This place is situated in Tippecanoe county, the south-west portion. This last fact is borne out by a statement lately by John C. Goodwine and referred to hereafter, wherein he says that the place where Samuel B. Clark lived was pointed out to him from the train on what is now the Wabash railway. This site is easily seen from the train while Clark's Point is a considerable distance from the railroad and can not be seen. After residing at this place for some time he was attacked by a yearning for city life. At that time there was considerable rivalry among the towns starting up and he was solicited to cast his lot with Indepen-

dence, Maysville and others, but the advantages of LaGrange appealed to him the most. This town was started at a point opposite where he was at that time living and was located on the west bank of the Wabash river, so he did not have far to move. When he was comfortably located he built a ferry boat and engaged in the ferrying business. Here was where all of his children were born except the three that he brought from Ohio with him and this is the place called "Whitelick" by Mary Boggs, his daughter.

Cox says again: "At this time a Polemic society was organized, which was strongly attended by debaters from Weaver's neighborhood, east of the river, Judge Samuel B. Clark's neighborhood on the river below, and the Mace, Davis and Fenton neighborhoods in Warren county." Cox also says: "At this time Warren county was thinly settled. Zachariah Cicott, a French trader, was born at the place where he lived (near where the town of Independence now stands) more than forty years before the organization of the county. Above Cicott's was Judge Samuel B. Clark, Fentons et al, together with Ed Mace (father of Dan Mace, who afterwards was congressman from this district)."

The records show that Samuel B. Clark entered some land in Fountain county before he went across the river to LaGrange to live but the facts show that he did not prove up on the right land and that when he found that he was settling on the wrong land he immediately moved across the river to LaGrange, and dissipated in the giddy whirl of city life.

A most interesting part of Samuel B.

Clark's life is gleaned from notes as made by his son Samuel Clark, and relates to doings from the time of his emigration from Ohio, and his residence at Independence, to his last place of residence. He writes: "The Centennial year (1876) is passing away with the rapidity of time and as I have not heard or read of the histories of any old settlers yet, it occurred to me that a short sketch of my family, which was one of the first to settle on the Wabash river, might not only be appropriate but interesting to the younger generation who have little idea of the hardships their ancestors had to endure while developing the western country. Fifty years ago the writer's parents (Samuel B. and Elizabeth Bready Clark) settled in Indiana. They moved from Ross county, Ohio, in the year 1826. My parents were poor, they had no property at their command but they started for the West. They had two horses, one blind, and one wagon. They had three children, very small, but they loaded up their traps and started for Indiana, the land said to be flowing with milk and honey, full of hope, happiness and contentment. The country being new of course the roads were very bad at times and that made traveling tedious and slow, with but very few settlers along the road to cheer them up. Arriving at the White Water Swamps, about seventy-five miles from their destination, the horse with the good eyes died. They were away from any settlements and were surrounded with mud and water. Such a calamity can hardly be realized or understood. It necessitated the abandoning of the wagon and all of their household goods and bedding, the former consisting of a few pans and

kettles. How to carry the three children on one horse was the problem to consider. Necessity generally solves the problem and they decided to sew up the bed tick and put a baby in each end, with its head sticking up thru a hole. The mother was placed on the horse and the other baby on her lap, Father leading the old blind horse. With this valuable load they again started for the Wabash Valley. After many days of rough riding they finally arrived above Independence, on the east side of the Wabash river. Father, while living at Independence, (he does not mention any part of their life while living on the east side of the river or at LaGrange) after building his cabin, traded with the Indians and paddled up and down the river, trading with settlers. The only provision for some time was wild honey, a little grain and hominy. Many times the cabin would have dozens of Indians in it, when there would be no one there but Mother and the children. They were friendly in a way, but not very desirable guests. Mary, my oldest sister, has told me she and the other children had understood that Indians did not like red-haired children and for that reason she and the other children went under the bed when the Indians came. Mary told me also that when I was a very small baby I drank some lye and one of the Indians went into the woods and presently returned with some kind of root herb and give it to me as an antidote. It cured me very quickly. She also told me that while the Indians were friendly enough there were times when they got very insistent for food and Mother had to frequently give them almost everything that was in the house to keep them

peaceable. Father started a small store in Independence, his customers being mostly Indians. While thus engaged he was elected to the legislature in the year 1836 and voted for the bill creating an improvement fund for building the Wabash and Erie Canal and other improvements. He was one of the first Associate Judges of Warren county, and he set the stakes for the second court house in Williamsport, the county seat.

"In 1838 Father bundled us together on a keel-boat and we floated down the Wabash river, finally locating in Arkansas. He bought property there, I think some place on the Red river, built a grist mill on a dry creek, but found out after it was too late, that it was not a grain country, and consequently there was no grain to grind. He sold out at considerable loss and in 1841 started back for old Indiana. Mary, my sister, has told me that she and her brother John walked most of the way. At last we landed in Warren county with two yokes of oxen, a wagon, and a little money. Here, by common consent, we settled down for life, as we thought. Father bought a farm of 240 acres for \$1500 located near Free Hall, in later years known as Carbondale."

This land is included in the George Butler estate and the Clark residence lies about a quarter of a mile directly east of the Butler home. This land was underlaid with coal along Fall creek, and from reliable information it is mentioned that the boys would at times dig coal and sell it, and upon a discussion as to the advisability of renting the coal lands to some operator it was decided best not to do so, altho it was possible that by opening it up on an extensive scale, it might make the

lands worth more money in case of sale. Since that early time there have been one or two fairly good mines in operation and drilling shows rather a large territory in that vicinity underlaid with a good vein of block coal.

“By this time our family consisted of nine children, five girls and four boys. Father getting along in years had us boys take the farm and make what we could off of it. The farm had about 100 acres of tillable land, and we ran it a few years, with all the energy we possessed and succeeded in raising only enough grain to bread the family, while our sisters earned enough by weaving to buy the groceries, butter, lard etc. We were a manufacturing family; that is, the girls were. They made the cloth, carpets and flannels for people for twenty-five miles around. They ran the looms steadily, the younger children preparing the yarn. This vast amount of weaving was taken up in butter, lard and meat and our family furnished a ready market for all the surplus provisions in the neighborhood.

“In 1850 my older brother John, and myself, had one horse apiece to show for our several years’ work on the farm and we decided to rent the place to someone else and start for the gold fields of California.”

Mr. Clark does not mention who were in this party but from letters and other information it is known that his father, Samuel B. Clark, his brother John, his brother-in-law, Samuel Hunter, and E. C. Moore comprised this party. From letters and other evidence it is shown that Samuel Hunter became homesick after getting to the mines and as soon as he had enough saved to undertake the journey, started

home by way of New Orleans. When he got up into Louisiana he took sick with what they thought was the cholera and died December 31, 1850, among strangers. His grand-daughter, Edna Hunter, was born in Attica, Ind., and has become a noted motion picture actress.

“We went overland to California and endured many hardships. The Indians were very bad and we had several brushes with them. We remained in the mines for a time at a place that is now known as Sacramento, at the forks of the American river. After having gathered quite a little gold dust we returned home, my brother and myself having about \$1,000 each in dust. After we got home we were considered in the wealthy class. Having that amount of gold, we were placed, financially, ahead of any of the other young men of the vicinity. The family had done as well without us as with us, in our absence and in the course of events some married and some died. Four died shortly after, including Father and Mother. It occurs to me that there are or were few families that had the varied experiences and saw as much of this great country of ours as did the family of my father, Samuel B. Clark.”

In verification of his traveling nature it has been told in a letter found among Samuel Clark’s papers that Judge Samuel B. Clark, living in Indiana at that time, after his brother Thomas B. Clark emigrated to Texas, concluded to pay him a visit, and he and his wife started for Grimes county, that state. How they went or what year they started is not stated—presumably they went on horseback. Af-

ter they finished their visit they returned with just one horse, so the account says. This must have been a difficult and hazardous journey, going thru vast wildernesses and encountering many wild tribes of Indians. As another illustration of his adventurous spirit, Abe Clawson, who is still living (1917) at Independence, Indiana, tells of his trip to the gold fields of Pike's Peak in 1859 and while on the way overtook a party from Indiana at Council Bluffs, Iowa. Among the party he tells of an old man being present and who was a stalwart and strong individual and he observed that he always went around with his sleeves rolled up, which would indicate an aggressive nature! He learned afterwards that this was Judge Samuel B. Clark, from his own county, Warren. Sylvester Hall was with the party also. He was a brother of Rosetta Hall who married Samuel Clark, a son of Judge Samuel B. Clark. Sylvester Hall was killed at Vicksburg in the Civil war. These difficult journeys seemed to please Judge Clark very much as he had a strong traveling nature, as is evidenced by his first emigration from Ohio, without being half prepared, his trip to Texas as above related, his disastrous journey to Arkansas, his trip to Pike's Peak and finally his overland trip to the gold fields of California in 1850. All this shows that he was some traveler and certainly enjoyed scenes and changes that were new; in fact he must be classed as a genuine type of the pioneer, enjoying all of the pleasures and not complaining of the hardships of such a life.

Samuel B. Clark was a great Bible student, and the facts indicate that he

must have been an "unbeliever." His family bible is completely covered with marginal notes, and in many places are strange drawings of figures, the significance of which is hard to decipher. The two evidences seem, however, to make an attempt to show apparent contradictions between some passages in the Bible. There are many stories of Mr. Clark's exploits, among them one that will no doubt survive for many years. While living at Independence and while he was operating his store and ferry at that place there was a Doctor Yandes also living there. Yandes was prominent in medical circles and had a large practice. The doctor had a call from a Mr. Young from the Fountain county side of the river. They engaged Clark to take them across the river in a canoe. The river at that time was very high, the wind was blowing very strong, and when part way across, the canoe upset. Clark managed to get the other two on the upturned boat and instructed them to remain there until he swam ashore and obtained another boat. He reached shore safely and securing it started out in pursuit of the other boat. When he finally reached it the men were gone. Being exhausted they could not hold on any longer and so drowned. Their bodies were recovered and buried in the same grave. During Mr. Clark's early life there were few inventions or innovations that he came in contact with and when one was called to his attention he was prone to take a skeptical attitude toward it. As an illustration it is told by his son, Samuel, that after they returned from California, bringing their gold dust with them, they started negotiations for the sale

of it. There were but few markets in those days and Sam, the son, remarked to his father that he would telegraph to Chicago for quotations. Samuel B. looked at him in rather a blank way and asked him what he meant. Sam said that an operator at Attica would manipulate some wires on an instrument and that would send words to Chicago. The old gentleman was very much astonished and also skeptical and said "Well you have traveled a good deal and seen a good many things, and so have I, but you can't stuff any such foolery down me."

In a statement made by John C. Goodwine, a grandson of Elizabeth Baird (this is the proper spelling, so he says) who is still living (1917) he says positively that five sons of John Clark, of which Samuel B. Clark was the youngest, were in the war of 1812. There is no positive evidence that this is true except that all of the older Clarks now living agree that Stephen Clark, brother of Samuel B., was in this war and was killed after he came home by being thrown from a horse. Some later records show that in the muster rolls of the War of 1812 from Ross county, Ohio there is mentioned and recorded the following:

CLARK, SAMUEL, private; Captain John McArthur, Ross county, July 28, 1813—August 27, 1813. John C. Goodwine says the captain's name was Ed Hoffman.

The records of the births of these five sons, to which Mr. Goodwine refers, taking the eldest—William, born 1784, Thomas born 1786, John born 1788, Stephen born 1792, and Samuel B. born 1794—would indicate that they were all eligible altho Samuel B. would

have been only eighteen years old at that time. Goodwine says further: "Judge Samuel B. Clark, late of Warren county, was the most active frontier settler of all the Clarks that I ever knew. He was certainly the fifth in age of one half of the ten brothers, sons of John Clark of Clarksburg, Ohio, Ross county. I have heard his sister (Elizabeth Baird) state many times that he was the fifth of age of the soldiers and his red-headed children got their complexion from the Braedy side. Judge Samuel B. Clark was a mover and occupied some fine and valuable land. He was a regular lexicon of information of localities, qualities of lands, etc. His first location that I have knowledge of was near the Wabash river on the east side below Lafayette." (This no doubt is correct and the exact place is about two miles above what is now known as Flint creek.) "This location was pointed out to me," continues Mr. Goodwine, while I was on the first excursion given by the Erie, Wabash and Western Railroad, while we were passing thru Wea plains in 1856. He had something to do with locating the county seats in both Warren and Tippecanoe counties. Judge Clark was a man that did things worth recording. He with very crude implements or tools could engrave, print or mold tokens in records. If any one will examine a certain hill-side near Fall creek on what is known as the George Butler place they will find the grave of Mary Blair Clark, his mother, marked with a chiseled sand-stone marker at the grave, placed there by the hands of the fifth son, Samuel B., and the tenth son Wesley Clark."

The oldest history of Warren county, published in 1883, mentions Judge Samuel B. Clark quite prominently and it is shown that he must have taken a very active part in the organization of the county and he was honored at different times by being appointed and elected to several offices, the principal one of which was Associate Judge. No part of his history shows that he ever studied law or that he ever had a very acute legal mind, but he no doubt had a great deal of the old-fashioned common sense and was stamped as a man of honor and uprightness and for that reason was trusted and placed in many places of prominence and responsibility. The earliest mention of him in this history is made during the preliminaries of the organization of the county, June 23, 1827, which was the date for election of clerk, recorder, two associate judges etc. It is shown that Samuel B. Clark and three others were candidates for associate judges. He received the highest vote of any, Nathaniel Butterfield being next highest. As they two received the largest vote they were declared elected as first judges of the county. On the 28th day of September 1828, the first circuit court held in Warren county was convened at the house of Enoch Farmer, present John R. Porter, of Vermilion county presiding, Samuel B. Clark and Nathaniel Butterfield, associate judges. The second term began May 7, 1829, the presiding judge not being present. There was admitted to the bar for the practice of law Moses Cox and Edward A. Hannegan. The latter afterwards became a very distinguished U. S. Senator and famous criminal lawyer, and served also as ambassador to the

court of Prussia. In the election of November 1828 the list of voters, voting in Medina township included Zachariah Cicott, the famous Indian trader, Edward Mace, Samuel B. Clark and twenty-three others.

In 1830 Samuel B. Clark was appointed county agent. What kind of an office this was the history does not state. Later investigation shows that the duties of a county agent in those times were as custodian of the school funds, with power to loan the funds and collect the interest and he probably had the power also to convey title of school lands in case of sale. Regarding the very earliest history of Warren county it is mentioned that Cicott was the first white man to reside permanently within the present limits of the county. Probably no other came until about the year 1824 at which time a few came and for two or three years the settlement was quite slow. Mention is made of several families located in the different parts of the county and it is stated that north-east of the central part, above Pine creek resided Cicott, the Maces, the Farmers and Samuel B. Clark and others. In a description of the Mary Chatterlie Reservation in Warren county it is mentioned that this land was granted to the said Mary Chatterlie, a daughter of a Pottawatomie chief. About 1839 a considerable part was sold by the consent of Mr. Finch of Lafayette and Samuel B. Clark of Warren county, who had been appointed by the Indian Agent for that purpose. A great-grandson of Samuel B. Clark (Robert S. Clark) now owns a part of the above reservation.

Samuel B. Clark served in the 16th and 18th Indiana legislatures in 1831

and 1833 and was one of those that supported the bill for public improvements.

According to the records Samuel B. Clark entered land in township 22, range 6 and in 1826 also entered land in township 23, range 6. He died January 14, 1860, and was buried in the Carbondale cemetery. Thus there lived and died a strong individual, a rugged character, a progressive citizen, a man of honor, and unflinching integrity, a man essential to the growth and development of his country, a staunch friend and a loyal neighbor, a man prominent

in his immediate territory, in his own country and well known in wider circles as a patriot and a soldier. Meredith Nicholson might well have had him in mind when he wrote:

Across the world the ceaseless march
of man has been thru smoldering
fires left by the bold;

Who first beyond the guarded outposts
ran and saw with wondering eyes
new lands unrolled;

Who built the hut in which a home began
and 'round a campfire's ashes
broke the mold.

Edward A. Hannegan

About 1825 a man named John Bodely moved with his family to Shawnee township and settled on what is now known as the Bodely branch. His wife's name before her marriage was Hannegan, and her brother, Edward A. Hannegan, the subject of this sketch, moved into Shawnee township, Fountain county, about 1825. In 1825 and 1826 he worked for the farmers in south Davis and north Richland townships and went from there to Williamsport where he was admitted to the bar to practice law at the second term of court held in Warren county. This began May 7, 1829 and Judge Samuel B. Clark was one of the associate judges at the time. After practicing in Williamsport a short time under the old circuits, traveling over a large district following the court on horseback with all the attorneys and their saddlebags, Hannegan formed a partnership with Rufus A. Lockwood of Lafayette.

This partnership lasted only two or three years and during that time Hannegan was continually on the circuit with the court while Lockwood remained in the office. About 1832 Hannegan settled at Covington and married a Miss Duncan. He became the most noted criminal lawyer in Indiana; excepting, perhaps, his partner, Rufus A. Lockwood.

In 1832 Hannegan defeated Albert S. White of Tippecanoe county for Congress and soon became prominent. Harriet Martineau, the famous English writer, who visited Washington while he was there, thought him the most eloquent man in Congress, preferring him to Webster; and Webster himself said of Hannegan, "Had he entered before I entered Congress I fear I should never have been known for my eloquence." Hannegan remained in Congress until 1840 when he was defeated by Henry S. Lane of

Crawfordsville. Hannegan was elected United States Senator and served until 1849. At the expiration of his term he was appointed, on March 29, 1849, by President Polk as minister to the court of Prussia. He was not a diplomat, he could not keep state secrets and drank too much whiskey. The queen of Prussia became so infatuated with the eloquent representative from the Hoosier State that the king grew jealous, and when upon a state occasion Hannegan kissed the hand of the queen the king asked that he be recalled.

Logan Esarey, in his splendid new history of Indiana, mentions Hannegan first as a member of the International Improvement party, and says:

"In local politics the Internal Improvement party controlled the State by an overwhelming majority. The party was not unevenly divided between Jackson and Adams men. * * * National politics did not control State elections as at present. In organizing the General Assembly in 1829, J. F. D. Lanier, later the distinguished Whig banker of Madison, was made principal clerk unanimously, while Edward A. Hannegan, later the eloquent Democratic senator, was chosen enrolling clerk. After the election of 1834 it seemed that Indiana was safely Whig. The state officers and a large majority of the General Assembly belonged to that party, while the regular Democratic organization was almost broken up. Tipton, Hannegan, Sullivan, Judah, Milroy, Drake and Dr. Canby, had either quit the party or were temporarily opposing it.

August 5, 1838, Hannegan was a colonel in the State Militia and stationed at the fort at Plymouth, Indiana, on account of trouble with the Indians.

Esarey says "Councils were held at Plymouth and Dixie Lake, but the red men were obdurate. Then Col. Edward A. Hannegan, later a United States senator from Indiana, came from the post with a company of militia, to see what effect that would have. It had none."

An incident in Hannegan's election to the United States Senate, showing the possibility of one vote, is quite often referred to: Hannegan was called to defend a man for murder in Switzerland county. When he went to his client he was informed that his client had no money, but without price or prospect of pay Hannegan took the case and cleared his client, accepting as pay the pledge that if it ever became possible for his client to do so he would use whatever means he could to further the interest of Hannegan politically. The man whom Hannegan defended died but pledged his son that he would fulfill his promise to aid Hannegan. When the opportunity came the son was confined to his bed a hopeless victim of tuberculosis, but he told the candidate for the legislature in his district, Daniel Kelso, that if he would take him to the polls and pledge himself to vote for Edward A. Hannegan and do all he could to elect him United States Senator, he would go to the polls and vote. The candidate for the legislature took him to the polls and he voted. A few days later he died, and it developed that Kelso was elected state senator by one vote. After a close hard-fought race Hannegan was elected U.S. Senator by one vote. After he entered the senate, the question of the Mexican war had passed the lower house, and was a tie in the senate. The

vote of Edward A. Hannegan determined the attitude of the United States and brought the war with Mexico with the result that much splendid territory was added to the United States. All this could be traced to the one vote of the dying man.

Esarey tells of this election as follows: 'The opening battle of the new era in Indiana politics was the election of the United States senator to succeed O. H. Smith, whose term expired in 1843. The two parties were almost evenly matched in the General Assembly, so evenly that one or two votes would determine the contest. On the first ballot O. H. Smith, the Whig candidate, received 72 votes, Tilghman A. Howard, the Democratic candidate, 74 and Joseph G. Marshall, a whig, 1. On the second ballot O. H. Smith received 75, Howard 74. Daniel Kelso, a Whig senator from Switzerland county, voted for Hannegan. On the sixth ballot the democrats dropt Howard, and supported Hannegan who then received 76 votes and was elected. Kelso was openly charged with selling his vote and the whigs, by public resolution, denounced him.'

In 1848 the democrats controlled the General Assembly. A spirited contest at once began for Hannegan's seat in the United States senate. Governor Whitcomb, Robert Dale Owen, E. M. Chamberlain and Senator Hannegan were the Democratic aspirants. There were 82 of the 87 members present. Whitcomb received 49, Owen 12, Hannegan 10, Chamberlain 6, and Whitcomb was elected.

In 1851 Covington had four illustrious men living there. Hannegan was admitted as a Mason, May 26, 1850;

Daniel W. Voorhees was raised a Mason December 13, 1850 and Lew Wallace was made a Mason January 15, 1851, so at the time Edward A. Hannegan, Daniel W. Voorhees, Lew Wallace and Isaac A. Rice were all of them residents of Covington.

A trivial incident, but worth the telling as a means of injecting a lighter vein into a story that is all too sad, has been handed down among the old men of Covington. Hannegan had a younger brother, George by name, an awkward youth who during his teens made his home with Edward. As no man is a hero to his valet so George failed to appreciate the brilliance and greatness of his brother. Often when the latter was engaged in the preparation of an important speech or a brief the lad would come lounging into his office and break in upon his work with unnecessary noise and conversation. Finally Edward told George one day that he wanted him to show some respect for him, that when he came into the office he was to take a seat quietly and without speaking wait until the older brother was ready to talk to him.

It was but a few days later that George came into the office and sat down in a chair. He did not speak but clapped his hands in an effort to attract the attention of Edward from his desk but the latter, thinking that it was good discipline for the youngster, kept him waiting for some time before he finally looked up and asked what was wanted. "You told me not to speak to you when I came in," he exclaimed, "so I didn't—but your house is on fire!" And it was.

Julia Henderson Levering, who was born in Covington, says in her History

of Indiana in speaking of the part Fountain county took in the constitutional convention of 1851:

“Covington was a very thriving town in those days, with the lively commerce of the new canal and river and eclipsed the capital of the state in business prospects. In the village there was a brilliant coterie of young men, who had settled there because of the flattering business outlook. Many of them became famous afterwards in state and national politics. Such men as Senator Edward Hannegan, Judge Ristine, Daniel Voorhees, David Briar, and Lew Wallace resided in the town.” Again she says: “There was also much bluster thruout the west during President Polk’s campaign over the claims of Great Britan regarding Oregon. With the other states west of the Alleghanies, Indiana joined in the cry of her own United States Senator, Edward Hannegan, of ‘Fifty-four forty or fight.’ ”

In the county election in August, 1851, there were three candidates for representative from Fountain County. Jacob Dice received 1165 votes, Hannegan 997 and William Piatt 80. Piatt lived in Covington and built the house that is now the home of Judge I. E. Schoonover. Piatt county, Illinois, was named for him. Perhaps in this election Lew Wallace was elected prosecuting attorney, as a democrat. Daniel W. Voorhees was then a young attorney, with splendid prospects before him, and a whig, Isaac A. Rice, was a practicing attorney and editor of The Fountain Ledger at Covington.

After the election was over Edward A. Hannegan entered the race for the presidency and secured possibly nine states so it lookt as tho nothing would

prevent his being the Democratic candidate for president in the election which would follow. Had he been the nominee he would have been the president of the United States instead of Franklin Pierce, for Pierce was then unknown.

It happened that under the stress of the canvass he was drinking more whiskey than usual and it was getting the best of him to an extent that alarmed his friends. He came home for a rest and his brother-in-law, Capt. John R. Duncan, who had won his title in the Mexican war, upbraided him for his drunkenness. Duncan was greatly interested in the welfare of his brilliant brother-in-law and saw that his own conduct was jeopardizing his chances. A bitter quarrel followed and finally Mrs. Hannegan prevailed upon her husband to go upstairs. Capt. Duncan is said to have called Hannegan a coward and slapt his face. This was more than the whiskey-fired brain of Hannegan could stand and snatching a dagger from a mantel in the room he drove it to the hilt in the captain’s body. Duncan died the next day but before his death declared that no blame should be attacht to Hannegan. He was buried in the old cemetery at Covington where his grave can still be seen. Hannegan was heartbroken over the affair and never again entered the cemetery, even refusing to go there when his wife was buried. This incident occurred in the house now occupied by David Ferguson as a residence, opposite the Methodist church, on May 6, 1852.

The killing naturally created a sensation, not only locally but thruout the nation for Hannegan, be it remem-

bered, was a national figure and the leading candidate for the presidency. Lew Wallace, the prosecuting attorney, refused to prosecute Hannegan and tendered his resignation, soon afterward moving from Covington to Crawfordsville. A charge of manslaughter was lodged against Hannegan but the grand jury failed to indict him. Isaac A. Rice criticized severely the grand jury and court for this finding but that it appears to have met popular approval is evidenced by the fact that the democrats of the community made it so warm for Rice that he was forced to leave and he moved his paper to Attica, where it became *The Attica Ledger* and endures to this day.

The only official record that is left of the Duncan tragedy is the following in the Order Book among the records in the clerk's office at Covington: "Sixth Judicial Day, of the September Term of Court, 1852. State of Indiana vs. E. A. Hannegan, on a charge of manslaughter. Comes now the said defendant and no bill of indictment having been found by the grand jury it is ordered by the court that the said defendant be discharged and go hence without day. Signed, September 18, 1852 by J. Naylor, Judge."

Hannegan was never the same man after the tragedy. He abandoned his presidential and all other political aspirations and for a few years continued to practice law at Covington in a desultory way, but spending much time in the saloons thus gradually lost his prestige.

Daniel Voorhees was appointed to fill the unexpired term of Lew Wallace as prosecuting attorney but soon afterwards Voorhees, partially on account of

criticism in this case, left Covington and went to Terre Haute.

It is useless for me to tell the story of the life of Lew Wallace. The history of the state in which he lived could not be written without his deeds being recorded. Daniel W. Voorhees became United States senator and the most eloquent criminal lawyer in the United States of America. Isaac A. Rice was elected to the State senate from 1856 to 1860 and died in 1860 at Delphi while making a political speech. He was then the nominee for congress from this district and would have been elected had he not met this untimely end. It is said that Hannegan discovered Lew Wallace and Daniel W. Voorhees. He was a great admirer of Bishop Simpson, one of the early presidents of Asbury University (now DePauw University), and did much to aid Simpson to get recognition in the eastern states as a public speaker, interesting the members of the United States Senate and Congress in the bishop's oratory.

The late Judge James McCabe of Williamsport was a great admirer of Hannegan and named his son Edward after him. Judge McCabe has told me that Hannegan was very graceful in his personal appearance, with a musical voice and the most eloquent man he ever heard speak.

Hannegan was very fond of the Wabash Valley and the Wabash river. Often he would leave Washington during a session of Congress to go home and fish and hunt and regain his health along the banks of the Wabash. Once he said to a friend, "Come go home with me and let me show you the lovely valley of the Wabash." Again,

on a hot day in Washington, "I can endure these hot and crowded halls no longer, I must have free air and space in which to roam, I would like to fish and hunt where I pleased and when I pleased; come go home with me, and see how I live in Indiana, and the beauty of the Wabash river and the Wabash Valley."

In 1857 some of Hannegan's political friends in St. Louis prevailed upon him to move to that city (where his only son had previously located,) with the idea of rehabilitating his political fortunes. He opened a law office there and for two years his friends did all they could to aid in gaining prominence for him politically. Possibly their zeal was not unselfish and some of them at least hoped to profit by his return to popularity. They met with some success, altho the edge of Hannegan's ambition was dulled by the tragedy at Covington and by the death of his wife, which had occurred in the meantime. The whiskey habit still remained with him and he had also become addicted to morphine. In spite of these handicaps he and his friends were making headway.

Finally in January, 1859, his friends concluded that it was time for a master stroke and arranged for a great meeting at which the chief address was to be made by Hannegan. This address, it was expected, would attract nationwide attention and again bring the speaker into national prominence as presidential timber. The meeting was carefully arranged and widely advertised. A huge crowd responded and the plans were working fine so the promoters were elated. But the mills of the gods are relentless. Hannegan

had worshipt at the shrine of Bacchus and Bacchus claimed his toll. Realizing that upon the success of this speech depended his success or failure Hannegan resorted to both whiskey and morphine for stimulant. The man who made the speech of introduction was long-winded. He reviewed the public career of Hannegan at length and talked too long. When it came time for Hannegan to speak the drug and alcohol had passed the stage of stimulation and were beginning to have the opposite effect. He made the address but it was lacking in the brilliance and power of oratory which his hearers had been led to expect, and fell flat.

His friends upbraided him for his indulgence at such a critical time. None of them realized more clearly than he how completely he had failed. He went to his room that night stung by the criticism of his friends and deprest by the sense of his own humiliation. None of them ever saw him alive afterward. The next morning his dead body was found in his bed, death having come as the result of an overdose of morphine. Whether the drug was taken with suicidal intent or merely to induce sleep and rest from his thoughts will never be known. His death occurred January. 25, 1859. His body was taken to Terre Haute for burial altho his wife was buried at Covington.

So ends the life of Edward A. Hannegan, the most brilliant orator the Wabash Valley ever produced; aye, more than that, the most brilliant orator that ever graced the halls of the American Congress. His meteoric career furnishes ample room for moralizing on the evil of indulgence in alcoholic liquor but perhaps it were better to

draw about his shortcomings the mantle of charity and close this sketch with these words from the finish of a speech he delivered in Congress: "For the singleness and sincerity of my motives I appeal to Heaven; by them I am willing to be judged now and hereafter when prostrate at Thy feet, O, God, I falter forth my last brief prayer for mercy on an erring life."

Hannegan was a man of strong sentimental interests. Before he left Covington he gave to Colonel McManomy, of that city, who happened to be the local Democratic leader at the time, a photograph of himself, with the injunction that it be kept as a Democratic talisman. Years afterward when McManomy came to his death bed he

sent for Hannibal Yount, upon whose shoulders the cloak of leadership then rested, and placed the portrait in his hands as a sacred trust to be passed on at his death. Yount kept the picture all his life and just two weeks before his death summoned Leroy Sanders, at that time county clerk and leader of the county Democracy, and turned the talisman over to him. Mr. Sanders moved to Indianapolis in 1915 but took the picture with him and still holds it altho he recognizes the obligation that rests upon him to pass it on and expects to return it to Covington when he feels that the proper time has come. It is the only photograph of Hannegan known to be in existence.

The Western Emigration

"Westward the course of empire takes its flight."

"Westward, . Ho, Westward" has been the cry from the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock until this day.

Two things in human nature have had to do with the western trend of emigration: one, the desire to better and make easier the conditions of life for posterity; the other, adventure. And so the settler, buoyant with hope to better the condition of his children, joined hands with the venturesome spirit and together they have slowly wended their way across the continent.

The entire story of America from the Cavalier of the South and the Pilgrim of New England has been one contin-

uous story of the life of the pioneer. As this stream of emigration has poured slowly across the continent it has driven before it the stolid red man. In the Eastern Middle States it has hewn from the forest the prosperous and beautiful farms and builded towns and cities; it has broken the sod of the prairies of the Middle West and made them blossom and bloom as the rose and has wrenched from the miserly grasp of rock in the mountains of the West the rich deposits of ore. These pioneers who left the Wabash Valley to make their future homes on the Pacific coast have added their mite to the building of an empire.

What a delightful task our fathers have performed! What a magnificent empire they have builded! What a

splendid heritage they have left to posterity! Most of them have finished their journey on earth, and gone the way of all the world and we now reap the fruits of their labor.

The turning spindles and flying shuttles in the factories sing Labor's sweet song, while the earth answers in abundance to those who till the soil or herd the cattle on a thousand hills. Even the tropical fruits of the sunny South, the forests in all their pristine beauty, and the broad wheatfields of the western plains and the great Northwest are all, all of them but answering notes of the labor of the generations that have preceded us.

From 1842 to 1849 there was a great influx of emigration from the eastern states into Indiana and Illinois, the emigrants coming in from almost every direction, and in all kinds of conveyances used in that day. Many came up the river or down the river and later many came over the national road, leaving it to go further north. Many of their descendants, having the pioneer spirit, crowded into the states of Iowa and Missouri. When gold was discovered in California in 1847 this furnished the opportunity for the venturesome spirits that had come early into the Wabash Valley and many of them, like Judge Samuel Clark, fitted out ox wagons and started for the gold mining districts of the Pacific coast. There was one colony of about twenty wagons that left Attica and Williamsport to go overland to California. This colony was taken thru by a man named Davis. John L. Foster,, the father of George and Daniel Foster, went into this colony when quite a boy with some two or three neighbors from Shawnee town-

ship. Many of those who started early on the long, long journey across the plains to the Pacific coast died on the road and a very small percent of them ever returned. Hundreds of families left the Wabash Valley to cross the plains in search of gold and it may be said that the majority of them that reached the Promised Land prospered.

In 1850 to 1852 a great many went to Oregon over the Oregon trail. A Mr. Waymire, of Independence, left Independence with about five hundred men, women and children to go to Oregon. When his colony reached the Platt river not a great distance from Ft. Kearney, they became afflicted with cholera and many of them died. The rest of the colony became so discouraged that they returned to Missouri, only two wagons and five people of the five hundred that started ever reaching Oregon. A few years later Mr. Longmyer started from near where Frank Martin now lives in Logan township, with a colony of about three hundred persons; this colony went thru without any mishaps. Longmyer himself settled at the foot of Mt. Rainier and his family still live there and run a hotel at what is known as Longmyer Springs, at the foot of the mountain. Those that came back and told the story of the plains saw the possibilities of what was then called the Great American Desert, and many colonies were made up to go to Colorado, Kansas and Nebraska in the fifties. There was a very large emigration from Davis township to Nebraska. The emigrants met in a schoolhouse near the mouth of Grindstone creek and started from that point after which this schoolhouse, and sometimes also the creek, was called Nebraska. When the Wa-

bash railroad a few years later was built thru there it made a siding near the school which was called Nebraska Switch. All the horses, cattle and hogs shipped east were fed at this point. Following this emigration started to Kansas and Colorado and for many years there was hardly a day during the spring that one could not see a covered wagon on the road with emigrants on their way West. The majority of those people

who left the Wabash Valley and the eastern states to make their homes in the West fared very well in later years, altho many of them suffered all the hardships of the pioneer.

Within the past twenty-five years travel has become so cheap and convenient on the railroads that the covered wagons pulled by horses with emigrants bound for the West have entirely disappeared.

Early Judges of Warren County

Charles V. McAdams, for twenty years a well known and successful attorney at Williamsport but now of Lafayette, made a very interesting and valuable contribution to local history this year when he presented to the Warren Circuit court large framed portraits of eleven of the men who have served that county as judge. The list includes Isaac Naylor, Eleazer Purviance, Wm. Perkins Bryant, William R. Boyer, John M. Cowan, James Park, John M. LaRue, James McCabe, Joseph M. Rabb and James T. Saunderson. This, of course, is not a complete list of the judges of the county but it includes all those of whom photographs are in existence.

Mr. McAdams prefaced his remarks with the statement that he had begun the study of law in Williamsport in 1879 in the office of Judge Rabb. In his legal work as the years went by he had often run across the names of men who served the county in a judicial capacity during its early history and was impressed by the fact that an

unusual number of them afterwards became prominent in state and national affairs. A few weeks before he noticed in the papers a story that the oldest living alumnus of Indiana university was John M. Cowan, now 94 years old and a resident of Missouri. In the story it was related that he had been a judge in Indiana, and Mr. McAdams recalled that a man by the same name had been circuit judge of Warren county during the Civil war. He wrote to Judge Cowan and verified this and later secured from him a photograph which formed the nucleus of the collection. This discovery led to others. By delving into old court records he secured names of the other judges and after locating their descendants wherever possible secured from them photographs, daguerrotypes, or tintypes from which he had the larger portraits made.

The first judge that dispensed justice in Warren county was John Porter, a "president judge," who was assisted by two associate judges. Judge Porter was born at Pittsfield, Mass. In

1822 he came to Indiana, settled at Paoli, and was soon afterward elected judge. To be nearer the center of his district he moved to Vermillion county, locating near the town of Eugene, which at that time was one of the most thriving in western Indiana. He served as president judge until 1838 and was widely noted for his judicial ability. No picture of Judge Porter was obtainable.

Next was Isaac Naylor, who succeeded Judge Porter in 1838 and retained the position until 1852 when the office of president judge was abolished by the new constitution. Later (1863 to 1867) he was judge of the common pleas court, making 21 years that he was a judge of Warren county. His home was at Crawfordsville. He was a native of Rockingham, Va., and came from there to Kentucky, thence to Charleston, Ind., later removing to Vevay and finding his final home at Crawfordsville. He was admitted to the Warren county bar in 1833. His son is now professor in English in a well known university, but strangely enough, knows practically nothing about his father's judicial record. He was one of the band of Hoosier settlers that pursued the Indians after the Pigeon Roost massacre, and was a private in the battle of Tippecanoe. In the great rally held on the Tippecanoe battlefield in 1840 he was one of the principal speakers.

The new constitution adopted in 1851 abolished the president judges and created circuit judges in their stead. The first circuit judge was Wm. P. Bryant, whose circuit included Warren, Vermillion, Parke, Fountain, Montgomery, Clinton and Tippecanoe counties. He

was a native of Lexington, Ky., born in 1806, married there in 1832 and located at Rockville, where he formed a law partnership with Tighlman A. Howard, later U. S. senator. Bryant served as state senator from 1832 to '33, prosecutor from 1834 to '38, state senator from 1838 to '39, and later he was appointed chief justice of Oregon territory, which position he filled for four years. On his return to Indiana he was elected circuit judge in 1852 and filled the position until 1858, when he was succeeded by Judge Cowan, to whom reference has already been made.

The later circuit judges were Thomas F. Davidson, 1870-1882, Joseph M. Rabb, 1882-1906, James T. Saunderson, 1906-1912, and Burton B. Berry, the present incumbent.

From 1852 to 1873 there was also a court of common pleas in addition to the circuit court, which had jurisdiction only in the county. Its first judge was Daniel Mills, and then followed in order, Wm. R. Boyer, (an uncle of the late W. B. Durborow), Isaac Naylor, James Park, (who built the house in Williamsport in which E. F. McCabe now lives). He was provost marshal of this district during the Civil war and served as judge only from March to October 1867. Later he was appointed consul to Aix la Chapelle, France. John M. LaRue was the last judge of the court of common pleas.

As first organized the circuit courts of Indiana had three judges, the circuit or president judge, and two associate judges in each county, who occupied the bench with the presiding judge and sometimes held court on certain cases without him being present. These associate judges were seldom

lawyers but men of sound common sense and judgement. Nathaniel Butterfield and Samuel Clark, grandfather of O. S. Clark, of Attica, were the first of these associate judges in Warren county. They were followed by Isaac Rains, James Crawford, David McConnell, Hugh M. King, Wm. Allen, Thomas Collins, Levi Jennings, William Calderon, Eleazer Purviance, Josiah Thorpe and Silas Hooker. Judge Purviance was a grandfather of Dr. E. D. Purviance of Attica.

From 1829 to 1852 the matter of looking after wills and the settlement of estates was handled by a special court maintained for that purpose and known as the probate court. There were only four probate judges. Wm. Willmuth served from 1829 to 1836, John B. King from 1836 to 1840, Edward Mace from 1840 to 1846, and Peter Schoonover from 1846 till the court was abolished with the adoption of the new constitution in 1852. The last named was the father of I. A. Schoonover, present judge of the Fountain Circuit court.

It seems a little remarkable, but is doubtless true, no other county in the state has had such a number of noted men connected with its courts. In addition to the mention that has already

been made of the honors achieved by some of them there is Judge James McCabe, of the Warren county bar, who served as justice of the supreme court. Judge J. M. Rabb served on the Appellate bench. The list of men who served as prosecuting attorney also contains a number that afterwards became known to fame. Edward A. Hanegan, was state senator, United States senator, minister to Prussia and a candidate for the presidency. J. E. McDonald, James Bingham and Ele Stansbury have been attorney general, Mr. McDonald being the first to fill that office after it was created and Mr. Stansbury being the present incumbent. McDonald also served as United States senator. Samuel C. Wilson and Robert B. F. Pierce became congressmen, the former being a friend and supporter of Lincoln. Lew Wallace made a notable military record in the Civil war and is known thruout the world as an author. He also served with credit as minister to Mexico and to Turkey. Joseph A. Wright served twice as governor. J. Frank Hanly, who began his legal career in the Warren bar, also served as state senator, congressman and governor, and later was a candidate for the presidency on the Prohibition ticket.

Early Courts of Fountain County

The first court held in Fountain county was held at the home of Robert Hetfield on the 14th day of July, 1826, not far from Aylesworth on the Strader farm in Shawnee township. This court

was presided over by Judge Lucas Nebeker, with Evans Hinton as associate judge. Lucas Nebeker was the father of George Nebeker and the grandfather of Lucas Nebeker, the well known at-

torney at Covington and one of the best lawyers in the State of Indiana, and of Enos Nebeker, who at one time was United States treasurer. Evans Hinton lived east of Attica near where Harry Stephenson now lives. He was an uncle of Mrs. Wilson Claypool and of Dr. John Evans, the most illustrious citizen who ever resided in Attica. Neither Nebeker nor Hinton were lawyers but were both farmers. In this first court held by them there was not much business transacted.

In September of the same year and at the same place the second court was held with John R. Porter as president judge, and Lucas Nebeker and Evans Hinton as associate judges. This term of court lasted but one day, no case coming up for trial. However, at this term of court John Law, Thomas H. Blake, Joseph VanMeter, John B. Chapman, Andrew Ingram and James Harrington, coming from all parts of the county, were admitted to the bar for the practice of law.

John R. Porter, president judge, was born at Pittsfield, Mass. He first settled at Paoli when coming to Indiana in 1822 and soon afterwards was elected judge. His circuit extended from the Ohio river to Lake Michigan, and in order to be near the center of his district he moved to Vermilion county, taking up land from the government near what was then known as the Buffalo Springs just a little below Cayuga and now known locally as Portertown. A granddaughter of Judge Porter now lives on the site of his home there. It was on this land that General William Henry Harrison located his fort for reserve supplies and the logs for this fort are still in good preservation

as they lie in the Wabash river on this farm. It was from this point that General Harrison left the river with his army to make their journey skirting the prairie in November, 1811, as they marched to Prophetstown where they fought the Battle of Tippecanoe.

Eugene at that time (1824) was the most thriving town in western Indiana. Across the Vermilion river from Eugene had been the Kickapoo town which was destroyed by Major General John F. Hamtramck in one of the most cruel and heartless slaughters of innocent women and children ever recorded and to which reference has been made in some of the early sketches of this series.

The court met in Fountain county again in 1828. At this meeting Edward A. Hannegan and Daniel Rodgers were admitted to the bar to practice law in Fountain county. In March, 1830, the first indictment for murder was returned by a grand jury of Fountain county. The grand jury was composed of William Cockran, who lived near Chambersburg. Samuel Trullinger, of Davis township, who afterwards went to Utah with the Mormons; Alex. Logan, Benjamin Wade, Jacob Bever and Robert Miller of Cain township; David Sewell, of Troy township; Jesse Osborn of Shawnee township; Caleb Abernathy, of Fulton township; James Stewart, of Troy township; Stephen Harper, Samuel Garber, Conrad Walters, John Ralston and Bennett Seibird. At this time Edward A. Hannegan was prosecuting attorney. The petit jury that had the case consisted of John Miller, of Cain township; Joshua Sherrill, of Logan township; James Orr, of Shawnee township; Henry Campbell,

of Davis township, John Helms and Asa Smith, of Cain township, Elijah Ferguson and Rhodes Smith, of Fulton township, Abraham Gabriel and James Shaw, of Jackson township; Job Orahood, of Wabash township and Hiram Funk, of Davis township. The man accused of murder was James Richardson. The case was tried in the fall of 1830. Richardson was found guilty as charged in the indictment and sentenced to be hung, which sentence was duly executed, the man being hung before a great crowd at Covington. At this trial Judge John R. Porter presided and the associate judges were Lucas Nebeker, of Troy Township, and Evans Hinton, of Logan township. Lucas Nebeker, in his trial gave orally a dissenting opinion on the theory that Richardson was insane and on account of his insanity was not responsible for the act committed. This is perhaps the first time that this defense was ever raised by any one on any occasion in a trial for murder.

Judge John R. Porter served as president judge in Fountain county from 1826 to 1838 when he was succeeded by Judge Isaac M. Naylor who served until 1852. Judge Naylor had fought in the Battle of Tippecanoe with William Henry Harrison and wrote the best account of the battle ever written.

Lucas Nebeker served as associate judge from July 8, 1826 until July 8, 1833. Evans Hinton served as associate judge from July 8, 1826 until July 8, 1833.

August 28, 1832 Robert Milford was elected associate judge in place of Evans Hinton, his term beginning July 8, 1833 and ending in seven years. John Corse was elected at the same election

with Mr. Milford on August 28, 1832 and served until August 28, 1834, when he resigned and Benedict Morris was elected to serve Corse's unexpired term. The term of Morris began on July 25, 1840. At the expiration of the term of Judge Milford, (who was the great-grandfather of Judge Charles R. Milford, of Lafayette, and the grandfather of Robert Milford of Attica), James Orr, the father of B. S. Orr and E. E. Orr, was elected in his stead for seven years and served until July 25, 1847. The associate judge who was elected to serve this seven years with Judge James Orr was Stephen Reed, the father of Worth Reed of Covington, and the grandfather of Dan C. Reed, of Attica. He also served from July 25, 1840 until July 25, 1847.

By an act of the Legislature approved January 20, 1830 the first judicial circuit was comprised of Vermilion, Warren, Parke, Montgomery, Fountain, Tippecanoe, Carroll, Cass, Clinton and St. Joseph counties. John R. Porter was the president judge of all these counties until 1838 and much other territory not then organized into counties was attached to these counties for judicial purposes.

It was the custom of the attorneys when John R. Porter and Isaac N. Naylor were president judges of their large circuits to ride the circuit with the judges, so all the attorneys in all the counties presided over by these judges followed them on horseback from one county seat to another. The litigants awaited the arrival of the court and attorneys and often selected the particular attorney that they wished to handle their case after their arrival.

Edward A. Hannegan was elected

prosecuting attorney for the district in 1830. This judicial district was composed of about the same counties that made the congressional district, and thru the acquaintance that he formed while prosecuting attorney he was elected to congress.

Samuel Fletcher Wood was one of the last prosecutors to travel a large circuit with the judge. He was a good prosecutor, and an orator of more than local reputation. He was elected prosecuting attorney in 1862 and served thru the Civil war, and until 1868. He had a fine education, secured at Asbury (now DePauw) University and Illinois Wesleyan, was naturally brilliant, and gave much time to study, both legal and general. He read Greek and Latin classics in the original and was known for his culture. At the close of his term as prosecutor, urged by his friends, he thought some of running for congress. A meeting was arranged for him at Possum Hollow, in Davis township, Fountain county, an out-of-the-way place, off main traveled roads, but a convenient juncture of Warren, Fountain and Tippecanoe counties. Some of his friends thought it a mistake to have the meeting in this isolated spot, but such was Wood's reputation as a speaker that between three and four thousand people from the three counties attended. He stirred the enthusiasm of his followers by his speech, but his congressional aspirations seem to have ceased with his address. Whenever he appeared in a trial the court room was sure to be crowded, but he was too diffident to political preferment to make an effort

for it, or to lend the required assistance. He was mentioned for foreign posts and for a senatorship, and the result was the same. He served in the state senate and in the Hathaway murder trial he proved himself quite the equal of Daniel W. Voorhees in an appeal to the jury. He won the case from Voorhees, tho the advantages were on the side of the latter. His speech in this trial added to his fame and the older residents of the county remember it today.

Wood read law with David Davis, of Bloomington, Illinois, who was judge of the circuit court over which Lincoln traveled. When Davis was made a United States supreme judge by Lincoln, he would often write to Wood for points on constitutional law, in particular, and would discuss points of law with him. Wood knew Lincoln, and told many interesting stories of him and also of his own law practice in the district over which he traveled while prosecuting attorney. Wood was regarded as the successor in oratorical ability to U. S. Senator Edward Hannegan. Wood told me that when Dice defeated Hannegan for representative in the state legislature, after Hannegan's noteworthy public life, the former political giant said to him in the dusk of the evening when the news came to them in the court house yard "The gloom of this night is the winding sheet of my political career." Mr. Wood came from Southern Cavalier stock. Like many men of his stock, he had convivial habits and was not ambitious, or he might have attained to almost any position he desired.

The "Dolly Varden" Railroad

Soon after the Civil war some forward looker evolved the dream of a north and south railroad thru the lower Wabash Valley, to Attica and thence north across the prairies to Chicago. The Toledo and Western (now the Wabash Railway) had been in operation only a few years but was prospering and its building had meant a great development along that part of the Wabash Valley lying above Attica. The route as planned for the north and south road began at Newburg, on the Ohio river, in Warrick county, and extended almost straight northward thru the Brazil coal fields, Rockville and Attica. In 1871 and '72 the plans took definite shape, and an organization was effected.

E. B. Thomas, of Cincinnati, an earnest temperance advocate and wealthy man, was the president of the railroad, and James D. McDonald, of Attica, was the vice-president. They started building the road in sections. They began at Newburg and graded fifteen miles northward. This part of the road was never used and neither ties nor rails were ever laid. They then built the grade from Bowling Green in Clay county to within a mile of Rockville, which I think is in use, and also built the road from Attica to Veedersburg.

The building of this road from Attica to Veedersburg was a very interesting period for Attica. Atticans thought with the completion of this road that Attica would become the metropolis of Fountain and Warren counties and voted a heavy tax for the construction of

the railroad. The railroad did not meet the requirements and the tax was never paid. The promoters succeeded in making the grade and laying the rails from Attica to Veedersburg and had one engine and two trains a day. A man by the name of Dunlap was engineer and Frank Mahan was the conductor on the train and various young men from around Attica and Veedersburg served as brakemen and firemen. The people in the center of the county had as much hope of this railroad as did the people of Attica, and the question was where it would cross the Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western railroad (now the Indianapolis-Peoria division of the Big Four system), which had gone into operation that year. Chambersburg was a flourishing little town and Mr. Lucas, a man of considerable means, was a flourishing merchant of that place, owning nearly all the surrounding land. Peter Veeder, a grain merchant of Attica, an uncle of John T. Nixon and one of the leading figures and heavy stockholders in the new road, decided to promote a town at the crossing of the roads to bear his own name. He went to Mr. Lucas and tried to purchase land enough of Mr. Lucas and to secure his assistance in making the town at Chambersburg. But Mr. Lucas felt that the railroad would come there anyway, believing the land too hilly west of Coal creek for a town to be built there, and declined to assist. Mr. Veeder was in every way fair with Mr. Lucas and told

him that if he could not arrange to build the town at Chambersburg he would build it across the creek. Mr. Veeder then went to Mr. Keeling, who owned the land across the creek, and as the land was hilly and not valuable for farming, Mr. Keeling was glad of the opportunity to let it go for a town site. Mr. Veeder took over the greater portion of the Keeling holdings, built an elevator and a hotel which he called the Keeling House, and a flour mill. This old hotel still stands and was in the limelight this year as the scene of the Goddard murder. When he selected the site for the town his nephew, John T. Nixon, was with him. The site chosen was a corn field, and Mr. Veeder began operations immediately, giving his town the name of Veedersburg.

Peter Veeder came to Attica on a canal boat about 1850 from Schenectady, N. Y., and engaged in the grain business. Soon after his arrival he built an elevator on the canal for handling grain, this being the old elevator torn down a few years ago, where the Waterman lumber yard is located. He was a bachelor and a very successful business man, and it was largely thru the influence of Mr. Veeder and James D. McDonald that the north and south railroad was built.

George P. N. Sadler of this city was the chief engineer in the construction of the railroad from Attica to Veedersburg. One of Sadler's assistants was a young engineer by the name of Myers who was quite popular with the girls in Attica. When he went "sparkling"

he had a custom of taking a lantern with him to be sure he could find his way home, having some doubt as to the efficiency of the street lights. Doubtless some of the middle aged girls of Attica remember Mr. Myers and his lantern.

The project of the road from Newburg to Chicago failed and afterwards Henry Crawford, a prominent lawyer in Chicago, took over the "Dolly Varden." It was thru his efforts and the assistance he received from many persons along the right-of-way that the Chicago and Indiana Coal railroad from the Brazil coal fields to Chicago was constructed.

Crawford had a good deal of labor trouble. He agreed to build round-houses at Attica and make Attica a division point, and for this consideration a sum of money was voted by Logan township for the construction of the railroad. He did not carry out his contract in building the round-houses or making this a division point and this appropriation was never paid. The road was put into operation in 1881 but it was heavily handicapped by debt and a few years later was leased to the Chicago & Eastern Illinois railroad which still operates it as the Brazil division of that system. It has never achieved the prominence that some other roads have but it has served this section of the Wabash Valley well and has been of great value in its development, repaying many times over the years of anxiety and effort put forth by our citizens.

Attica's Most Illustrious Citizen

The tombstones in the old cemetery in the southern part of Attica are silent messengers of many forgotten incidents of interest to the community and many others as well. Visitors to the neglected graveyard "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" will note near the northern side a dilapidated iron fence enclosing a tangle of weeds and briars amid which rise four marble stones, one an imposing shaft that is the largest in the cemetery. On this stone is chiseled the following short inscription: "Hannah R., wife of Doctor John Evans, born at Lebanon, Ohio, June 9, 1813. Died at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 9, 1850. Perhaps the three sons buried beside the larger grave died in Attica but it is recalled by old residents that the body of Mrs. Evans was brought overland by wagon from Chicago to Attica for burial.

The Evans family was at one time among the leading families of this community. The woman's husband, Dr. John Evans, came to Attica from Warren county, Ohio, about 1840 with a very extensive colony of acquaintances and friends, who settled in Fountain and Warren counties. He had a good practice in his profession here and built the building now occupied as a grocery by Horace Brant, for an office. He erected a house on South Perry street which was removed in 1879 to make way for the brick residence built by Charles F. Robinson and now occupied by his son.

There being no railroads or water-

ways northward some of the farmers of this vicinity made occasional trips to Chicago with a load of products, returning with manufactured goods, preferring this to the more arduous and longer trip to New Orleans by flatboat. These products included packed pork, whiskey from local distilleries and flour from local mills. On one of these trips Dr. Evans joined some of his farmer friends and was impressed at once with the possibilities of the growing city on the lake. His friends considered him somewhat of a dreamer when he told them of the great future in store for Chicago, and listened indulgently to his predictions. He was indeed a dreamer but he was more than that. Not content with sitting around and dreaming he started out to make his dreams come true. One day when the spirit of prophecy was upon him he declared to a group of his fellow townsmen that before he died he intended to build a city, found a college, be governor of a state, go to the United States senate, make himself famous and amass a fortune. We can imagine the loud guffaws with which this announcement was greeted, with perhaps a solemn shake of the head on the part of some who feared that the bright young doctor was becoming mentally unbalanced.

Yet John Evans not only made good on those very things but accomplished many others that brought him wealth and renown. He it was that launched the movement that resulted in the es-

tablishment of the state hospital for the insane at Indianapolis and he was its first superintendent. In the winter of 1842-3 Dr. Evans got up a petition asking the state legislature to establish such an institution. He interested Dr. Fisher, another Attica physician, and after they had secured a large number of signatures they sent it to the legislature. Nothing resulting they renewed the petition at the next session and placed it in the hands of Dr. C. V. Jones, of Covington, who had been elected to the state senate. He introduced it in that body where it was referred to the committee on education, where after consideration, a favorable report was made and the legislature made an assessment to create a fund for the purpose. The next year an appropriation was made for money to create a building and upon its completion Dr. Evans was made superintendent. He retained the superintendency until 1848, retiring to move to Chicago to accept a professorship in Rush Medical College.

While engaged in teaching young medicos at Rush he began to look about for something else to find vent for his active mind and executive ability. Going up along the north shore twelve miles from the Chicago river he bought a body of land and laid out the town of Evanston, (named for himself), believing that it would prove a popular residence place. His judgement was vindicated by the fact that Evanston itself has grown to a city of 25,000 and

that Chicago has spread out until it covers the miles of territory that lay between them. He made a fortune in this and other enterprises and with part of it establisht Northwestern University in Evanston and endowed two chairs in it with \$50,000 each. He took an active part in politics and was a delegate to the convention that nominated Lincoln for president. Having become acquainted with him at Danville, Ill., while living at Attica Dr. Evans was a strong Lincoln man and voted for him, first, last and all the time. In 1862 Lincoln appointed him territorial governor of Colorado and he moved to Denver. There he establisht the University of Denver, giving toward its erection the sum of \$200,000 and afterward settling upon it a large endowment. He built a railroad in Colorado and was its president for a number of years. He was recognized as the foremost citizen of the state and was honored by election to the United States senate. He practically erected Grace Methodist church in Denver and aided many educational institutions and Methodist churches thruout the state. He died in Denver July 3, 1897 and was buried there far from the neglected plot where rests the dust of his first wife and their three sons. Another son is still living and is a well known citizen of Denver.

Judged by his achievements Dr. John Evans is undoubtedly the greatest man who ever made his home in Attica.

The Religious Philosophy of the Red Men

The early missionary among the Indians had much more intelligent men to deal with than we usually credit the Indian with being. The Indian had his ideas of religion. In a previous article I quoted from "The Prophet," brother of Tecumseh, in which he condemned the use of whiskey among the Indians, and insisted that they should follow the religion of their fathers. Such was the advice of nearly all the chiefs of importance, in all the various tribes, and some of their philosophy, from whatever source it may have been gathered, was far better than that of the missionary, or the preacher on the frontier. This sketch more properly should have been included with those relating to the Indians, early in the series, but as it gives such a clear insight into the religious philosophy of the early inhabitants of the Wabash Valley I have thought it of enough value to include here.

In defense of my opening statement I shall submit the eloquent words of sober truth, address to a missionary, who desired to convert "Red Jacket," a celebrated Seneca chief, who was born about 1752, near Geneva, New York. His Indian name was "Sogoyewapha, the name of "Red Jacket" being given him because of an embroidered scarf and jacket presented to him by a British officer during the Revolutionary war. During the war of 1812, "Red Jacket" served on the American side. and gave good account of himself.

This untutored red man delivered his

remarkable discourse on religion, at a council of the chiefs of Six Nations, in the summer of 1805 in answer to a missionary named Cram who was endeavoring to cram his religion down the throats of the unwilling savages. "Red Jacket" said:

"It is the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet this day. He orders all things and has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garments from before the sun and has caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened that we are see clerly; our ears have been unstopt that we have been able to hear distinctly the words you have spoken. For all of the favors we thank the great spirit and Him only.

"Brother, this council fire was kindled by you. It was at your request that we came together at this time. We have listened with attention to what you have said. You requested us to speak our minds freely. This gives us joy; for we now consider that we stand upright before you and can speak what we think. All have heard your voice and all speak to you as one man. Our minds are agreed.

"Brother you say you want answer to your talk before you leave this place. It is right you should have one, as you are a great distance from your home and we do not wish to detain you. But first we will look back a little and tell you what our fathers have told us and what we have heard from the white people.

“Brother, listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of the Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer and other animals for food. He had made the bear and the beaver. Their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country and had taught us how to use them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for us. All this had he done for his red children because he loved them. If we had some disputes about our hunting grounds they were generally settled without the shedding of blood.

“But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great water and landed on this island. Their numbers were small but they found friends. They called us brothers. We believed them and gave them a larger seat. At length their numbers had greatly increased. They wanted more land; they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight against Indians and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought liquor among us. It was strong and powerful and has slain thousands.

“Brother, our seats were once large and yours small. You have now become a great people and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have gotten our country, but are not satisfied; you want to force your religion upon us.

“Brother, continue to listen. You are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeable to His

mind; and if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right and we are lost. How do we know that this is to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given it to us, and not only to us, but why did he not give our forefathers the knowledge of that book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people?

“Brother, you say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agree, as you can all read the book?

“Brother we do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers and handed down from father to son. We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers and has been handed down to us, their children. We worship in that way. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive, to love each other and to be united. We never quarrel about religion.

“Brother the Great Spirit has made us all, but he has made a difference between his white children. He has given us different complexions and different customs. To you he has given the arts. To these he has not opened our eyes. We know these things to be true. Since he has made so great a difference between us in other things why may we not conclude that he has given us a different religion according

to our understanding? The Great Spirit does right. He knows what is best for his children: we are satisfied.

“Brother, we do not wish to destroy your religion or take it from you. We only want to enjoy our own. You say you have not come to get our land or our money, but to enlighten our minds. I will now tell you that I have been at your meetings and saw you collect money from the meeting. I cannot tell what this money was intended for, but suppose it was for the minister; and if we should conform to your way of thinking you may want some from us.

“Brother, we are told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good, makes them honest and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider what you have said.

“Brother, you have heard our answer to the talk, and this is all we have to say at present. As we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand, and hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey and return you safe to your friends.”

While “Red Jacket” was giving service to the American cause during 1852, Black Hawk, whose Indian name was Makataineshekiakish, and Tecumseh and his brother “The Prophet,” were taking an active part with the British. And it was he who led the Black Hawk war in 1832, During this war Black Hawk with his Indians made a raid on the frontier settlements almost as far east as Chicago, and gave the settlers in Warren, Fountain and Tippecanoe

counties quite a scare. Several hundred of them gathered at a log house on what is now the Wm. Clapham farm east of Attica.

They came from all parts of Warren and Fountain counties to the cabin on the Clapham place, and remained there until the scare was over. After the war Black Hawk was taken on a journey thru the Eastern states and dictated a history of his own life from which I shall give some quotations as to his religious views. Black Hawk says:

“For my part, I am of the opinion that so far as we have reason we have a right to use it in determining what is right or wrong and should pursue that path which we believe to be right. And believing that whatever is, is right, if the Great and Good Spirit wished us to believe and do as the whites, he could easily change our opinions so that we would see and think and act as they do.

“We are nothing as compared to his power and we feel and know it. We have among us, like the whites, those who pretend to know the right path but will not consent to show it without pay. I have no faith in their paths, but believe that every man must make his own path.

“We thank the Great Spirit for all the benefits he has conferred upon us. For myself I never take a drink of water from a spring that I am not mindful of his goodness.

“I have used all my influence to prevent drunkenness among my people but without effect, and as the settlements progreß toward us we became worse and more unhappy. Many of our people instead of going to their old hunting grounds where game was plentiful

would go nearer the settlements to hunt. And instead of saving their skins to pay the trader for goods furnisht them in the fall, would sell them to the settlers for whiskey and return in the spring with their families almost naked, and without the means for getting anything for them.

“My reason teaches me that the land cannot be sold. The Great Spirit gave it to his children to live upon and to cultivate as far as is necessary for their substance, and so long as they occupy and cultivate it they have a right to the soil, but if they voluntarily leave it, then any other people have a right to settle upon it. Nothing can be sold but such things as can be carried away.

“The whites brought whiskey into our villages, made our people drunk, and cheated them out of their horses, guns and traps. This fraudulent system was carried to such an extent that I apprehended serious difficulties might take place unless a stop was put to it, consequently I visited all the whites and begged them not to sell whiskey to my people. One of them continued the practice openly and I took a party of my young men, went to his house, took out his barrel and broke in the head and poured out the whiskey. I did this for fear some of the whites might be killed by my people when drunk.

“Ten men took possession of our corn fields, prevented us from planting corn, burned our lodges, ill-treated our women, and beat to death some of our men, and this is a lesson for the white men to learn from us—that our forbearance to injury was such that we did not offer resistance to this barbarous

cruelty. How smooth must be the language of the whites when they can make right look like wrong and wrong look like right.”

And in speaking of marriage among the Indians Black Hawk says: “When our young people have been mated, the first year is devoted to the purpose of ascertaining whether or not they can agree with each other and be happy; if not, they part and each looks out again for a congenial companion. If we were to live together and disagree we should be as foolish as the whites. no indiscretion can banish a woman from her parental lodge among the Indians, and no difference how many children she may bring home, she and her children are always welcome and the kettle is on the fire to feed them.”

And in speaking of his wife he says: “It is not customary for us to say very much about our women as they generally perform their part cheerfully and never interfere with business belonging to the men. This is the only wife I ever had or ever will have. She is a good woman, and teaches my boys to be brave.”

And I shall conclude my quotations from Black Hawk with this summing up of religious thought: “We can only judge what is proper and right, by our standard of right and wrong, which differs widely from the whites. If I have been correctly informed the whites may do bad all their lives and then if they are sorry for it when about to die, all is well. With us it is different; We must continue thruout our lives to do what we conceive to be good, and if we have corn and meat and know of a family that have none we divide with them, and if we have more blankets

than sufficient and others have not enough we must give to them that want."

Now Black Hawk was far from being as great a man as "Red Jacket," Tecumseh, Brant, or Logan. It was the border struggle between the United States and Great Britain that made his cause possible. He and his followers made the last effort of armed resistance

to the establishment of American sovereignty over the Northwest territory and the Black Hawk war in which Winfield Scott, Jefferson Davis, Albert Sydney Johnson, and Abraham Lincoln took a part, had some influence in shaping the issues of the later and greater conflict in which Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln became the chief actors.

A Mighty Man of Valor

In order to preserve it for future reference for myself and those of my family who may be interested I am including in this bound volume the following incidents. They do not properly belong here because they occurred in Virginia and can be of value in their relation to the Wabash Valley only as tending to show from what stock came the families that settled here and carved out of the primeval wilderness the glorious country which we now enjoy. They concern a Virginia pioneer named Bingaman, a daughter of whom was my great-grandmother, and they first came down to me as family legends. Recently I found them in an old volume by Col. Triplett entitled, "Pioneer Heroes and Heroines," and he quotes an older Virginia historian named Kercheval:

When a child about 13 years old, Bingaman had been taken a prisoner by the savages and treated with their usual unkindness and brutality. He and an older companion had been out in a canoe, and returning to the shore,

they were dragging the canoe up on the sand, when two savages rushed out of the bushes. These quickly tomahawked and scalped the young man. Then, one leading and one driving the thirteen-year-old boy, with threats and blows, they struck out into the forest, and rapidly pushed on toward their villages. By night they had made a distance of some twenty-five miles, and the boy, who had been terribly abused on the march, was utterly worn out.

Even at that age he possessed a determined courage, and while the Indians were making their preparations to camp, he was endeavoring to form some feasible plan of escape. Halting about half an hour before sunset, one of the savages had immediately started out in quest of game, while the other, having made a fire, lay down upon his blanket, leaving his rifle standing against a tree near-by. Seeing that his captor anticipated no danger, young Bingaman at first determined to possess himself of the rifle, slay the Indian and flee, but reflecting that, even if the absent one

did not hear the report of the rifle and hasten back, it would be but a short time until the savage would be upon his trail, and feeling his inability to cope with this warrior, he gave up the idea, and determined to wait until they had fallen to sleep before attempting anything.

He knew he must kill both of them, if he hoped to make good his escape. On his return to camp, the hunter was equally as unsuspecting as his companion, but after supper he proceeded to bind the lad tightly, and then pass one end of the cord under the boy's body and tied it to his own wrist. Thus secured, and with an Indian on each side of him, the lad almost regretted not having carried out his first intention. After awhile both of the savages were sound asleep, and Bingaman began tugging at his bonds. It seemed to him that he had been thus engaged for two or three hours, and had just succeeded in freeing one hand, when the hunter awoke. Feigning the soundest sleep, the boy held the cord tightly in his hand, and the Indian satisfied by the groans of the lad, as he jerked the cord, that his captive was still firmly bound, turned over and was soon once more snoring away.

Releasing his other hand, the boy arose, and after rubbing his arms and wrists to restore their circulation, he matured his plan. Fearing that if he used a tomahawk its blow upon one might awaken the other, he secured the two rifles, and aiming one at each of the sleepers, he secured them in rest with the pieces of rotten wood lying around. Taking a final sight over the guns, he laid a tomahawk near at hand and touched the trigger of each rifle.

Just as the explosion occurred one of the savages turned, and the load intended for his head took effect in his shoulder, while the other was instantly killed.

The wounded one promptly comprehended the situation, and seizing the boy endeavored to draw him to him. The prudence of young Bingaman in providing the tomahawk was now rewarded, for, seizing it, the lad laid blow after blow upon the yelling Indian, thus revenging the kicks and cuffs of the latter, for this one had been extremely cruel in goading the youthful captive. The savage was at last dispatched, and taking a tomahawk, one of their rifles and all of their ammunition, the lad scalpt his enemies as well as he was able, and made his way home in safety.

Another incident of the prowess of Bingaman is given: A party of the whites were pursuing a number of marauding savages, and had come upon them just as they were going into camp for the night. It was hurriedly determined not to attack until the savages had gone to sleep, as by that means it was hoped that all of them might be killed. The whites dismounted, and Bingaman was ordered by the captain to hold the horses, while the others went ahead to reconnoiter the camp. Disregarding these orders, Bingaman pushed on with the rest. The action was prematurely brought on by an impetuous young man firing at an Indian who was approaching him rather closely.

All was now confusion. The savages started to flee, and Bingaman, dropping his rifle, dashed forward in the pursuit. Singling out a gigantic Indian, he passed unnoticed several smaller ones,

and reaching his victim, split his skull with a well-aimed blow. As the others began to reach him, he cut them down one by one, and the other whites having closely followed the flying enemy, there were none left, and the combat ceased. At this point, the captain of the company, an enemy of Bingaman, came up to him and thundered out "Why are you not with the horses, sir? I ordered you to stay with the horses." "I know you did," said the giant, scowling upon him with his terrible eyes; "and I knew your object was to disgrace me, and if I hear one more word of your insolence, I'll serve you like that Indian there," and he pointed to one of his victims.

In the year 1758, this gigantic Virginian, Bingaman, was the actor in a savage combat, without a parallel in the annals of border warfare. At this time he was living with his family in a detached cabin, on the present site of the flourishing little city of Petersburg. His cabin was at some distance from the nearest settlement, and Bingaman was often warned by his neighbors of the great peril to which his family was exposed. He was, however, a man of the greatest strength and activity, and was absolutely without fear. He averred that he was perfectly able to repel any number of the savages that were likely to assail him, and that he intended to remain where he was at all hazards.

His ability to defend himself was put to its full test that fall, for one night a party of Indians made a desperate effort, and forced the door of the cabin, before Bingaman was aware of their presence. The cabin consisted of but

two rooms, one on the first floor and the other upstairs. In the lower room slept Bingaman, his wife, little son, and his aged parents; the upper room was occupied by a hired man. When the savages entered, they fired a volley into the room, wounding Mrs. Bingaman slightly in the left breast, but the heroic woman would not cry out or complain, for fear it might disconcert her husband. Calling to his family to get under the beds, and the hired man to come to his aid, the former promptly obeyed, but the latter did not stir.

Discharging his gun at random, for the room was very dark, he stripped off his only garment, so that the Indians might not be able to hold him, and clubbing his gun, began to use it with terrible effect. Certain that his family had obeyed his command, he struck savagely at every moving form, and so powerful were his blows and so great his activity, that out of the eight assailants, seven were soon stretched dead, or dying, upon the floor of the cabin, which now looked like a slaughter house, piled with its bloody victims. Several times the Indians grappled with him during his terrific struggles, but, owing to his precaution in removing his shirt, were unable to hold him. The eighth Indian, glad to escape from the blows of the giant borderer, fled howling from the scene.

When morning came, Bingaman discovered that his wife had been wounded, and so great was his anger at the craven part played by the hired man, that it was with the greatest difficulty he could be prevailed on, by his wife, not to shoot him.



